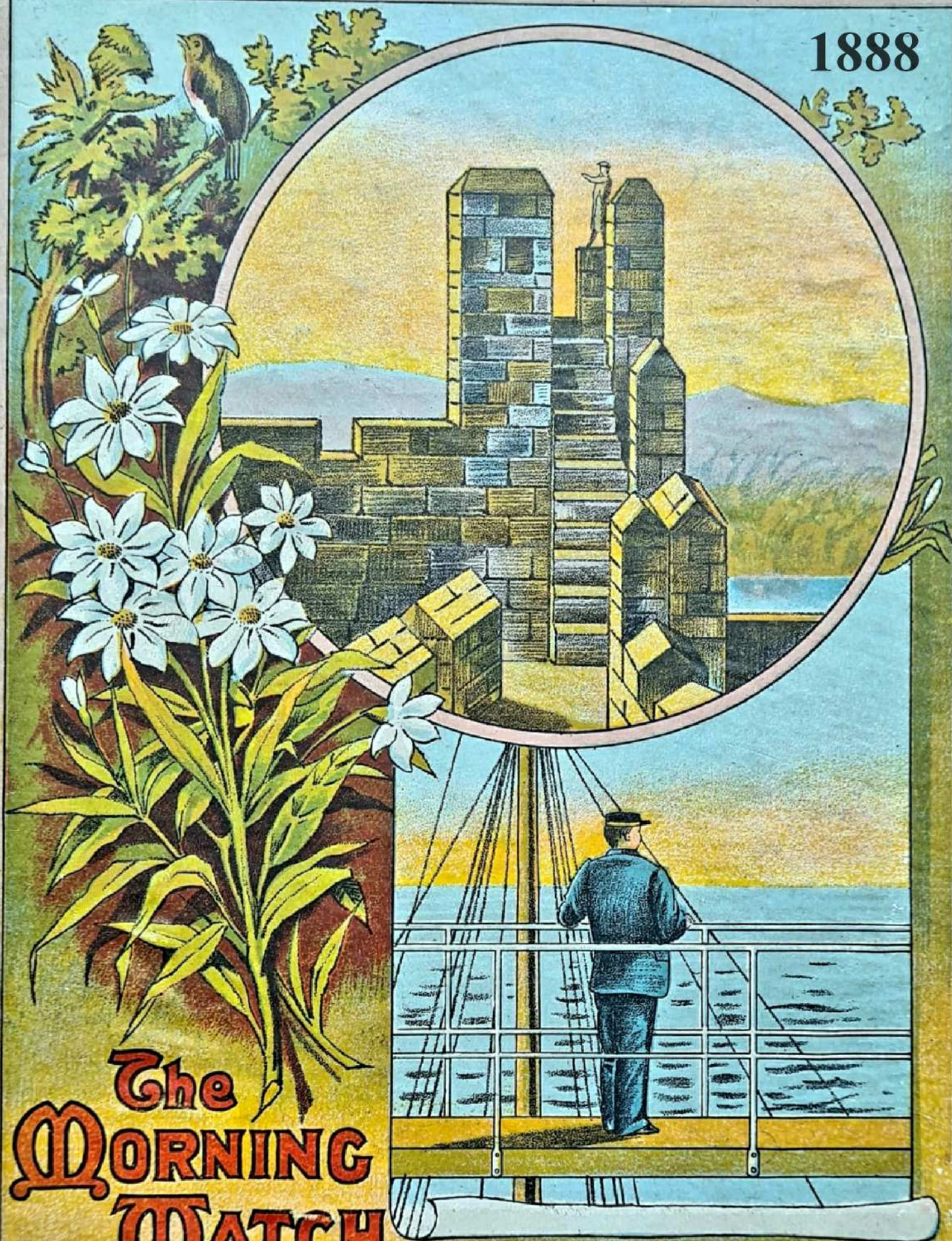


1888



The MORNING WATCH.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

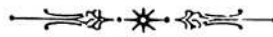
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THE
MORNING WATCH.

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GREENOCK :
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EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW : J. MENZIES & CO.

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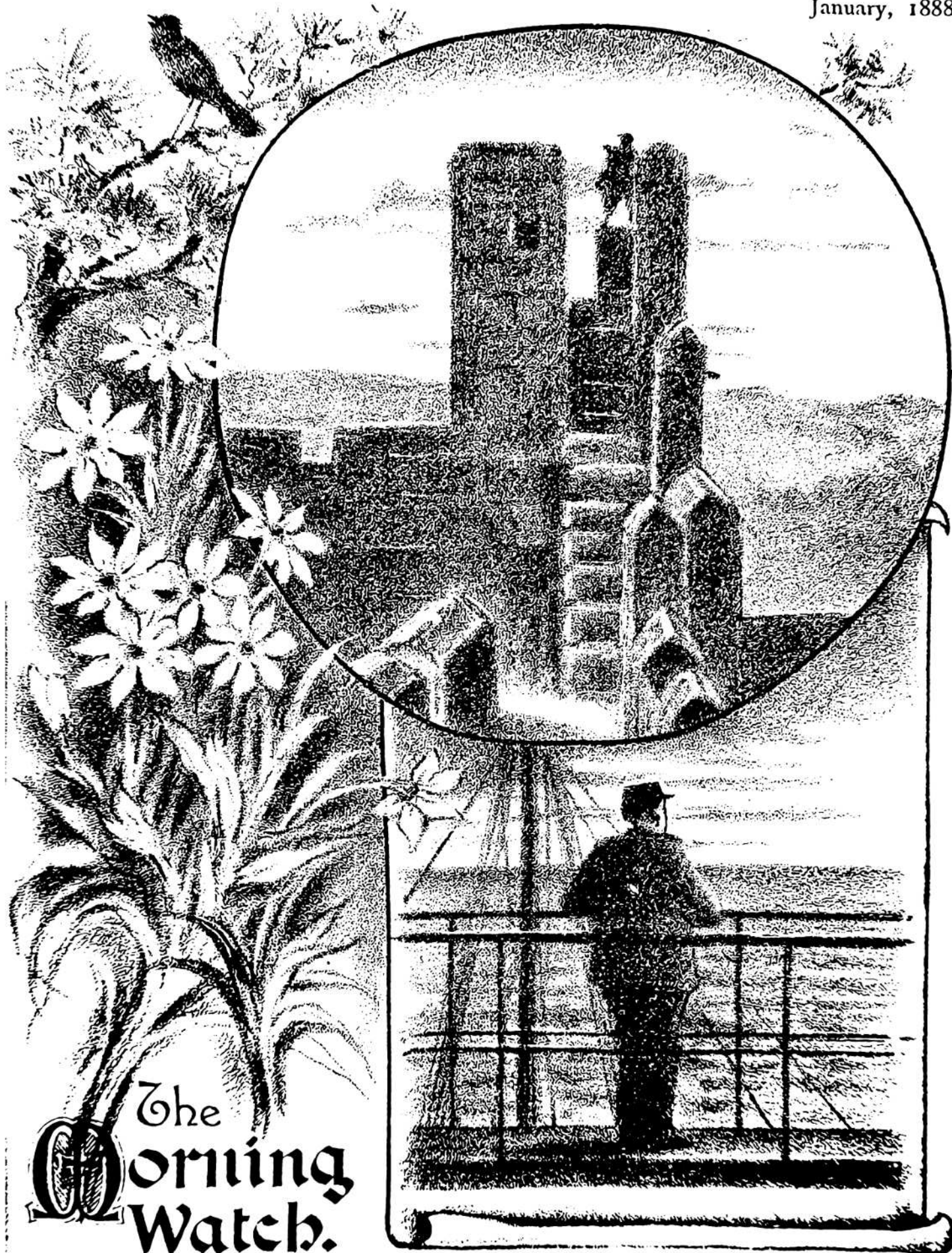
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January, 1888



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
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BIBLE QUESTIONS.

FOR JUNIORS.—1. Names and descriptions of God in the first ten Psalms. 2. Names of people in the Gospels who brought others to Christ. 3. Passages that refer to the Personal Appearance of our Lord. 4. Persons who were not Jews to whom Christ spoke.

FOR SENIORS.—1. What famous man (Gen. v.) died in the year of the Flood? Prove your answer. 2. Psalms quoted in Jonah's prayer. 3. Six short descriptions in the Bible of a good woman's character. 4. A list of Satan's names.

Answers to Bible Questions to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 15th of each month. Post Cards may be used. No prizes will be given, but the papers will be classified, and the names of those who answer correctly published.

THE MORNING WATCH

WILL be under the care of a Committee of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, but we hope it may find favour with parents and children in other branches of the Church.

Things seem to get soon old in these days, and the past is quite forgotten. The little time we have to spare from work and play is taken up with the news and gossip

of the last twelve hours. And we don't learn history at school. Kings, princes, statesmen, and latterly the "sovereign people," are all in all, and God, in Whose hand their breath is and Whose are all their ways, is nothing.

It will be our aim and wish, if God send us good speed, to "show to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and His strength, and His wonderful works that He hath done." Specially will we seek to revive the memory of what He did for us two hundred, three hundred, years ago. The Covenanters and Reformers had their faults, no doubt, but they knew the secret of the Almighty. God is love, and that men might know that love, the love of the Persons of the Godhead for Each Other, and the love of All of Them for us, has been God's everlasting wish, and it should be ours. And we shall count ourselves happy if we can help any who may read our little paper to make God's thoughts their thoughts, and His ways their ways; to believe that there is simply nothing God will not do for them, and nothing they may not do for Him, if only they seek the glory of His Son, standing with their loins girt and their lamps burning, patient, brave, and cheerful, waiting, looking for the Lord.

ישוע הנצרי מלך היהודים

Ο ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΤΩΝ ΙΟΥΔΑΙΩΝ

REX IUDAEORVM HIC EST

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE CROSS.

THE title was in three languages, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Would you like to be able to read these strange-looking words? The Latin one is very easy. *Rex—Judæorum—hic—est*: King—of the Jews—this is. The Greek one is not so easy. *Ho—Basileus* (three syllables, Bas-il-eus)—*Ton* (the o is a long o, and is called Omega)—*Joudaion*: The—King—of the—Jews. The top line, the Hebrew one, is very hard. When we read an English book we begin at the left hand and read towards the right, but the Jews began at the right and read to the left. So that the first word you must read in the Hebrew above, is the one at the end of the line, what we would call the last word. And there is another curious thing about these words. There are no vowels in them, but just consonants, and we have to think of the vowels in our minds,

and imagine they are there, just as if we saw 1st Dcmbr, we would know that was December. The line, then, would read something like this—beginning, remember, at the last letter of the last word, and coming backwards: *Jeshua--hannatsri—melek—hai'hudim* (four syllables). Jesus—The Nazarene—King of—The Jews.

Now it is a fine thing to be able to read Christ's name in all these languages, but it is a far, far better thing to be able to say, Jesus, my King!



INTERNATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Jan. 1—Herod and John the Baptist.—
Matt. xiv. 1-12. Text, Matt. xiv. 12.
Quest. 65. Psalm ix. 7-9.

HEROD was afraid of his own prisoner. He knew John was a good man, and he even tried to mend his life to please him. But John could not let him keep one sin because he had given up another. We cannot make compromises with God. I. How sin tangles a life. He was afraid of John, afraid of Herodias, afraid of the people. If he pleased one he would offend the others. His life was all ravelled, and he could not find the ends, for he wanted to manage his sin without God. II. To hesitate about the right is to do the wrong thing. When the Spirit was striving with Herod, he could not make up his mind, and he had to make it up when he had driven the Spirit away. III. He had no right to make this oath. His kingdom was not given him to be tossed away when he was half mad with evil passions. And John's head did not belong to him. It is wrong to make a sinful promise, but it is worse to keep it. IV. The difference between a good and a bad woman. The name of this girl was Salome. There is another Salome who also asked for something: "Grant that these my two sons may sit," etc.

Men, at most, differ as heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as heaven and hell.

V. Herod could not get rid of John by killing him. His conscience gave him no peace. The man who has done wrong is always afraid. The man who is in debt does not like to go along certain streets, for he has to pass shops where his accounts are long unpaid. He is afraid of everybody who has called when he has been out, who has not left his name. John, indeed, was risen from the grave for Herod.

Jan. 8—The multitudes fed.—Matt. xiv. 13-21. Text, John vi. 35. Quest. 66.
Psalm ix. 10, 11.

I. "**W**E are too busy if we have no time to think." II. Though Christ wished to be alone, He was not angry at

the people for disturbing Him. Christ had no set hour for callers. Come at mid-night, or at meal-time, break open the very roof if the door is blocked—come, and welcome. III. The meal. "There's no need to go away from Christ for anything." The people were beautifully and comfortably arranged. A phrase in Mark shows us that "the bright colours of their Eastern dresses reminded Peter of the flower-beds of a great garden." No matter how plain the meal, the table should always be as fresh and neat as possible. A blessing should be asked, not simply that our food may do us no harm, but that we may get God's *best* blessing with it. When God gives us food, it is a proof He has not cast us off, but wants to give us Christ. Every meal is an offer of salvation. It was a good custom of our godly nobility that the children of the house should ask the blessing "turn about." There was to be no selfishness or scrimpness, and there was to be no waste. The crusts must *not* be thrown away, and the crumbs should be gathered for the birds.

—o—

Jan. 15—Jesus walking on the sea.—
Matt. xiv. 22-36. Text, Matt. xiv. 27.
Quest. 67. Psalm xlii. 1, 2.

PRAYER is, literally, better than sleep. When Christ was alone He went at once to prayer, and for hours He prayed, and all that time the disciples were being tossed on the lake. But He watched them even while He was on His knees, and then He came to them, but not till they were at their wits' end. Would it not have been liker love to have spared them the toil of this wild night and to have come to them at once? No, for they were disciples, scholars, and without trial they could never have been educated. A father might think it kind to do his boy's counts for him when he saw him puzzled and wearied. But the puzzling is the best part of education. Faith must be educated by trial. Christ came not by any of the ways they thought He would come, but "walking on the sea." It was at first a new fear. How seldom Christ comes or comes nearer in the way we thought He would. Not by prospering but by breaking us, in our sore

trials, by our spoiled life, through the middle of a storm. He makes ways for Himself over things we set up as barriers; over the waves of a life we have made stormy and troubled by our sin. "We need not fear the tempest, but only the weakness of our faith: hence Christ does not calm the storm but takes Peter by the hand." Lastly, we have a glimpse of the nature of the resurrection body. It will be like Christ's. He walked upon the sea and ascended up on high. So we shall be caught up to meet Him in the air. The Soul will be no longer hampered by the body, but will be completely master of it.

—o—

Jan. 22—Jesus and the afflicted.—Matt. xv. 21-31. Text, James v. 13. Quest. 68. Ps. xiii. 3, 4.

I. **THE** Syro-Phoenician woman's trials. 1. Christ didn't speak to her, though she had come a good way to speak to Him. 2. His disciples seemed to be annoyed at her. They prayed Christ to give her what she wanted, not because they felt for her or for her daughter, but they did not like to have a woman following them and crying after them. That is the way we all do. We never feel for the wife of the drunkard who lives next door to us, till we ourselves lose our night's rest, and then we say, This must be put a stop to. 3. When He did speak, He seemed to compare her to a dog.

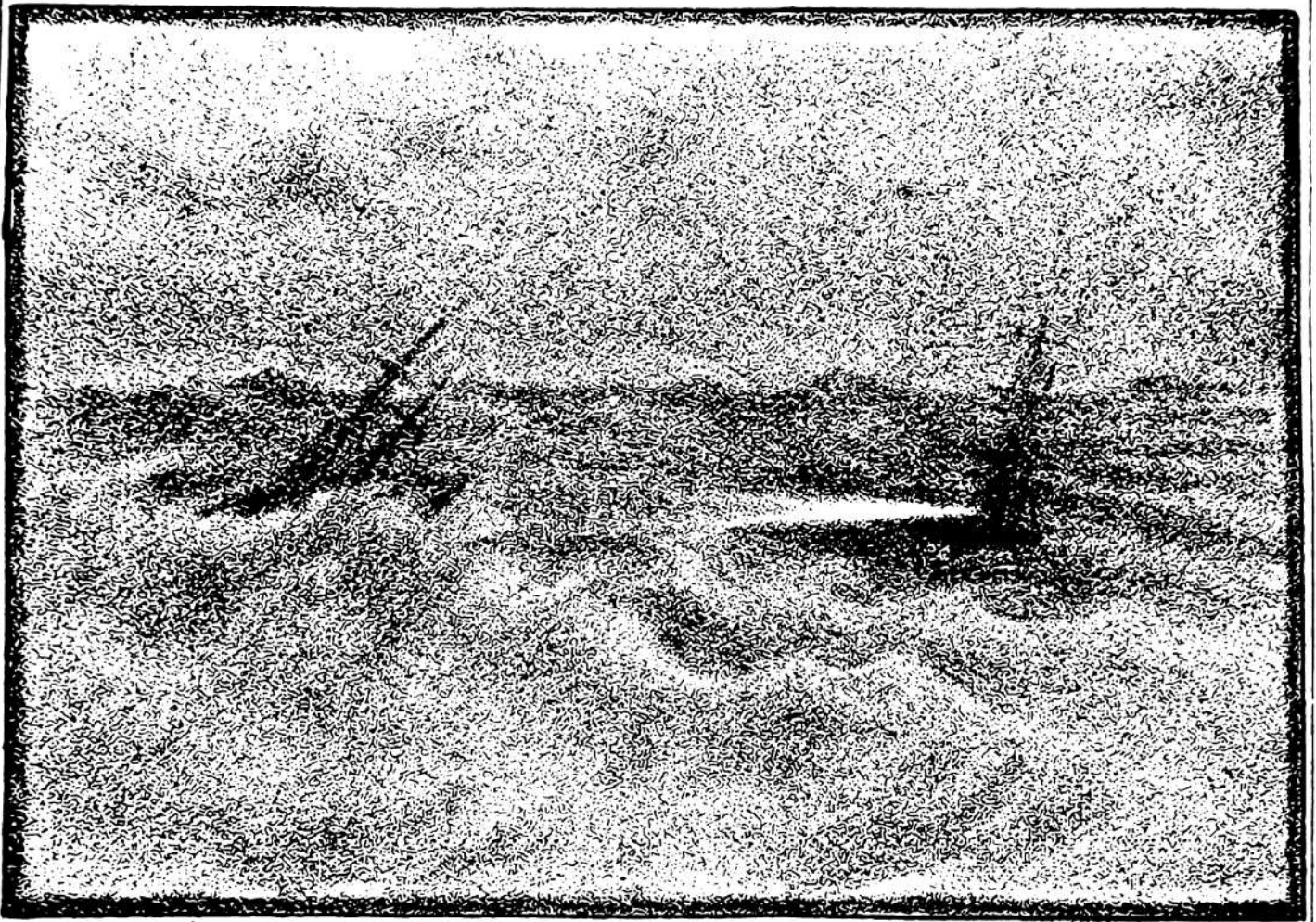
II. Her encouragements. 1. She loved her daughter. 2. The fame of Christ and His character had reached her. "Son of David." 3. He had come to her neighbourhood, and perhaps she had heard of the woman of Tyre whom Elijah had helped long years before. 4. At anyrate, He had not said point-blank, No! 5. There was no record of His ever having refused to help anybody. Ten minutes' silence would not undo the character of a life-time. 6. When He did speak, He gave her an opening for reply. There was something in His face and tone that took the edge off the word "dogs": but, at anyrate, it was a point that could be argued—as if He said, It won't do to give, &c., will it?

Christ treated her so—1. To teach us to pray, and not to faint. 2. To show His disciples that though God had bade Him preach only in Israel, yet there were other sheep elsewhere to be brought in. 3. Her faith cheered Him. 4. He knew her strength. She was a clever woman, one of the cleverest in the Bible, and could find a way to escape that few others could have found, but yet He did not try her beyond what she was well able to bear.

—o—

Jan. 29—Peter confessing Christ.—Matt. xvi. 13-28. Text, Matt. x. 32. Quest. 69. Ps. xiii. 5, 6.

THIS was one of the greatest moments of all time. The manifesting of God in flesh, God becoming man, is the mystery of godliness, and for 4,000 years God had wearied to tell men about it; but they were not able to comprehend a love of such breadth, and length, and depth, and height. Peter grasped the secret, and our Saviour rejoiced as He had never done before. His acknowledgment by Peter ranks as an epoch in His history with His Birth, Baptism, Death, and Resurrection. Peter was the mainstay of the infant Church, after Christ's Ascension. The giving of the keys means that he was, as it were, head-steward (Is. xxii. 15) in the house of God, with power to say who should, or should not, belong to it, and thus he was the first to admit both Jew and Gentile. He saw that the Jewish household was too little for the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the whole world. The "binding and loosing" means that he had a power of legislating in the Church, saying, in virtue of his apostleship, what things were and were not lawful in the Christian community, as, e.g., in matters of the old ceremonial law. The history of the Church of Rome, its murders and falsehoods, its refusing the Bible to men to this day, where it can, and so trying to shut the Kingdom of Heaven, and the crimes of many of its Popes, more than prove that, even if Peter were Christ's successor, Peter's successors must be looked for elsewhere than in Rome.



THE THREE BELLS.*

BENEATH the low-hung night
 cloud
 That raked her splintering mast,
 The good ship settled slowly,
 The cruel leak gained fast.
 Over the awful ocean
 Her signal guns pealed out.
 Father! was that Thy answer
 From the horror round about?
 A voice came down the wild wind,
 "Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:
 "Our stout 'Three Bells' of Glasgow
 Shall lay till daylight by!"

* The "Three Bells" was so named after three brothers, of the same family, we believe, as Mr. Bell, the owner of the yacht "Thistle."

Hour after hour crept slowly,
 Yet on the heaving swells
 Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
 The lights of the Three Bells!
 And ship to ship made signals,
 Man answered back to man,
 While oft, to cheer and hearten,
 The Three Bells nearer ran;
 And the captain from her taffrail
 Sent down his hopeful cry—
 "Take heart! hold on!" he shouted,
 "The Three Bells shall lay by!"
 All night across the waters
 The tossing lights shone clear;
 All night from reeling taffrail
 The Three Bells sent her cheer.
 And when the dreary watches
 Of storm and darkness passed,
 Just as the wreck lurched under,
 All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, for ever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

Type of the Love Eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness,
The lights of God draw nigh!

J. G. Whittier.

BARASÁ, BARASÁ, BARASÁ.

THE following translation of a letter from Maliki, King of Bida, Central Africa, to an English missionary, was read at a recent Church Congress:—

"Salute Crowther, the great Christian minister. After salutation, please tell him he is a father to us in this land; anything he sees will injure us in all this land, he would not like it. This we know perfectly well. The matter about which I am speaking with

my mouth, write it; it is as if it is done by my hand. It is not a lung matter; it is about barasá (rum or gin). Barasá, barasá, barasá, my God! it has ruined our country; it has ruined our people very much; it has made our people become mad. I have given a law that no one dares buy or sell it, and anyone who is found selling it, his house is to be eaten up (plundered); anyone found drunk will be killed. I have told all the Christian traders that I agree to everything for trade except barasá. Tell Crowther, the great Christian minister, that he is our father; we all beg that he should beg the great ministers that they should beg the English Queen to prevent bringing barasá into this land. For God and the prophet's sake! for God and the prophet, His messenger's sake, he must help in this matter—that of barasá. He must not leave our country to be spoiled by barasá. Tell him, may God bless him in his work. This is the mouth word from Maliki, the Emir of Nupe."



THE CHILDREN'S COVENANT.

HERE is a Covenant that was drawn up by a number of young children who met at Pentland in 1683—a time when there was no faithful minister in Scotland, just before James Renwick came from Holland:

"This is a Covenant made between the Lord and us, with our whole hearts, and to give up ourselves freely to Him, without reserve, soul and body, hearts and affections, to be His children, and Him to be our God and Father, if it please the holy Lord to send His gospel to the land again. That we stand to this Covenant which we have written between the Lord and us, as we shall answer at the Great Day; that we shall never break this Covenant which we have made between the Lord and us. . . . O Lord! give us real grace in our hearts to mind Zion's breaches, that is in such a low case this day; and make us to mourn with her, for Thou hast said, They that mourn with her in the time of her trouble, shall rejoice when she rejoiceth; when the Lord will come and bring back the captivity of Zion, when He shall deliver her out of her enemies' hands; when her King shall come and raise her from the dust, in spite of all her enemies that will oppose her, either devils or men. . . . We shall declare before the Lord that we have bound ourselves in Covenant, to be covenanted to Him all the days of our life, to be His children, and Him our covenanted Father."

BEATRIX UMPHERSTON.
JANET BROWN.
HELEN MOUTRAY.
MARION SWAN.
JANET SWAN.
MARGARET GALLOWAY.
HELEN STRAITON.
HELEN CLARK.

MARGARET BROWN.
JANET BROWN.
ISOBEL CRAIG.
MARTHA LOGAN.
AGNES AITKIN.
MARIAN M'MURKIN.
CHRISTIAN LAURIE.

HEAVEN.

MR. MURKER, of Banff, was asked, "What do you think you will be doing when you are in Heaven?" "Doing?" he replied, after a pause and a smile, "I'll just do what I'm bidden." —o—

THERE was a man called Talleyrand, who was reckoned the cleverest of European statesmen eighty years ago. "He led revolutions, built cities, and duped twenty kings." After his death his body was embalmed, and Victor Hugo tells us that by some mistake his brain—no brain like it for craft—was left lying on a table, and a servant, thinking it was a piece of rubbish, threw it out into the gutter! "Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them; and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning; and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling."—*Ps. xlix. 14.*

—o—
God's wrath is heavier to bear than Christ's cross.—*Rieger (a German Divine.)*

—o—
THE picture shows us a peasant in her best clothes. The veil is made of strong cotton or linen cloth. The little pill-box-looking ornaments on her nose and forehead are made of gold, and are her dowry. Women in this country never carry their children that way, though our fathers do it at times to please us, and then, what rare fun! But it is the usual way in the East. —*Is. xlix. 22.*



AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN.

THE BLANK PAGE.

—*—

WHY is there nothing on the opposite page? What is the page for? Well, it is not for scribbling or drawing faces on. It is for a Diary. I want you every day to write down anything particular that happens. Some days will pass about which you will have nothing to say, but I hope not many. Did you ever hear what Cowper said about a lady who led a very idle life?—

For threescore years this life Cleora led—
At morn she rose; at night she went to bed.
You would like to have something more to write down than that, surely. On a Sabbath you will always have the texts of the two sermons you hear and the minister's name. During the week you will have the subject taken up at the Prayer Meeting. And there will be lots of things happening at school; the day you get a new teacher or a new book; the day you go into another standard; (I hope none of you will have to write down that you failed before the Inspector; that would be dreadful; I would say nothing about that); the day you get the holidays—you will like that day, I know. There will be things, too, happening at home worth remembering. I don't mean things you eat, though I think girls should write down when they bake something nice for their father. But you will write down the visits of uncles, and aunts, and cousins, and though it is mean to expect presents, and sometimes meaner still to take them if our

friends be poor, yet if they do give you something, write it very nicely. There will be long walks with your father and mother on Saturday afternoons; and a ride in the train or a sail in a boat once a year; there will be the day you fly the little kite mother makes, and better still the great big one father makes, but see that you have a long tail and strong twine. I once lost a "dragon" near the Botanic Gardens, in Glasgow, because my string broke. I think I see it yet—wagging down, down, oh dear! on to the top of a wood ever so far away. There will be the day you flit; boys and girls like flittings, but wise people don't, for "Three removes are as bad as a fire." And you won't forget the first snowdrop of the year or the first call of the cuckoo, that is if there are any cuckoos near where you live. You must make a note, too, of days of great beauty and days of great wind and snow, and be sure to pray for poor sailors then. Remember eclipses, too, and above all the transits of Venus; but you won't see very many of them, for there isn't to be one till June, 2004! Ah, boys and girls, I hope you and I will be seeing *The Bright*, *The Morning Star* every day when that time comes.

There will be sad things, too, for you to put on record—sickness, or broken limbs, or the death of some one dear to you. But I pray God that you may never have any trouble in your life which you would feel shame in writing down, and, therefore, Commit your way to Him.

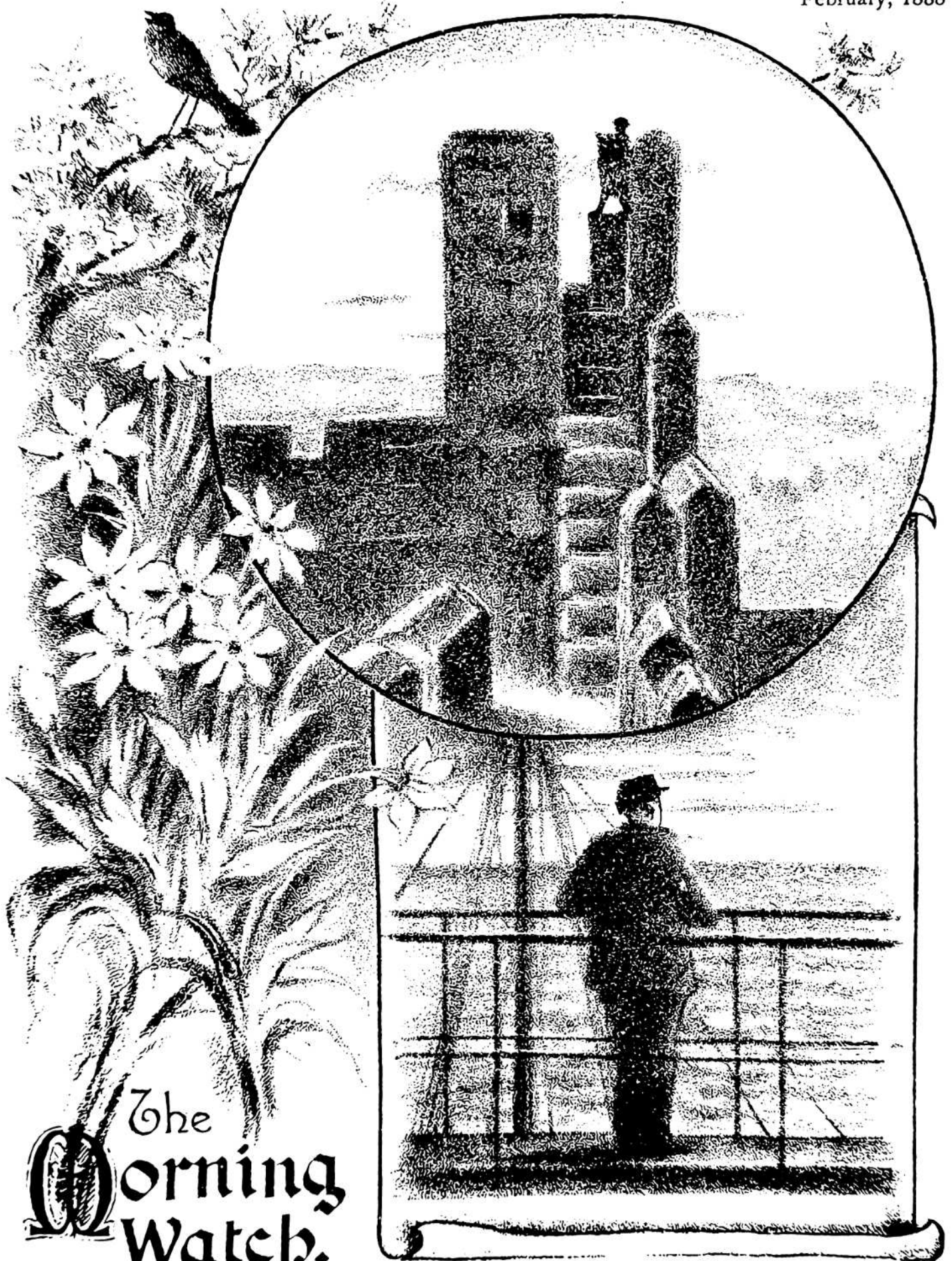
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18 W
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25 W
26 TH
27 F
28 S
29 S
30 M
31 T

The Sun rises at London on Sabbath, 1st January, at 8 minutes past 8; on the 8th, at 6 minutes past 8; on the 15th, at 1 minute past 8; on the 22nd, at 54 minutes past 7; on the 29th, at 46 minutes past 7.

THE MOON.—Last quarter, 6th January; new moon, 13th; first quarter, 21st; full moon, 28th. There will be a Total Eclipse of the Moon on the evening of Saturday, the 28th, visible in this country.

1	S	For from of old, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen a God beside Thee which worketh for him that waiteth for Him.— <i>Isaiah lxiv. 4 (Revised Version).</i>
2	M	Which doeth marvellous things without number.— <i>Job v. 9.</i>
3	TU	He shall give thee the desire of thine heart.— <i>Psalms xxxvii. 4.</i>
4	W	He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.— <i>Ephesians ii. 20.</i>
5	TH	All things work together for good to them that love God.— <i>Romans viii. 28.</i>
6	F	All things are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.— <i>1 Cor. iii. 22, 23.</i>
7	S	Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope in God.— <i>Psalms xliii. 5.</i>
8	S	Each man hath his own gift from God.— <i>1 Corinthians vii. 7 (R.V.)</i>
9	M	He giveth food to the hungry.— <i>Psalms cxlvi. 7.</i>
10	TU	He giveth power to the faint.— <i>Isaiah xl. 29.</i>
11	W	He giveth His beloved sleep.— <i>Psalms cxxxvii. 2.</i>
12	TH	He giveth grace unto the lowly.— <i>Proverbs iii. 34.</i>
13	F	He giveth more grace.— <i>James iv. 6.</i>
14	S	The Lord will give grace and glory.— <i>Psalms lxxxiv. 11.</i>
15	S	Satan answered the Lord, Hast not Thou made an hedge about Job, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?— <i>Job i. x.</i>
16	M	The devil knoweth he hath but a short time.— <i>Revelation xii. 12.</i>
17	TU	Behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.— <i>2 Kings vi. 17.</i>
18	W	For I, saith the Lord, will be a wall of fire round about.— <i>Zechariah ii. 5.</i>
19	TH	His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.— <i>Psalms xci. 4.</i>
20	F	He shall dwell on high.— <i>Isaiah xxxiii. 16.</i>
21	S	Satan hath desired to have thee, but I have prayed for thee.— <i>Luke xxii. 31.</i>
22	S	Never man spake like this Man.— <i>John vii. 47.</i>
23	M	He said unto the sea, Peace, be still.— <i>Mark iv. 39.</i>
24	TU	Then saith Jesus, Get thee hence, Satan.— <i>Matthew v. 10.</i>
25	W	Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.— <i>John viii. 11.</i>
26	TH	Jesus said unto Judas, Friend.— <i>Matthew xxvi. 50.</i>
27	F	Jesus cried with a loud voice, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?— <i>Matthew xxvii. 46.</i>
28	S	Jesus spake, saying, All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth.— <i>Matthew xxviii. 18.</i>
29	S	Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.— <i>Isaiah i. 18.</i>
30	M	Sorrow and sighing shall flee away.— <i>Isaiah xxxv. 10.</i>
31	TU	For, lo, the winter is past.— <i>Song of Solomon ii. 11.</i>

February, 1888



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

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BIBLE QUESTIONS.

JUNIORS.—1. What things in 'Jonah' is God said to have prepared? 2. Birds mentioned in the last seventy-five Psalms. 3. Trades mentioned in 'Acts.'

SENIORS.—1. Good men who had bad wives. 2. Bad men who had good wives. 3. Prayers God answered quickly.

Answers to Bible Questions to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give good answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the January number have been received from—

Juniors.

Leeds, . . . JEANIE LOGAN PATERSON.
JAMES PATERSON.
Loanhead, . . JANE MILLER KNOX.
Londonderry, JAMES MATHERS.
Port-Glasgow, ALEX. ADAMS.

Seniors.

1.—JOHN LONG, Belfast.
Airdrie, . . . JEANNIE N. TAYLOR.
Greenock, . . MAGGIE M'NEIL.
F. RALSTON.
ARCH. PATERSON.
JAMES M'CREA.
Hamilton, . . JAMES K. W. MARTIN.
Limavady, . . M. E. H.
MARY NEVIN WILSON.
Loanhead, . . JANE LESSLIE JAMIESON.
AGNES CAMPBELL.
ISA SCLATER.
R. H. WATSON.
Londonderry, J. MATHERS.
Port Glasgow, ROBERT ALEX. ADAMS.

"THE BOY RENWICK."

TWO hundred years ago a Popish King sat on the British throne, who was determined that people would do as he pleased, and worship

God according to his ideas. He would not let them meet in church to worship God in the way God had Himself appointed, nor even in their own homes; and if they went to the fields and mountain glens, thinking they would have peace and liberty under the open sky, it was all the same. He sent his soldiers after them, cast them into prison, sent them beyond the seas, tortured and hanged them—anything, everything, to crush the cause of Christ.

In the midst of these martyr times, James Renwick was born in the village of Moniaive, Dumfriesshire, 15th February, 1662. His father, Andrew Renwick, was a weaver; his mother's name was Elizabeth Corson; both of them godly people. He was their only son.

That little boy was to be a great man—not a rich man, or a mighty man in the world's esteem, but something far better. He was just two years old when his mother one day saw his lips moving, and found he was trying to pray. He had a sweet face, a kind heart, and everyone who knew him loved him. Satan would not let such a boy alone. He tempted him when he was only six years old to believe there was no God; and again, when he was older, tried him the same way. It was a sore struggle both times, but he came well out of it.

He was fond of books, and his great desire was to be a minister—a strange wish for a boy in those days, for it meant hardship, and perhaps even death. He went to Edinburgh College, but did not take his degree, though he passed the examination, because he would not take the oath of allegiance to a King who was oppressing the people of God.

When he was nineteen, he saw the martyr Donald Cargill put to death. He was standing near the scaffold, and heard, and never forgot, his dying words—"Now I am near the getting of the crown, for which I bless the Lord, and desire all of you to bless Him, that He hath brought me here, and made me triumph over devils, men, and sin."

Shortly after this Renwick went to Holland, and having been licensed to preach, returned to give himself to Christ's work in his own country. He began his ministry on 23rd Nov., 1683, in Cambusnethan parish, in the open air, lecturing on Isaiah xl. 1-8, and preaching two discourses from Isaiah xxvi. 20. He preached his last sermon on 29th Jan., 1688, at Bo'ness—Isaiah liii. 1. There were little more than four years between these dates, but they were full to overflowing of labours and sufferings for Christ. There was not all that time one man in Scotland except himself who dared to preach the gospel in the open fields.

But it would be too long a story to tell all he did and suffered. He was as gentle as he was brave. "Let us," he said, "be lions in God's cause, and lambs in our own." He

was a patriot as well as a Christian. It was he who penned the famous Sanquhar Declaration, in which the Covenanters declared—what the nation was too timid to do at the time, though it did it afterwards—that the Stuarts had forfeited the throne.

His preaching, though he was so young, alarmed the King and Government. He was hunted, persecuted; a price set on his head; all manner of evil spoken of him; but he continued his work till his work was done. He was apprehended in January, 1688, by Thomas Justice, an officer, who happened to overhear Renwick praying at family worship in the house of John Lookup, a Cameronian, in the Castle Hill of Edinburgh. "What," said Graham, the captain of the guard, "is this *boy* the James Renwick that the whole nation has been so troubled with?" He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged within three days. Linlithgow, the Justice-General, asked if he would like longer time. "It is all one to me," he answered; "if protracted, it is welcome; if shortened, it is welcome. My Master's time is the best."

The Jesuits greatly troubled him while he was in prison. It was a proverb in Edinburgh long afterwards, "Begone!" as Renwick said to the priests.

On the morning of his execution his mother and sisters came to see him—his father had been long dead. In giving thanks after breakfast, he said: "O Lord, now Thou hast brought me within two hours of eternity, and this is no matter of

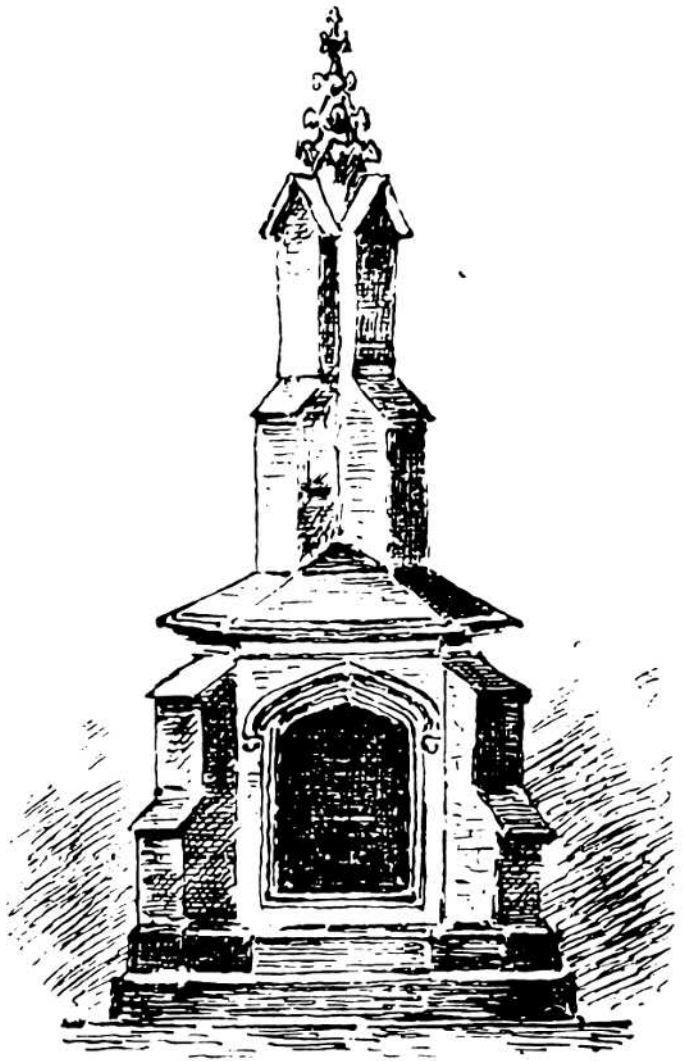
terror to me, more than if I were to go to lie down in a bed of roses." "Oh," said he, "how can I contain the thoughts of this, to be within two hours of the Crown of Glory!" He wrote a short letter to his friend, Sir Robert Hamilton, in which, after giving orders about some papers, he said: "But I must break off. I go to your God and my God. Death to me is as a bed to the weary."

When he heard the guard turn out to take him away, he cried, "Yonder is my welcome call to the marriage. The Bridegroom is coming. I am ready." On the scaffold he sang a part of Psalm ciii., from the first verse, and then read Rev. xix. He tried to speak but the drums beat all the time. "Once only when there happened to be a pause, his clear sweet voice was heard by the assembled thousands, like one great sudden gush of the lark's melody as it is mounting heavenwards:—'I shall soon be above these clouds; then shall I enjoy Thee and glorify Thee, O my Father, without interruption and without intermission, for ever.'" Then the napkin was tied about his face: and so died, 17th February, 1688, aged 26, the last of Scotland's martyrs. May she never need another.



RENWICK'S MONUMENT.

RENWICK was buried in the felons' common grave in Greyfriars' Churchyard, but there is a monument to him in his native village.



IN MEMORY OF
THE LATE
REV. JAMES RENWICK,
THE LAST WHO
SUFFERED DEATH
FOR
ATTACHMENT TO THE COVENANTED CAUSE
OF CHRIST
IN SCOTLAND.

BORN
NEAR THIS SPOT 15th FEBV., 1662,
AND EXECUTED
AT THE GRASSMARKET, EDINBURGH,
17th FEBRUARY, 1688.

THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE IN
EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE.
PSALM CXII. 6.

ERECTED BY SUBSCRIPTION
A.D. 1828.

INTERNATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Feb. 5—The Transfiguration.—Matt. xvii. 1-13. Text, Luke ix. 35. Quest. 70. Psalms xvii. 4-5.

THE Transfiguration took place at night, probably on Hermon, the northern limit of the Holy Land, whose snow-clad top is visible even from the Dead Sea. Our Saviour had been proclaimed to be the Son of God by Angels, by Saints on earth, by devils (we know Thee who thou art), and by God Himself. Moses and Elias (Saints in Heaven), the most representative men of the Old Testament, were now sent from glory. We don't know when Moses had risen from the dead; perhaps it was over his resurrection that the dispute took place between Michael and Satan, of which Jude our Lord's brother tells us. Moses had two great wishes whilst on earth—show me Thy Glory; and let me see that Good Land. Now, he sees God's glory, face to face, and in the light of it forgets all about his other wish. Christ's countenance was changed—that is, His glory was unveiled. We have no idea what Christ was like; there are no authentic portraits of Him, and, indeed, no portrait of Him could possibly be made. No painter ever did or ever will paint any thing that could represent infinite wisdom, purity, and love. The disciples knew Moses and Elijah, just because they knew their words and lives. Even here the body bears the mark of the soul and spirit; a man's walk and gestures show what he is; only our eyes are holden, we are slow and dull at seeing things. In heaven the body will be a complete revelation of what a man is, and our vision will be quick and true. And those Saints whom we never met, of whom we never heard, will all be made known to us. If we did not know people there, we should not only "be greater fools than ever we were here"; we should simply not be the same people. We shall be new creatures, but we shall not be other creatures. Elijah never died, and yet he could talk of death, and Moses could talk about Jerusalem. In heaven we shall enter into every human experience. The little child that died a day old will understand the whole of human life, for we shall

be one with Christ and His people, and love will make us able to understand all things. What a lesson to the disciples! They have been dreaming of earthly glory; and when heaven was opened, the one thing Moses and Elias and Christ talked about was the one thing the disciples would not listen to.

The vision soon ended, but Christ, the centre of it, the best part of it, remained. Whoever else, whatever else, goes away and leaves us, "Lo, I am with you always."

—o—

Feb. 12.—Jesus and the Little Ones.—Matt. xviii. 1-14. Text, Matt. xix. 14. Quest. 71. Psalm xvii. 6-7.

AMBITION and pride were the sins about which Christ oftenest warned His disciples. Here they were thinking of their place in the Kingdom. Christ bids them take care first that they are fit to enter it at all. If a man thinks what he is and then what heaven is, what presumption it is to think of his place, of being great or greatest *there*. Honour in heaven comes, like joy in life, when one is not looking for it. They presumed they were to be in the Kingdom, and all they were in doubt about was—who should be greatest. Christ seems to say that with that spirit they could not even enter it. Men who are always discussing Election, the right form of baptism, etc., and give all the time they give to religious things to points like that, act just like the disciples. They try to find out whether there are few that be saved, but not to make sure that *they* are. Men mind their own business first in other things, but last in this.

Children are often not a good illustration of humility. They soon begin to make class distinctions. There are children they will not play with, because of their dress or the houses they live in. But they get this mostly from their elders. For the idea of childhood is simplicity and trust; it is content with present joys, and it does not keep sorrows or grudges long. It can believe any good you tell it of God or of man. In such ways Heaven lies about us in our infancy, and to encourage distrust or pride in a child is "to offend one of the little ones."

If the disciples had understood how good it was to enter into life even halt or maimed

they would never have thought of being "greatest." A captain will throw overboard the most valuable cargo if he can so lighten his ship that she can get into port that lives may be saved. If a man owns a ship that he hears has been wrecked, if he has a son on board, his anxiety is not for the ship but for his son. *V.g.*—An amputation is never performed without the consent of the patient or of his friends. So Christ pleads with us to give up what is doing us harm; we must be willing also,—we must agree. If a thing we do is making us unwilling to think of God, or read our Bibles, or pray, we may be sure there is harm in it, as a miner knows when his lamp is burning blue there is choke-damp, and he must get away from that at once.

'Their Angels.' Angels have charge over everybody, but especially over children, widows, strangers, and all creatures whom men think they can safely wrong, because they can't defend themselves.

Feb. 19.—A Lesson on Forgiveness.—Matt. xviii. 21-35. Text, Matt. vi. 12. Quest. 72. Psalm xviii. 1-2.

PETER thought he was going very far when he suggested that seven times was as often as one could be expected to forgive his brother. We often say—It is not in human nature to do this or that. But then we ought to remember that we are "made partakers of the divine nature." Seventy times seven means there is to be *no reckoning*. Men have spoiled the beauty of the word "Forgive." We forgive grudgingly, slowly, and rarely fully. We are never "quite the same" to people. God forgives *instantly, frankly, JOYFULLY*. If men only knew how ready to forgive He is, they would never let the past vex them.

Our use of "talents," a "talented" man, is from the parables. Talents are *given* to be used. So there is no reason for pride, for we have only *received* them. There is personal responsibility for them—the King "began to reckon." There is pardon for the misuse of them—he forgave the debtor who asked for patience, for mercy. The man who was forgiven so much would not forgive a little. As a rule men who most need mercy for themselves show least to

others. Christ, who was "separate from sinners," is the Saviour of sinners. Peter, who so often went wrong, said "seven times." Christ, who was "without sin," and needed no mercy, said "seventy times seven." It is by loving we learn to love, by forgiving we learn to forgive. "Forgive us our debts *as we forgive our debtors*" has been called "a terrible petition." And it is.

—o—

Feb. 26.—The Rich Young Ruler.—Matt. xix. 16-26. Text, Matt. vi. 24. Quest. 73. Psalm xviii. 30-32.

CHRIST did not say He was not good. The Ruler meant well, but he was full of vanity and ignorance, knowing neither God's holiness nor his own sinfulness. "Christ takes up his salutation, and at one mighty stroke shows him the fathomless depth, the immeasurable fulness contained in that little word 'good' which he had used lightly and thoughtlessly twice in one breath." (Ullmann.) Further, Christ says, as it were, you call Me good; do you mean it? Are you ready to take My advice?

Was it not cruel to ask him to give up everything? Christ would not have done so had it not been absolutely necessary. Some men could have followed Christ and kept their possessions, but the love of money was *his* one danger. Christ did not lay that burden on him lightly. For He loved him and pitied him as He does every sinner; had no wish to drive him away, and, therefore, when He seeks to put His yoke upon him, He shows how easy it is—"and thou shalt have *treasure in Heaven*." "Follow Me." Had not Christ Himself given up far more? The young man came *running*; he went away sore grieved. Most people are grieved when they give up Christ—like Orpah kissing Naomi, they are sorry to go away, but they *go* all the same.

We think we could be good if we were rich, if we had all we wish. Christ says it is as hard for the rich as for the poor. No man can be saved unless he loves God above *everything*.

The young man's name is unknown; he is "the Rich Young Ruler"; he might have been a Barnabas, a Paul, a John, an apostle, and a saint.



THE SENTINEL.

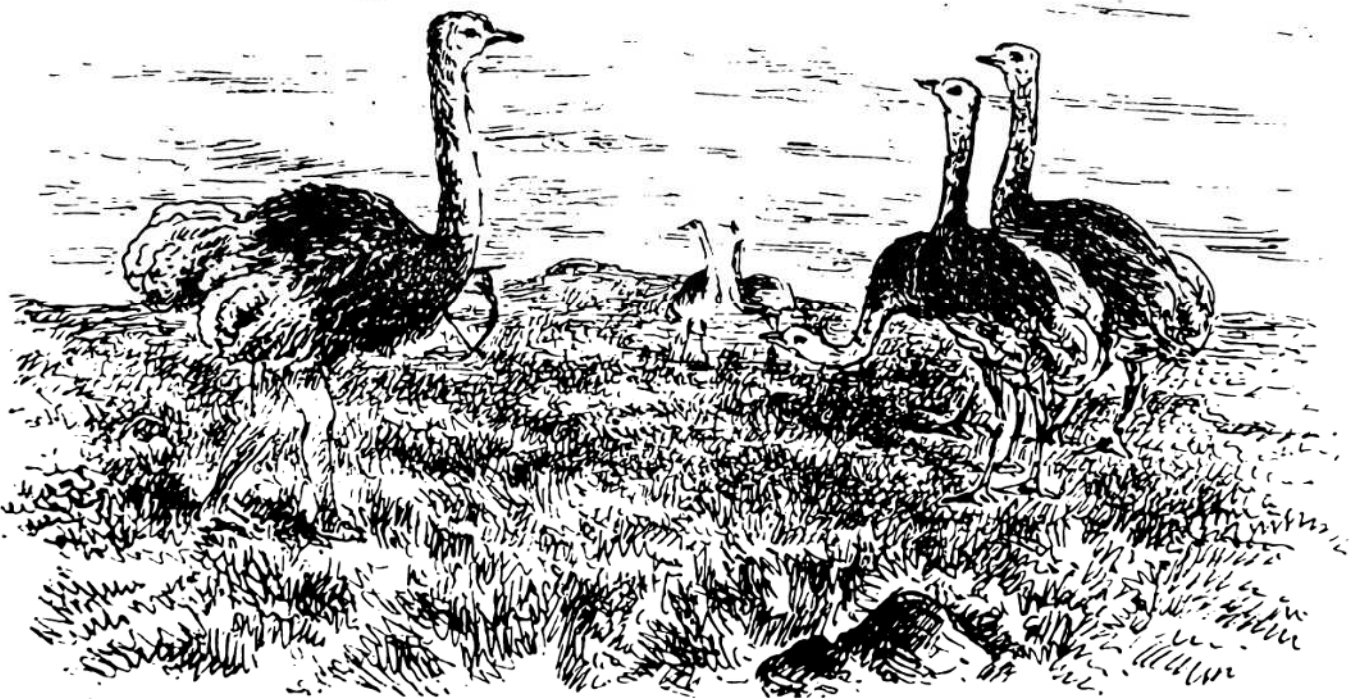
A great many years ago I heard Dr. Gairdner, one of our greatest living physicians, use this argument in advising students to be teetotallers: "A man never

knows the moment some duty may be laid on him that will demand all his strength both of mind and body. A man should be at his very best always, his brain clear, his eye correct, his hand steady."

Look at that Russian sentinel; he is on outpost duty in the Balkan mountains. He dare not quit his post; he dare not fall asleep: the enemy is very near—how near he cannot tell; he can only stand ready and watch—watching for his own sake and the sake of his comrades behind him.

An English officer tells how he went the round of the camp one night with the Russian Commander-in-Chief. They came to a sentinel, and the General asked him to show him his rifle. The man, saluting, said, "I cannot, your Excellency."

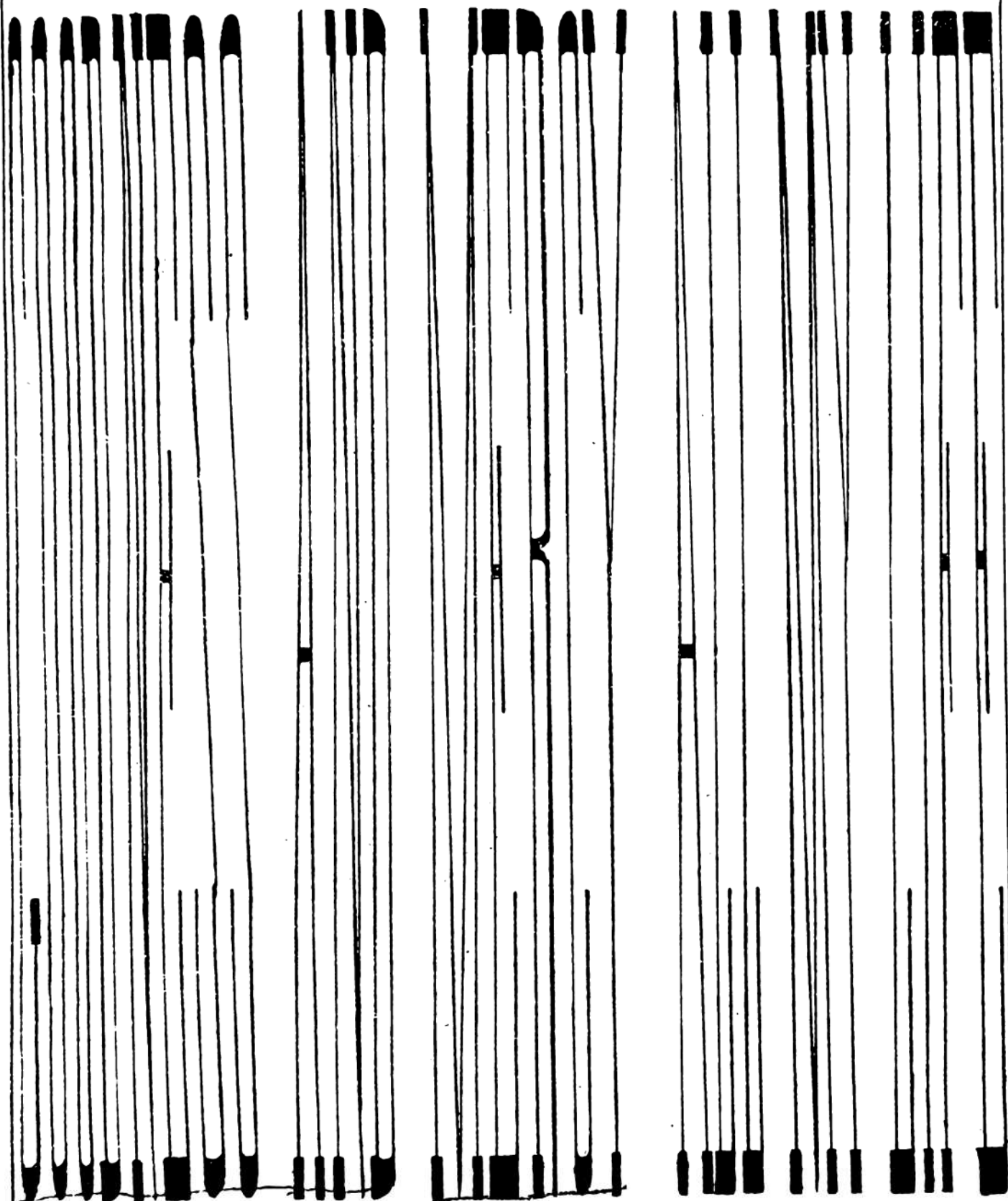
"But I want to see if it is clean." "I cannot, your Excellency." "Do you not know I am the Commander-in-Chief! Give me your rifle." "I cannot." And with that the General smiled good-naturedly, pulled the soldier's ear, and walked away. "Why would he not obey you?" asked the English officer. "Because," was the answer, "it is a rule in the Russian army that a sentinel must not part with his arms even to the Czar if he were to ask them. If that man had given me his rifle I would have ordered him to be shot."



OSTRICH-HUNTING.

SATAN fashioneth himself into an angel of light (*R. V.*)—2 Cor. xi. 14. We are not ignorant of his devices—2 Cor. ii. 11. The bushman, Dr. Moffat tells, dresses himself up like a bird; puts a saddle on his shoulders covered with feathers, holding a rod, which

supports a stuffed head and neck, in his right hand, and his bow and poisoned arrows in his left. "He seems to pick the grass, turns his head as if keeping a sharp look-out, shakes his feathers, now walks, then trots, till he gets within bow-shot; and when the flock runs after one is struck he runs too!"



THESE long lines on page 21 are letters and words, but they are not very easy to make out. Your best plan is to lay the page open on a table, and stoop down till your eyes are almost level with it, and then look along the lines and you will see a part of the last verse of the 23rd Psalm. You will see it all the better if you shut one eye. If the table is too high for you to look along, then you can stand on a stool; and that is all the advice I can give you! Now, why is it that the letters are so easy to read one way, and so hard any other way? It is just because the eye can't take them in all at once. When you look at ordinary printing you can take in a whole letter at once easily, but these letters are too long; you have to foreshorten them, as painters would say. But foreshortening is a very hard thing to understand: I don't understand it myself.

When you read a book you hold it about ten inches away from your eye. But when you wish to see what like a house is, you have to stand a long way back; and if you wish to see a mountain, you have to stand miles off. You couldn't see a mountain rightly if you were only ten inches away from it! It is the very same way with our life. "For every man God has his plan." You can't tell a man's character by watching him for one day. You need to watch him a great many days; and so we don't know what God is doing for us, or how He is leading us, just by watching Him for one day. But when we can look at a whole year

or twenty years—when we can take them all in at once—we see God's purpose then. That is the reason why I want you to keep a diary and fill up THE BLANK PAGE.

God wishes us not only to enjoy Him for ever after we are dead, but He wishes us to glorify Him and see His glory here. He loves to do wonderful things for us. He watches and guides us every day, but we don't understand what He is doing. Sometimes we think our life is just a piece of confusion, without meaning; but when we look back on it and wisely consider of His doing, we see that there was a Heavenly purpose carrying out each day, all things were working together for our good, and instead of seeing only grief and trouble, we see goodness and mercy all our life.



From roots of ebon darkness,
through the mould,
Spring up the pure white blossoms,
one by one;
Like human heart whose roots
are dark with woe,
And yet produce the brightest
flowers of heaven.

—Rev. H. Macmillan, LL.D.

1 W
2 TH
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15 W
16 TH
17 F
18 S
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24 F
25 S
26 S
27 M
28 T
29 W

THE MOON.

Last Quarter, . . .	4th February.
New Moon, . . .	11th "
First Quarter, . . .	20th "
Full Moon, . . .	27th "

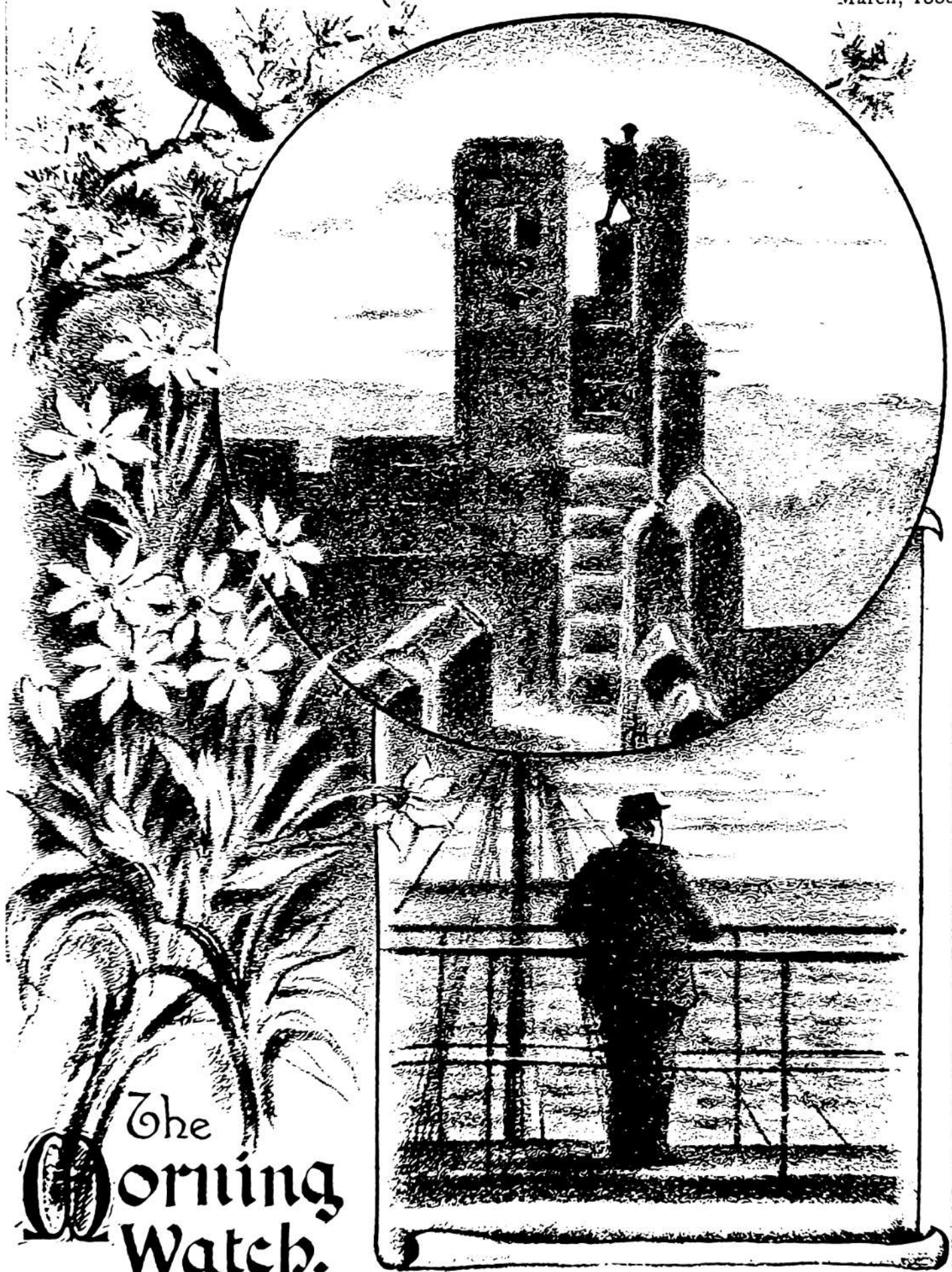
THE SUN RISES

SETS.

Sabbath, 5th February, at	7.34 ; 4.54.
" 12th "	7.22 ; 5.6.
" 19th "	7.8 ; 5.19.
" 26th "	6.54 ; 5.32.

1	W	When they saw the boldness of Peter and John, they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.— <i>Acts iv. 13.</i>
2	TH	Boldness in the faith.— <i>1 Tim. iii. 13.</i>
3	F	Boldness to enter into the holiest.— <i>Heb. x. 19.</i>
4	S	Boldness in the day of judgment.— <i>1 John iv. 17.</i>
5	S	The angels—are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?— <i>Heb i. 14.</i>
6	M	The angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city.— <i>Gen. xix. 15.</i>
7	TU	An angel touched Elijah, and said, Arise, and eat. And he looked, and behold, there was at his head a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water.— <i>1 Kings xix. 5, 6.</i>
8	W	My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths.— <i>Dan. vi. 22.</i>
9	TH	The beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.— <i>Luke xvi. 22.</i>
10	F	The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels.— <i>Matt. xiii. 39.</i>
11	S	Know ye not that we shall judge angels?— <i>1 Cor. vi. 3.</i>
12	S	In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. <i>John xiv. 2.</i>
13	M	When thou prayest, enter into thy closet.— <i>Matt vi. 6.</i>
14	TU	Ye shall drink indeed of my cup.— <i>Matt. xx. 23.</i>
15	W	Lo, I am with you alway.— <i>Matt. xxviii. 20.</i>
16	TH	Come, see the place where the Lord lay.— <i>Matt. xxviii. 6.</i>
17	F	To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.— <i>Luke xxiii. 43.</i>
18	S	To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne.— <i>Rev. iii. 21.</i>
19	S	O Lord! Thou knowest.— <i>Jer. xv. 15.</i>
20	M	O God! Thou knowest my foolishness.— <i>Psalms lxix. 5.</i>
21	TU	I know thy works.— <i>Rev. ii. 2.</i>
22	W	He knew their thoughts.— <i>Luke vi. 8.</i>
23	TH	Thou knowest that I love Thee.— <i>John xxi. 15.</i>
24	F	Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of.— <i>Matt. vi. 8.</i>
25	S	Jesus Himself knew what He would do.— <i>John vi. 6.</i>
26	S	The Ancient of days.— <i>Dan vii. 9.</i>
27	M	Brethren, the time is short.— <i>1 Cor. vii. 29.</i>
28	TU	Gather up the fragments.— <i>John vi. 12.</i>
29	W	Redeeming the time.— <i>Eph. v. 16.</i>

March, 1888.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
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BIBLE QUESTIONS.

JUNIORS.—1. Names for God's Word in the first twenty Psalms. 2. How often did God say to Joshua, "Fear not?" 3. How often is Christ called the Son of Man in Luke?

SENIORS.—1. Ten names for the Church of God. 2. Five types of sin. 3. Instances of God controlling the animal creation for the help of His people.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give good answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the January number have been received from—

Juniors.

Airdrie, . .	ROBERT R. STEVENSON. DAVID WILSON TAYLOR.
Bailliesmills, .	SAMUEL JAS. CAMPBELL.
Ballyclare, .	FRED. W. HAMILTON.
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Whithorn, .	W. M'KINNELL.
Wishaw, . .	HELEN MARION BROWN. ROBERT TELFER. ROBERT ALLAN TUDHOPE.

JAMIE DOUGLAS.

BY K. A. PETERS.

'Twas in the days when Claverhouse
Was scouring moor and glen,
To change with fire and bloody sword
The faith of Scottish men
Who'd made a covenant with the Lord
Firm in their faith to bide,
Nor break to him their plighted word
Whatever might betide.

The sun was well nigh setting,
When o'er the heather wild
And up the narrow mountain path
Alone there walked a child.
He was a bonnie, blithesome lad,
Sturdy and strong of limb;
A father's pride, a mother's love
Were fast bound up in him.

His bright blue eye glanced fearless round,
His step was firm and light;
What was it, underneath his plaid,
His little hands grasped tight?
'Twas bannocks, which that very morn
His mother made with care
From out her scanty store of meal,
And now, with many a prayer,

Had sent by Jamie, her one boy—
A trusty lad and brave—
To good old Pastor Thomas Roy,
Hid now in yon dark cave,
For whom the bloody Claverhouse
Had hunted long in vain,
And sworn he'd never leave that glen
Till old Tam Roy was slain.

So Jamie Douglas went his way
With heart that knew no fear;
He turned the great curve in the rock,
Nor dreamed that death was near.
And there were Claverhouse's men,
Who laughed aloud in glee
When, trembling now, within their power
The frightened child they see.

He turns to flee; but all in vain;
They drag him back apace
To where their cruel leader stands,
And set them face to face.
The cakes, concealed beneath his plaid,
Soon tell the story plain;
"'Tis old Tam Roy the cakes are for!"
Exclaims the angry man.

"Now, guide me to his hiding-place,
And I will let you go."
But Jamie shook his yellow curls,
And stoutly answered: "No."
"I'll drop you down yon mountain's side,
And there upon the stones
The old, gaunt wolf and carrion crow
Shall battle for your bones."

Then in his brawny, strong right hand
He lifted up the child,
And held him where the cleft rock frowned
A chasm deep and wild—
So deep it is the trees below
Like stunted bushes seem.
Poor Jamie looked in frightened maze;
It seemed some horrid dream.

He looked up to the sky above,
Then on the men near by;
Had they no little boys at home,
That they could let him die?
But no one spoke, and no one stirred,
Nor lifted hand to save
From such a fearful, frightful death
The little lad so brave.

"'Tis woeful deep," he shuddering cried;
"But oh! I canna tell.

So drop me down then, if you will;
'Tis nae sae deep as Hell."
A childish scream, a faint, dull sound,
O Jamie Douglas true!
Long, long within the lonely cave
Shall Tam Roy wait for you!

Long for your welcome coming waits
The mother on the moor,
And stands and calls, "Come, Jamie, lad!"
Through the half-opened door.
No more adown the rocky path
You'll come with fearless tread,
Nor over moor or mountain take
The good man daily bread.

But up in Heaven the shining ones
A wondrous story tell
Of a child snatched up from a rocky gulf
That's nae sae deep as Hell.
And there, before the great white throne,
For ever blest and glad,
His mother dear and old Tam Roy
Shall meet their bonnie lad.

—o—

INTERNATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

March 4.—Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem.—Matt. xx. 17-29. Text, Matt. xx. 28. Quest. 74. Psalm xl. 1-2.

WE have all known from the time we were little children that the Son of God was nailed to the Cross, and we do not see how strange a thing that was. But it is so strange that the Greeks when they heard it, said it was "foolishness"—"nonsense," as we would say. Christ told the disciples of it in the plainest way, and yet they could not comprehend it, could not "take it in." Salome did not know that the right and left hand places were to be two crosses. The word *give* is to be emphasized. If a mother were to ask a teacher to give her two boys the first and second prizes in their class, he would say, I can't; prizes are not *gifts*, they are *rewards*; I can't give them to anybody I like; I must give them to the *best* scholars; your sons will only get them if they deserve them. We are saved by grace, we are rewarded according to our works. God gives things to people who are worthy. Mary, for example, was chosen by sovereign grace to be the mother of our Lord, but Mary was made worthy of that

honour. No other woman would have done; the best woman in the world was needed. If we wish honour we must work for it. Every one who is saved has to drink of Christ's cup, to know what sin and sorrow are. A man can't be saved who leads an easy life. If we don't feel the bitterness of sin when we are young, we shall feel it when we are old. That is the reason why so many good people have bad children. Sin was nothing to them as long as it only troubled other people's children. The first and the last and the all-important mark of the Sons of God is this—that the world's sin is a constant grief to them, and how to help the world is the *one thought of their lives*.

March 11.—Christ Entering Jerusalem.—

Matt. xxi. 1-6. Text, Psalm cxviii. 26.

Quest. 75. Psalm xl. 3-4.

WHAT a strange triumph! It had been promised to Him from all eternity (Psalm 2); it came in the last week of His life; it lasted but an hour or two; and He rode forth to die! Why did He ride upon an ass? An earthly king needs all the pomp he can get; his glory is in his surroundings; Christ's glory was in Himself. All Christ's triumphs are lowly; His greatest triumph is winning a sinner's love! The man whose ass He borrowed was, doubtless, an unknown disciple who would count it no robbery to be asked to share the honour of the King of Glory. Christ should have the first use of all we have. The lower creation partook in Christ's joy. He rode the colt, but, in compassion both to it and its mother, He allowed its mother to run alongside of it. "Hosanna" is two Hebrew words, hoshiyah na—save now, or, save we pray, and is a quotation from Psalm cxviii. 25.

March 18.—The Son Rejected.—Matt. xxi.

33-46. Text, John i. 11. Quest. 76.

Psalm xl. 5.

THE husbandmen wished to seize the inheritance; they thought their lord was sending his Son simply to get the fruits of it from them, and all the time he meant them to be joint-heirs with his Son. He intended the inheritance to be theirs. Indeed the Son had been away in the far country preparing another and a grander inheritance for them. The devil knows

that God wishes to give us every good thing, after we have waited a little, and shown that we love Him, and so he tempts us to snatch at blessings, and we lose what was to be ours by trying to take it our own way. *Tarry the Lord's leisure and you will get everything.* Try what you think a short cut to happiness, and you have to come back and go the straight road after all. The Foundation-stone.—If a man wishes to build a house in a town, he dare not set it down in the middle of a street, or right across the pavement; he has to follow certain lines. God has, as it were, a building going on, a house with many mansions. If we build as He wishes us, our work will stand, but if we try a plan of our own, our work will be thrown down. Christ is either a Foundation-stone, or a stone in our way—a stumbling block.

March 25.—Text, Psalm cxix. 35. Psalm xl. 16-17.

REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS.

ASERIES of strange contrasts: three mothers and their wishes for their children, Herod's wife, the Syrophenician woman, Salome: the rich young ruler, who kept his great possessions and now has nothing, and Peter who left all, and has now the crown that fadeth not away: the two Eliases, the one translated, the other beheaded, both glorified: Herod, urged by Herodias, going to Rome to seek the title "King" instead of tetrarch, banished from Palestine: Moses, who refused a crown, transfigured, getting all he wished, entering Canaan after all!

EGYPTIAN WATER-SELLER.

THE water-carrier is one of the commonest sights in all warm countries in the East. In India there are *bheesties*—that is what they call them there—at all the railway stations to give passengers water, just as in this country there are men to put lamps in the carriages when it gets dark. The moment the train stops you find people with their heads out of the



windows crying, *pani! pani!* i.e., water! water!

In Egypt the natives never travel, either riding or on foot, without water-bottles, like the one the man in the picture holds in his hand. When trains stop in that country—for they have trains in the land of Goshen now—men and women jump out of the carriages to fill their bottles from the canals. People there drink ever so many gallons a day in the hot season.

In the towns the carriers go through the streets crying, "Ho! thirsty ones, sweet water!" and they rattle their little brass cups, and you get a drink if you ask it; but you must pay a few *paras* for it. But that's not much, as 40 *paras* = 1 piastre = 2½d. Perhaps it was of these men Isaiah was thinking when he cried, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath *no money*; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk

without money and without price." And the last promise in the Bible says the same thing—"Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life *freely*."

—o—

"GIVE HER THAT."

I was told of a woman some time ago, a widow, who had worked hard to bring up her only boy.

He turned out a fine lad, a first-rate workman, and a kind, good son. But she was very thrifty, and, what with the interest on her savings and a little she could still earn every week, was able to keep herself, though very plainly. "She wanted to be a burden on nobody," but her son insisted on her taking a few shillings from him every time he brought home his pay.

After a while he married, still continuing his kindness to his mother, telling his wife, of course, what he had done.

But one day she said, "I don't see why you should give your mother so much money every week. She can't use it all, and what does she do with it?" And day after day, week after week, she kept harping about "all that money;" "they might need it themselves;" "no other body did it"—till at last, for the sake of peace, because she wearied him, he made up his mind to tell his mother he was going to give her no more unless she actually needed it.

So he went to see her, and tried to be as cheery as was his wont. But women are very quick at seeing when men are troubled, no matter how much they try to hide it. And after

he had chatted away about lots of things, she said, "What is it that's vexing you?" He sat looking into the fire, ashamed to speak, but at last he told her, for she urged him, that he had been thinking over things, and didn't see where all the money went to that he gave her, and he was thinking he ought to be laying by a little more for himself and his wife.

The old woman was greatly put about. She had seen that her daughter-in-law's face was not toward her as it had been, and her one wish for her son, next to his being a child of God, had been that he should have a godly, loving woman for his wife. "Is it Jeanie that has been objecting?" she said. "We were both talking a little about it, but I'm very sorry I mentioned it." "And I'm very sorry, too, my man," his mother said; "very sorry this day, but"—and she went away to the chest of drawers and brought out a book—"you can give her *that*."

He took it and went away without looking at it, and when he got home his wife opened it and found—it was a bankbook, and all the money her husband had ever given his mother had been entered in the book the very day she got it, and entered in *his* name, and bearing interest all the time.

And so with us and God. We think Him a hard austere man, reaping where He did not sow, and gathering where He did not straw. And yet eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

THE CROCUS' SOLILOQUY.

HANNAH F. GOULD (*American*).

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me,
Here, without light, to see how I grow,
I'll trust to Nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling ;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall
run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my bright little head ;
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young
petals diverge,
As rays of the sun from their
focus ;
I from the darkness of earth will
emerge
A happy and beautiful crocus.



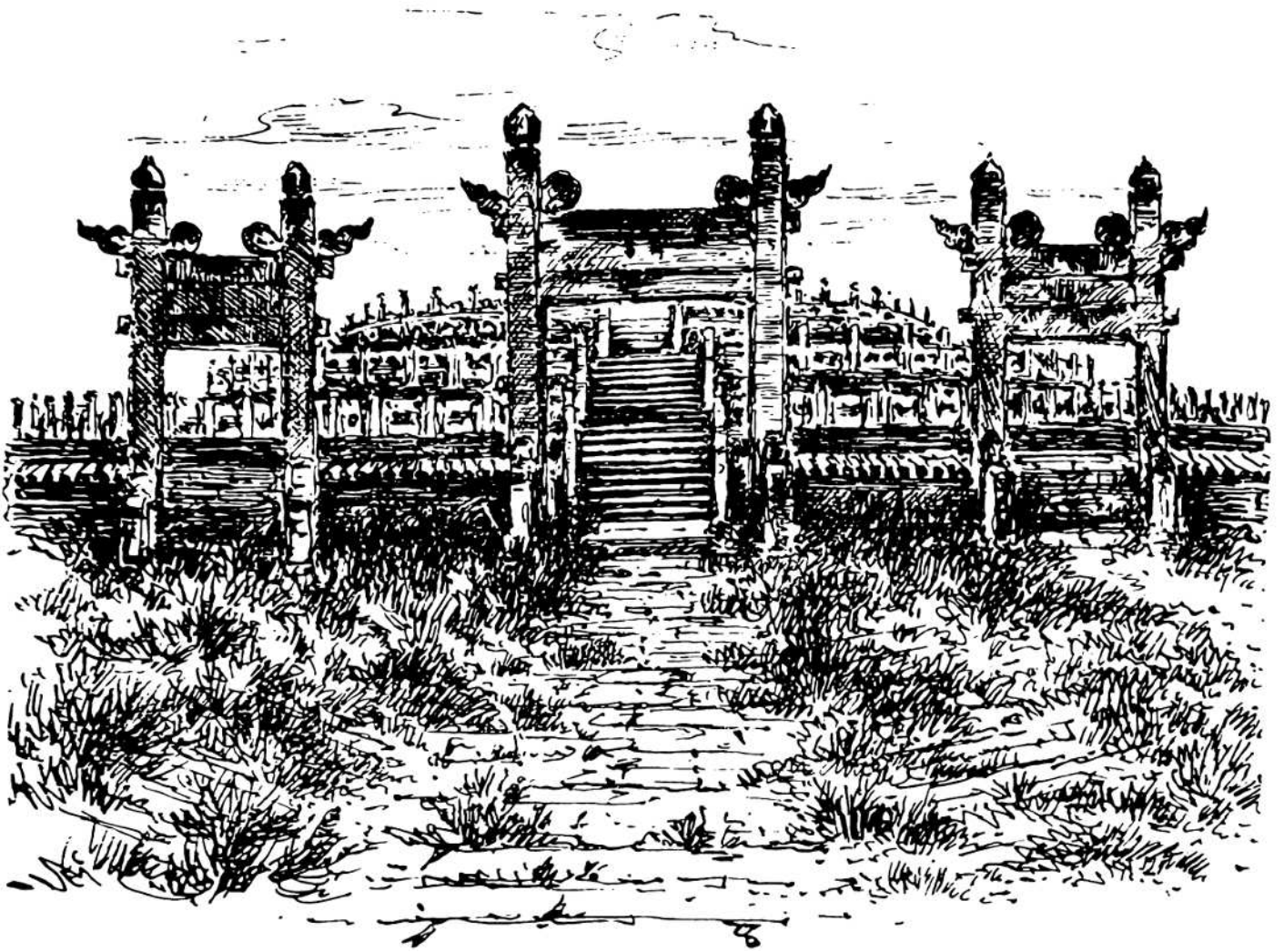
AN UNTIDY ASTRONOMER.

THE planets are those stars which move round the sun, but there are very few of them. Most of the stars are suns themselves. Our Earth is a planet, and so are Mercury and Mars, and Venus, and Jupiter, and Saturn. These five were all well known to the ancients. But there is one very big one, called Uranus, that was only discovered on the 13th March, 1781. It is a very big one, but it is very far away. Our Earth goes round the Sun in one year, but Uranus takes eighty-seven years to go round, so that if there were any boys there they would get New-Year holidays only twice in 170 years! It was an astronomer called Herschel who discovered it, and it made him famous over all the world. Other astronomers had seen it, but they thought it was only an ordinary star. There was one man, a Frenchman called Lemonnier, and when he heard of what Herschel had done, he looked up his papers to see if he had never seen Uranus, and he found he had observed it three times, putting it down each time as a different star. Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer-Royal for Ireland, tells us that another astronomer went over Lemonnier's papers again, and found Uranus recorded other nine times, and four of these observations had been made four nights running. If Lemonnier had only carefully gone over his work; if he had seen, as he might have done, how the star he saw yesterday was gone to-day, and the

one visible to-day had moved away by to-morrow, there is no doubt he would have discovered Uranus. But he was careless and untidy. One of his observations of the planet was actually written on a paper bag that had been used for holding hair-powder! I have no doubt when Lemonnier was a boy his mother and sisters would always have to go and help him to look for his cap and his books.

THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN.

THE Temple of Heaven in Peking is looked on as the holiest place in all China. It is in the middle of a park about a mile square, enclosed by walls. Foreigners are forbidden to enter it, but the priests are quite willing to let them in if they pay enough money. I remember the day six of us went to try to see it. We were all on horse-back, and the gate was shut, but a bit of the wall was very much broken down, the priests being too careless to mend it. There was just room enough for one horse at a time. Just as we came up the priests saw us and ran to fill up the gap, in order to be able to make us pay more money, but we rushed our horses in, and were then able to make an easy bargain. We left our horses in charge of our Chinese servant, and walked along the marble road that leads to the great Altar, on which, twice a year, the Emperor offers sacrifice. The road was in shameful order, like the sluggard's garden, all overgrown with weeds. The Altar has three circular terraces,



all of marble, their diameters being 210, 150, and 90 feet. In the centre of the upper one there is a round stone on which the Emperor kneels, and beside it a raised Altar open to the sky. Everything about it was as dirty and untidy as could be. It was the end of April, and on the top of the Altar on the grating were lying pieces of bone, and skin, and hair, the remains of the bullock that had been burnt on the 22nd December previous. I thought it was very unlike the way God's Altar was kept long ago by His priests. Nothing of the sacrifice was left there, even for one day. Everything was as clean, and bright,

and beautiful as they could make it. The Tabernacle and the Temple were God's dwelling-place, and He wished it to be like Heaven. Everything was of the very best. Cleanliness, and purity, and beauty were the types of holiness, and without holiness no man can see the Lord.

—o—

There is a little Protestant Church in a village near Salzburg in Austria that contains a curious memorial of the days of Roman Catholic persecution. It is an old Bible, all stained with mould, and partly burnt. It bears the date 1518, and has passed through the fire five times, and been buried twenty times.

מֵנֶה מֵנֶה טֶקֶל וּפְרָסִין

MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN.

*"Numbered, Numbered, Weighed,
and to the Persians."*

HAVE you ever seen a boy with a lot of marbles before him searching all his pockets? What is he doing? What is he looking for? Ask him and he will tell you, "I had 18, and I have only got 17. There's one I can't get, and I don't know where it is." And he counts them over again, and then you count them, and then he dives again into all his pockets, and looks in his cap, and then you both look on the ground all about him, and then he counts them once more. It is a long time before he gives up hope.

But there is no numbering so anxious and so slow as God's.

How long would it take you to copy these words? There are five of them, for the U in UPHARSIN means *and*. I think you could copy them on a slate easily in three minutes. And yet it took God an hour or two to write them—that God who can make worlds in a moment. Why did He take so long? It was because it grieved Him to say that Belshazzar and his kingdom were lost. Even when it was all written, I think the Fingers of that strange Hand remained on

the wall to give the wicked king time to cry for mercy. And if he had done that the Hand would either have blotted out what was already written, or else have added other words to tell him that though his days on earth were numbered, and his kingdom lost, there was another life and a better crown reserved for him. Most men are very quick and hasty in their anger, but God is long-suffering and slow to wrath.

—o—

THE BLANK PAGE.



REMEMBER once crawling under a very low bridge in a lonely part of the country in time of frost, and being very much struck at finding all round me the prettiest icicles I had ever seen. Why did God put them there when there was nobody to look at them? It was because He is always doing wonders. God never ceases working, and all He does is glorious. He loves to do wonderful things, and if we would only rejoice in what He does, and look at Him, and ask Him to do more and more for us, He would be well pleased. And that is why I wish you to keep a diary. Ask God to shew you His glory, and He will make you see it every day.

1	TH	
2	F	
3	S	
4	S	
5	M	
6	T	
7	W	
8	TH	
9	F	
10	S	
11	S	
12	M	
13	T	
14	W	
15	TH	
16	F	
17	S	
18	S	
19	M	
20	T	
21	W	
22	TH	
23	F	
24	S	
25	S	
26	M	
27	T	
28	W	
29	TH	
30	F	
31	S	

THE MOON.			THE SUN RISES		SETS.
Last Quarter, . . .	5th	March.	Sabbath, 4th March, at	6.42 ;	5.43.
New Moon, . . .	12th	"	" 11th	" 6.26 ;	5.55.
First Quarter, . . .	20th	"	" 18th	" 6.9 ;	6.8.
Full Moon, . . .	27th	"	" 25th	" 5.54 ;	6.18.

1	TH	The priests praised the Lord <i>day by day</i> .— <i>2 Chron. xxx. 21.</i>
2	F	<i>Day by day</i> he read in the book of the law of God.— <i>Neh. viii. 18.</i>
3	S	The inward man is renewed <i>day by day</i> .— <i>2 Cor. iv. 16.</i>

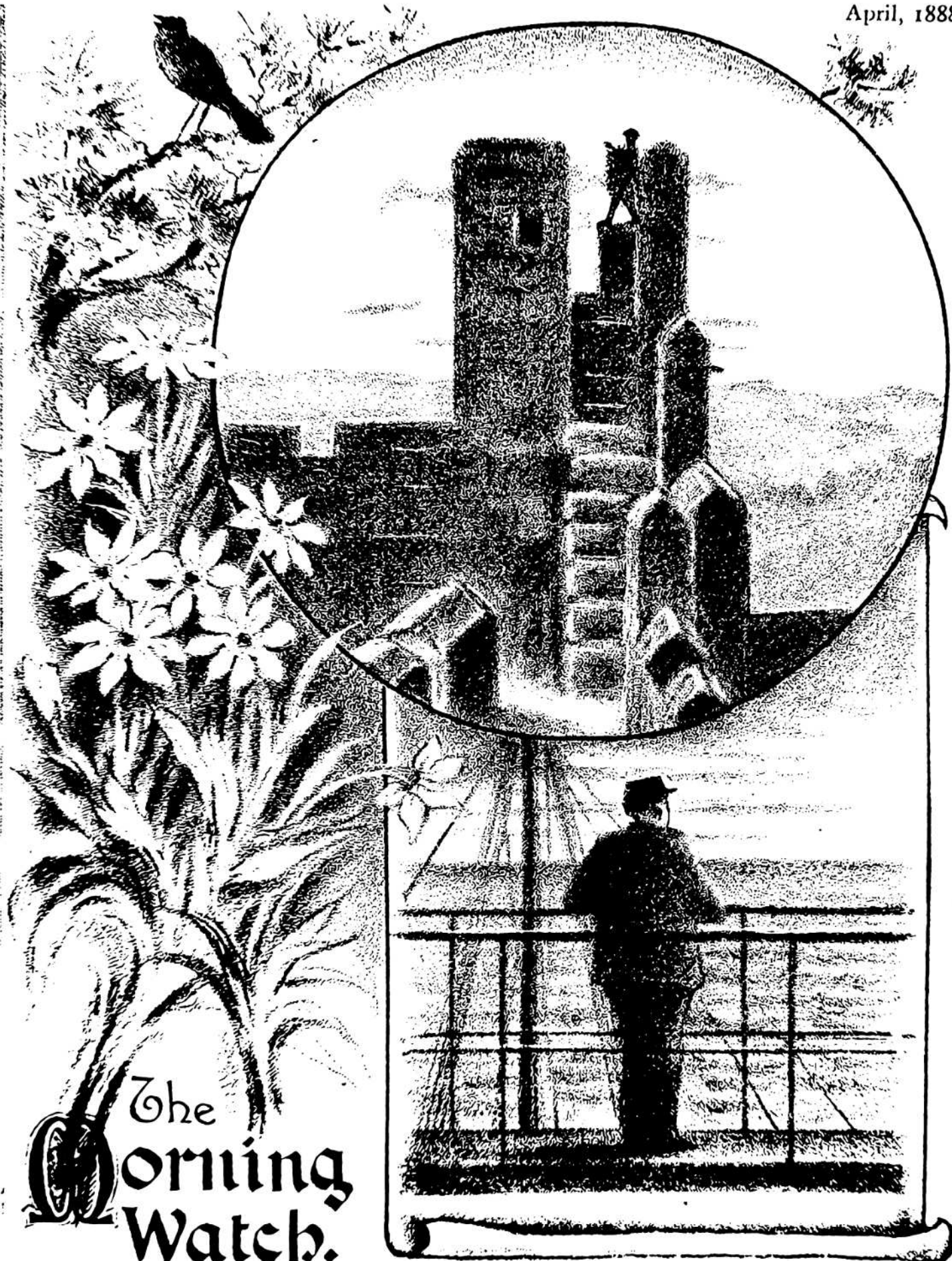
4	S	Know ye not that ye are a temple of God !— <i>1 Cor. iii. 16 (R.V.)</i>
5	M	Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine <i>eyes</i> lofty.— <i>Psalms cxviii. 1.</i>
6	TU	Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth : keep the door of my <i>lips</i> .— <i>Ps. cxli. 3.</i>
7	W	All that sat in the council, looking stedfastly on Stephen, saw his <i>face</i> as it had been the face of an angel.— <i>Acts vi. 15.</i>
8	TH	Whatsoever thine <i>hand</i> findeth to do, do it with thy might.— <i>Eccl. ix. 10.</i>
9	F	How beautiful upon the mountains are the <i>feet</i> of him that bringeth good tidings.— <i>Psalms lii. 7.</i>
10	S	Examine me, O Lord, try my reins and my heart.— <i>Psalms xxvi. 2.</i>

11	S	The Lord's day.— <i>Revelation i. 10.</i>
12	M	The day of small things.— <i>Zech. iv. 10.</i>
13	TU	Gladness and a good day.— <i>Esther viii. 17.</i>
14	W	Go work to-day in my vineyard.— <i>Matthew xxi. 28.</i>
15	TH	The day of my death.— <i>Genesis xxvii. 2.</i>
16	F	The great day of His wrath.— <i>Revelation vi. 17.</i>
17	S	That day.— <i>2 Tim. iv. 8.</i>

18	S	God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Jesus Christ.— <i>Gal. vi. 14.</i>
19	M	We glory in tribulations.— <i>Romans v. 3.</i>
20	TU	The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.— <i>Isaiah lx. 19.</i>
21	W	I will rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.— <i>2 Cor. xii. 19.</i>
22	TH	Visit me with Thy salvation, that I may glory with Thine inheritance.— <i>Psalms cvi. 5.</i>
23	F	Enemies of the cross of Christ, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame.— <i>Phil. iii. 19.</i>
24	S	Let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness.— <i>Jeremiah ix. 24.</i>

25	S	The whole family in Heaven and earth.— <i>Ephesians iii. 15.</i>
26	M	My <i>father's</i> God.— <i>Exodus xv. 2.</i>
27	TU	The unfeigned faith which dwelt in thy <i>mother</i> .— <i>2 Tim. i. 5.</i>
28	W	Thy <i>brother</i> shall rise again.— <i>John xi. 23.</i>
29	TH	Thy elect <i>sister</i> .— <i>2 John xiii.</i>
30	F	Thou knowest Thy servant, my <i>husband</i> , did fear the Lord.— <i>2 Kings iv. 1.</i>
31	S	Thou hast spoken also of Thy servant's house for a great while to come. . . . Therefore let it please Thee to bless the house of Thy servant, that it may continue for ever before Thee.— <i>2 Sam. vii. 19.</i>

April, 1888.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

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BIBLE QUESTIONS.

FOR JUNIORS.—1. What five men in Matthew's Gospel have the same name? 2. What Psalms bear the name of Solomon? 3. Who was Phinehas? 4. What great deeds did he do?

FOR SENIORS.—1. In what respects was Joshua a type of Christ? 2. Give an alphabetical list of Christian graces. 3. How many rivers are mentioned in the New Testament?

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give good answers will be published.

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Govan.—JAMES IRWIN.
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Inverkip.—JEANIE H. LANG.
Kilraughts.—JOHN PARKER.
Langside.—LIZZIE NAISMITH.
Leeds.—JAMES PATERSON, JEANIE LOGAN PATERSON, JOHN POMPHREY.
Limavady.—WILLIAM JOHN BLAIR, LOUISA HOPKINS.
Liverpool.—WILLIAM J. ROBINSON.
Nemphlar.—WILLIAM SHIRLAW.
Port-Glasgow.—ALEXANDER ADAMS.
Rathfriland.—ELIZA COPELAND.
Stranorlar.—JAMES GREGG.
Stranraer.—ANNA BELLA BRADFORD, LILLIE CLUCKIE, WILLIE DUFFUS, AGNES A. HIGGINS, WILLIAM A. HIGGINS, JESSIE MACLEAN, ROHINA

MACLEAN, DAVID M'KAIL, MARY ANN M'KAIL, JAMES MURRAY, JAMES SHANKLAND, ALICE STEWART, FLORENCE MARY STEWART, W. STEWART.

Whithorn.—ALEXANDER CULTON, JAMES C. M'KINNELL.

Wishaw.—JESSIE R. BROWN, JAMES DIFFIN, AGNES INGLIS, JOHN TELFER, THOMAS TUDHOPE, HUGH YOUNG, JOHN ALEXANDER YOUNG.

Answered 1 and 2.

ROBERT ALEXANDER MACLOY.

Seniors.

Airdrie.—J. G., JAMES REID, LIZZIE R. STEVENSON, LIZZIE S. STEVENSON.
Bailliesmills.—M. G., SAMUEL D. M'KEE.
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Rathfriland.—ELIZA COPELAND.
Stranraer.—DAVID M'KAIL.
Wishaw.—ISABELLA NAPIER, ROBERT TELFER, ROBERT ALLAN TUDHOPE.

Answered Questions 1 and 3.

Bailliesmills.—A. A.
Govan.—JAMES IRWIN.
Greenock.—ARCHIBALD PATERSON.
Limavady.—MAGGIE E. HOPKINS, THOMAS HENRY M'CLOY.
Port-Glasgow.—ROBERT ALEXANDER ADAMS.
Whithorn.—W. R. M'KINNELL.
Wishaw.—JESSIE NAISMITH.

THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

WHAT boy is there that would not like to be a King, to have everything he wished, and get doing all he pleased? And, most of all, who would not like to be a King that was an Emperor as well, and had the biggest and bravest army upon earth, and lived more than fourscore years and ten?

But how many Kings see ninety? Many a poor man does, but not six Kings since the world began! The average age of crowned heads in Europe for one thousand years is little more than sixty, whilst the average age of English ploughmen



who take their dinners under a hedge is over seventy.

To be born a Prince, the son of a King and Queen ; to get cheered for bravery on the field of battle, and ride into an enemy's capital at the head of a victorious army when only seventeen years old ; to govern provinces in early manhood, and then succeed to a throne without expecting it ; to conquer one nation in six months and another in three weeks ; to wage wars and never lose a battle ; to take strong cities no other ever took, and recover fortresses that his countrymen had lost two hundred years before ; to capture whole armies each of 100,000 men, and have an Emperor who made war against him come to him to lay down his sword at his feet ; and then to be crowned an Emperor himself by other Kings in the most famous palace of his enemies, surrounded by pictures and trophies commemorating the victories these enemies had won over his own ancestors ; to turn his Kingdom, that had been the laughing-stock of Europe, into a mighty Empire ; to have swayed the destinies of continents and changed the course of history ; and then, beloved and revered by all his people and feared by all his foes, to die, the whole world looking on, old and full of days, having seen his son, and his son's son, and that son's son, even four generations—could any life have been more happy or more glorious ?

But that is only one side of the picture. We must not forget the sorrows of the late Emperor's boyish

years, the storms of his manhood, the fears and anxieties of his old age. He lost his mother when he was 13 ; he had had to flee with her from the French along the shore in midwinter when he was only 9 ; many, many a time, she says in one of her letters, he had seen her weeping, for her trials were very great. In middle age he was hated by his countrymen ; so hated that he was insulted in the streets, watched, wherever he went, by spies, and at last ordered to leave the kingdom. Sixty-four years of his life had passed ere he reached the throne left vacant by the death of his brother, whose mind had given way. He was 74 when they made him Emperor. And Emperor at such a cost ! There was not a village in France or Germany in which the mourners did not go about the streets, orphans and widows refusing to be comforted. For these ten years were years of bloody war.

And what pleasure can even an Imperial Crown give one whose years are over three-score-and-ten ? At that age it is a trouble often to rise from one's very chair ; a grasshopper itself is a burden on one's back. Old people are often thankful just to get sitting down. But there is no rest for Kings. No such thing for them as a quiet cup of tea ! Late and early they must work, and their work is all the harder, because much of it is over trifles. What heaps of papers to be read and signed !—the poor Emperor Frederick had to sign 500 in the train on his journey to Berlin ; what an endless stream of visitors who must be seen ; how

often every day he must change his very clothes, for a King can't even get wearing what he likes. And what fears of assassination! Four times the late Emperor was shot at—the last time when he was eighty, and he was carried home, the blood streaming from his neck and shoulder. And then the heavy grief of the last few months—his son's life hanging by a thread.

To all these we must add the trials and sorrows that no one knows of, but that all men have to bear. Surely the only moments of his life that one would really envy were the last. As he lay a-dying they read to him verses from the Psalms, and Isaiah, and John, and Romans. and now and then, "Das ist schön"—"That is beautiful," he would say, as he heard such words as these, "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the Covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee by thy name—thou art Mine." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Yes, *that* is beautiful.



INTERNATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

April 1.—The Marriage Feast.—Matt. xxii.
1-14. Text, Rev. xix. 9. Quest. 77.
Ps. xx. 1-4.

I. **C**HRISt and the Saint become *one*. They are not simply Master and Servant, or even Brethren; they are Bridegroom and Bride, all in all to one another. Our love is God's eternal gift to His Son. Each one of us should say, "Not only will I go to the Marriage Supper, but I will be The Bride." Men deal one way with the world, and quite another way with God. They seem to change all their habits when they have to do with religion. They don't act *naturally* with God. They are too busy to go to His feast, but they will stop business to get to any other feast. There are men whom one can't get to stay in the house during the week, but when Sabbath comes, and God asks them to come to Church, one can't get them to stir from the fireside.

II. The King came in to see the guests—that is, to *welcome* them. He did not come in to try and find out if there was anybody there whom He could detect without a wedding garment. God does not go about looking for faults, but the very opposite. He comes amongst us to make us happy, and to be made happy Himself. He calls the man Friend, as Christ did Judas, because He meant it. God dealt gently with him, and would not condemn him till He heard all he had got to say. His speechlessness was not the helplessness of a man who found out for the first time that he had made an unfortunate mistake, and need look for no mercy; but it was the sullen obstinacy of one who had deliberately set God at naught.

—o—

April 8.—Christ's Last Warning.—Matt. xxiii. 27-39. Text, Ps. li. 10. Quest. 78. Ps. xx. 5-6.

ANISE and cummin were garden plants whose seeds were used for seasoning dishes, not unlike the caraways (often called "carvies") which we put in cakes. The Pharisees were most particular in giving the priests every tenth sprig of mint,

and every tenth anise seed, and when they drank water they filtered it through linen cloth to strain out any little insect that might be there in case they should be polluted; but they thought it no sin to starve their poor parents when they were old, and no sin to hire false witnesses against Christ. Graves in the East are commonly covered with clay, or brick and plaster. The Jews whitewashed them after the heavy rains before the Passover every year to make them look pretty, and be more easily seen, so that people might not come against them by accident, and so be defiled. Why were the Jews in Christ's time to be punished for the murder of Abel? For this reason: when we commit any sin deliberately, we are responsible, not only for the consequences of that particular act of sin, but for all the consequences the sin was capable of producing. If a man who has charge of an engine or a ship or a horse gets drunk, he is in God's sight a murderer, even though no accident happens, because the man knows that accidents have happened in similar circumstances, and he doesn't care though they happen again. The Jews who crucified Christ would have killed Abel. The sins of fathers and mothers are visited on the children *as sins* only when the children go the same road. If a boy becomes a drunkard whose father was one, he will be punished for his father's drunkenness and all its results, as well as for his own, because he had special warning against that sin in his boyhood, and knew the shame and misery it brings. Our whole relation to God is summed up in these words, "*How often would I, and ye would not.*" Nothing keeps us from being taken under the feathers of the Almighty but *our own unwillingness*.

—o—
April 15.—Christian Watchfulness.—Matt. xxiv. 42-51. Text, Mark xiii. 37. Quest. 79. Psalm xx. 7-9.

IT was part of Christ's humiliation that He should limit His knowledge on this point. Everything else was known to Him—the heart of man and the heart of God. "He knew what was in man." "As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father;" but, as the Son of Man, He did *not* know "of that day and hour."

As men behaved in Noah's day they act now, and we are told it will be the same to the end. Noah preached and warned "while the ark was a preparing," but in sight of that by which they might have been saved, men went on with their pleasures, never heeding him. Any day may be doomsday to a godless man: the New Year, his birthday, are milestones, telling him he is nearer the end, but he only eats and drinks.

Watching is the duty, but that does not mean studying the prophecies to find the date of "that day," or finding in new phases of the Eastern Question signs of the end. Right watching is living every day, so that we may be "worthy to stand before the Son of Man."

If the good man had known when the thief would come, he would have been ready for him. Some men only want to get ready when they know the end is near. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked" by readiness like that. It is not too late at the last hour to turn to God with a sad and penitent heart, but we cannot get that spirit whenever we like, when in fear we feel it is "about time."

God gives His blessings silently. His messengers come too when we think not. In the absence of landlords, agents often become tyrants to those under them, and unfaithful to those above them. It is an agent, a ruler like that, that our Lord is speaking of. But we feel at times as if God were absent, and we could do what we liked with our time, our money, our chances, our gifts. But God is ever here, and we shall all one day stand before Him, and He shall appoint us our portion according as we have watched and been faithful, or have slept and sinned.

—o—
April 22.—The Ten Virgins.—Matt xxv. 1-13. Text, Matt. xxv. 10. Quest. 80. Psalm xxiv. 1-2.

WHYY did the Bridegroom not let the foolish virgins in? Many people would give the poet Tennyson's answer, and say they came *too late*.

No light had we: for that we do repent;
 And learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
 'Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, tho' late, to kiss His feet?
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.

But I do not know any poem that gives a falser view of the character both of God and of the sinner. The difference between one who is saved and one who is lost is not, cannot possibly be, that the one loves God and repents in time, and the other loves God and repents, or wishes to do so, 5 minutes, or 5 centuries, or 5,000 years, too late, but this—the one *loves* God and the other *hates* Him. There is no record of a sinner crying for mercy and grace on the judgment-day. He may be speechless (Matt. xxii. 12), or insolent, trying to justify himself and blame God (Matt. xxv. 44; Luke xvi. 30), or overwhelmed with terror (Rev. vi. 16); but he does not say, Father, I have sinned.

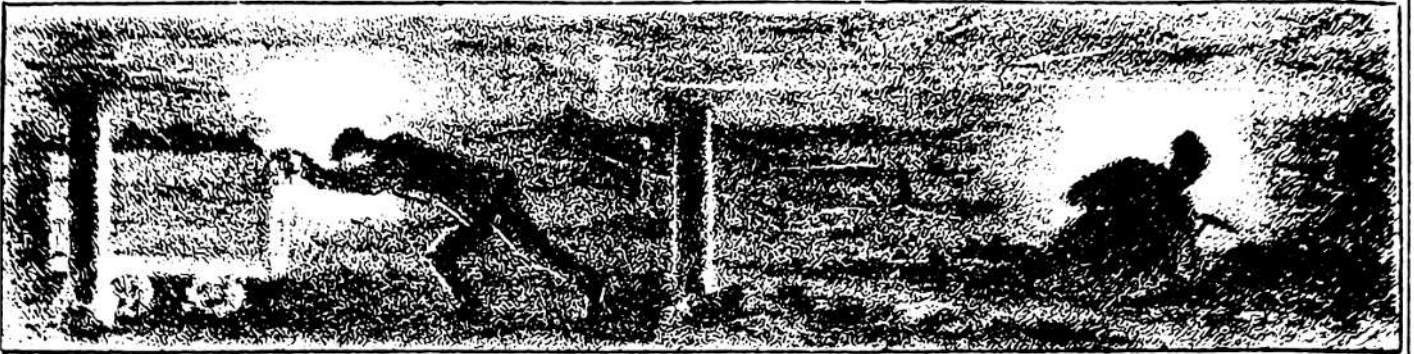
The foolish virgins did not repent. The Bible does not say they went and bought oil—they would surely have been all right if they had bought it!—they went to buy, and that is all. When the cry was heard, the Bridegroom was still some distance off, and had still some distance to go, and there was plenty of time and opportunity to buy. Had oil been difficult to get, or had it been only needed for a few minutes; and had the Bridegroom's procession only got a little way to go, the wise virgins could easily have given them a little oil. Surely virgins would never have been called wise if they had been cruel and selfish, and had given advice that could only ruin their companions. I have no doubt the recklessness and heartlessness—for it was not simple stupidity—that made them think of going to meet the Bridegroom without taking any oil whatever with them, and then made them wish other people's oil, would also make them delay starting to buy it; would make them loiter on the road; and would finally make them think there was no need of oil or lamps at all now that the Bridegroom's procession was over; they would just get in any way. They were as foolish virgins when they were knocking at the door and answering the Bridegroom as they had been all along. If they had *loved* Him even then would He, could He, have said, I know you not?

April 29.—The Talents.—Matt. xxv. 14-30. Text, Rev. ii. 10. Quest. 81. Psalm xxiv. 3-4.

IN the last lesson "the virgins were represented as *waiting* for their Lord—we have here the servants *working* for Him." The man gives his servants something to work with. A talent was a coin worth about £350, and these servants were slaves, bound to use what they got from their master for his interest. They each got as much as they were fit to use wisely, and the master was as well pleased with the man who made other two with his two talents as with the man who doubled his five. It was not absurd in those days for a man to bury money for safety. There were no banks or safes, and treasure was regularly hidden in the ground. British officers used to admire the clever way the native Indian soldiers found out hidden treasure. When they entered a house to "loot" it, they threw water on the earthen floor, and if they saw the water soak quickly through any place, they dug there, for they knew the earth must have been recently disturbed.

The parable tells us of our gifts from God. Whatever gift we have gets greater if we use it. We get strength by exercise, patience by being patient, the power to love by loving; we get good at anything by practice. We make our talents more by using them. The unfaithful servant is the man who lives for himself or for the world, and does not use his talent, his life, for God and for men. He may bury it in sin, in carelessness, or in pleasure. It is in the earth, for it is only spent for earthly things. It was the man who only got one talent who abused it. Some men say they have so little time, "though they have got all the time there is," or they can do so little, it is no use to try. "He that is unfaithful in that which is least, is unfaithful also in much."

—o—
"We have only added one member this sacrament," said a grumbling elder, "a slip o' a lad called Robbie Moffat." Robbie Moffat became Dr. Moffat, the great African missionary!

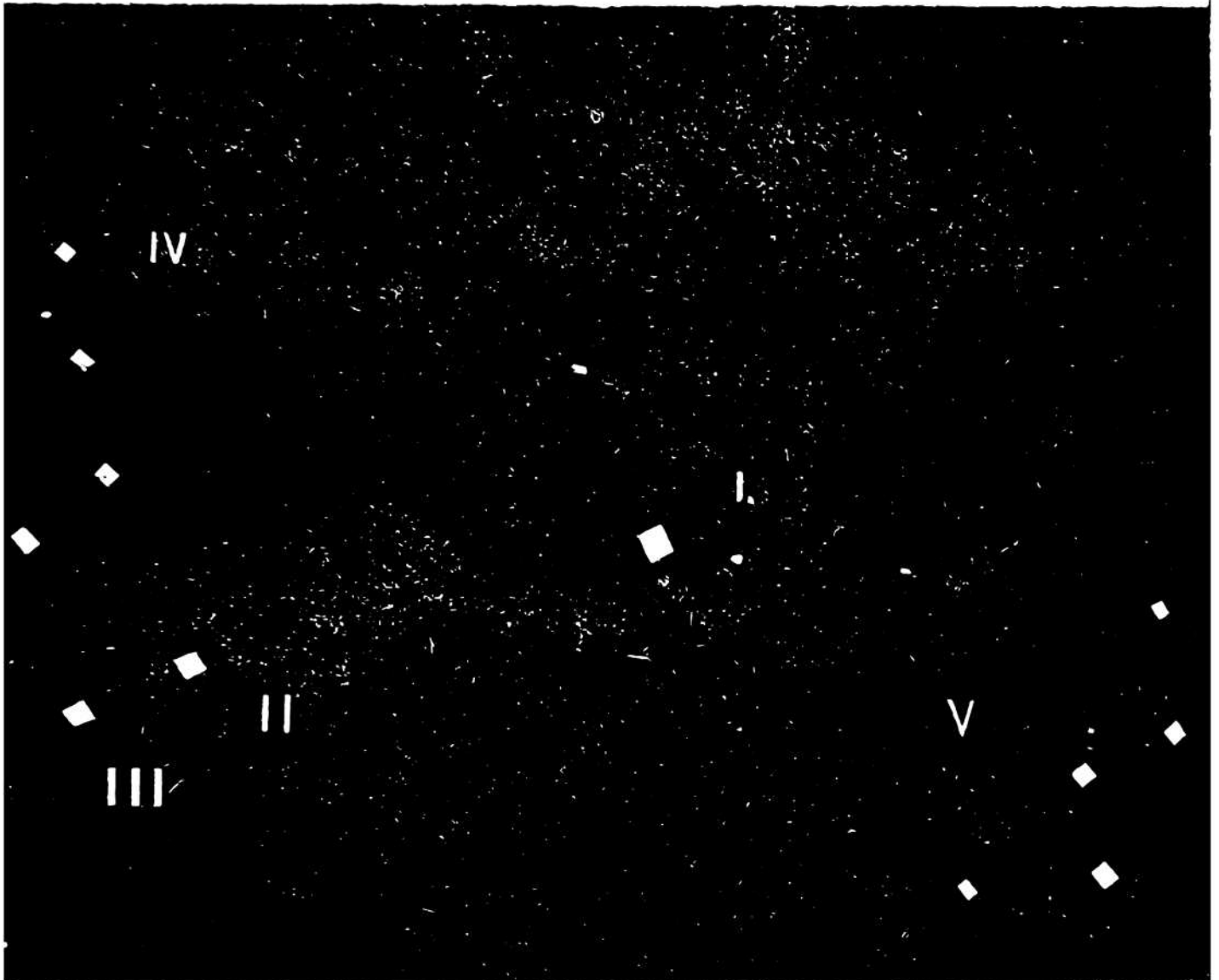


THOSE two men are coal miners. One of them is cutting a deep groove all along under the coal with his pick. After he has made it as deep as he can, he will break down the coal in pieces, either with the pick or by driving in iron wedges, or by blasting it with powder if it is very hard. The other man is pushing a little waggon or tram. He has just filled it with broken pieces of coal, and will hurl it away along a tiny little railway. You see how little room the men have. A boy or girl could scarcely stand there without stooping. In some coal mines it is higher than that, so high that a giant could walk upright; and in others it is so low that you would require to creep on your hands and knees. But if you go in below a large table, and try to move about, you will get a very good idea of what it is generally like in a coal mine. Under the table it is a little dark, but in a mine it is pitch dark, and every man and boy must carry a lamp to see what he is doing. They often stick their lamps on their caps by a small hook, and if you look at a collier coming from his work, you may perhaps see the lamp still fastened to his cap. It is never cold in a mine; on the

contrary it is exceedingly warm, especially in deep mines, and in some it is so hot that the men have to take off most of their clothes, and work nearly naked. The air is sometimes very fiery, and explodes with terrific force, causing an awful catastrophe. The flames sweep along every road and passage, killing all the men and boys, and you may occasionally read in the newspapers of several hundreds of poor miners being killed in a few minutes by an accident of this kind. Those who have charge of mines, of course, take all the care they can. If they did not do that they could not be too severely punished. But still there is great danger; and I am sorry to say the miners themselves do not always attend to their own safety. The carelessness or neglect of one man or boy is sufficient to endanger the lives of a hundred others. In dangerous mines the men are not allowed to smoke, or carry matches, pipes, or tobacco, lest they should cause the fiery air to explode; and yet they are sometimes caught with those things in their pockets. Some men are so thoughtless and selfish that they not only break the rules, but they run the risk of being killed themselves and causing the death of

all their comrades. You see how great a sin it is to be thoughtless and selfish, and how much evil and mischief may be produced by the selfishness of one person.

Now when you sit at your bright firesides, think sometimes of the poor men who are working in the bowels of the earth at the peril of their lives.



PLOUGH.

POLE STAR.

CASSIOPEIA

GOD made the stars for us to look at. They tell us what He is and what Christ is—"I am the Bright, the Morning Star"—and they tell us what we are to be; "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." In the book of Job He says, Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? He wishes us not only to

look at them, but to watch their movements and know their names. But a great many people, those most of all who live in towns, don't know any of the stars; they hardly even know the moon. Our houses are so close together that we can't see the windows of heaven, we only see our neighbours'. And our streets are so well lighted we don't need the moon. But people who live in the

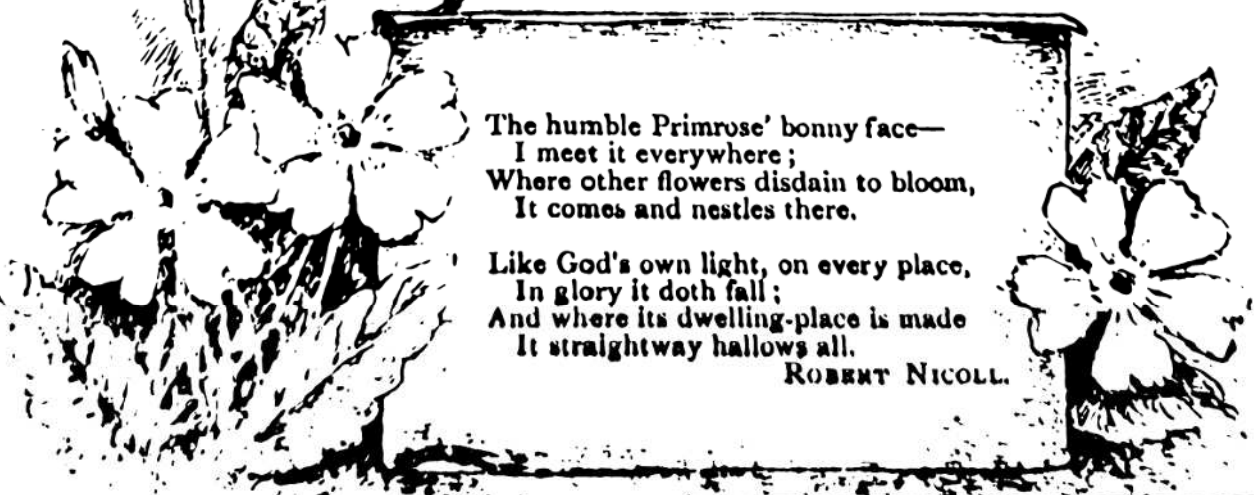
country and sailors at sea, where there are no gas lamps and no policemen to tell them the way—they have to look at the stars.

Now all boys who are to be great men are in the house after it gets dark; but if you don't know the Plough, or Charles' Wain, or The Great Bear, for those 7 stars on the left-hand side have all those different names, get your lessons finished quickly, and, if the night is clear this month, ask your father or mother to go out with you, and look straight up to the sky, straight overhead, and you will see the Plough, and know it all your life after. The stars marked III. and II. are called the Pointers, for they point straight to the Pole Star—No. I. The Pole Star is easily found, for there is no other bright star near it. The other stars move across the heavens, and sometimes they rise and set like the sun, and we don't see them for months, but the Pole Star is always there, right in the north. Now look at No. IV. and I shall tell you an odd thing about it. If one were to look at it through a telescope one would find that it is a double star, that is, there are two stars going round each other the way girls do

who put their feet together and then join hands and lean back and whirl round till it makes one dizzy to look at them; only the stars never stop, and they never separate, and they never fall, and, strange to say, they never, never take the huff at one another.

On the other side of the Pole Star, low down in the north, you will see the constellation marked V. It is called Cassiopeia (five syllables, Cas-si-o-pe-i-a). There are more than 50 stars in it, but there are only 5 of them bright, and they are just the shape of a W, and surely you know a W when you see it. Its shape never changes, and it is always on the other side of the Pole Star from the Plough, and the Pole Star is just half-way between them.

Isn't it very strange that though there are scores of millions of stars, many of them hundreds of times bigger than the sun, God describes the making of them in five words—"He made the stars also"—Gen. i. ? But when He comes to describe the making of the Tabernacle where His people were to come and meet with Him to tell Him what they wanted, He takes up the whole book of Leviticus and a great many other chapters besides!



The humble Primrose' bonny face—
I meet it everywhere;
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,
It comes and nestles there.

Like God's own light, on every place,
In glory it doth fall;
And where its dwelling-place is made
It straightway hallows all.

ROBERT NICOLL.

1	S	
2	M	
3	T	
4	W	
5	Th	
6	F	
7	S	
8	S	
9	M	
10	T	
11	W	
12	Th	
13	F	
14	S	
15	S	
16	M	
17	T	
18	W	
19	Th	
20	F	
21	S	
22	S	
23	M	
24	T	
25	W	
26	Th	
27	F	
28	S	
29	S	
30	M	

THE MOON.			THE SUN RISES		SETS.
Last Quarter, . . .	3rd April.		Sabbath, 1st April, at	5.38 ;	6.31.
New Moon, . . .	11th "		" 8th "	5.22 ;	6.43.
First Quarter, . . .	19th "		" 15th "	5.7 ;	6.53.
Full Moon, . . .	26th "		" 22nd "	4.53 ;	7.6.
			" 29th "	4.39 ;	7.17.

1	S	O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years ; in the midst of the years make known ; in wrath remember mercy.— <i>Hab. iii. 2.</i>
2	M	Remember not the sins of my youth.— <i>Psalms xxv. 7.</i>
3	TU	Lord, remember David and all his afflictions.— <i>Psalms cxxxii. 1.</i>
4	W	Remember how the foolish man reproacheth Thee daily.— <i>Psalms lxxiv. 22.</i>
5	TH	Remember how I have walked before Thee in truth.— <i>Isaiah xxxviii. 3.</i>
6	F	Remember how short my time is.— <i>Psalms lxxxix. 47.</i>
7	S	Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom.— <i>Luke xxiii. 42.</i>

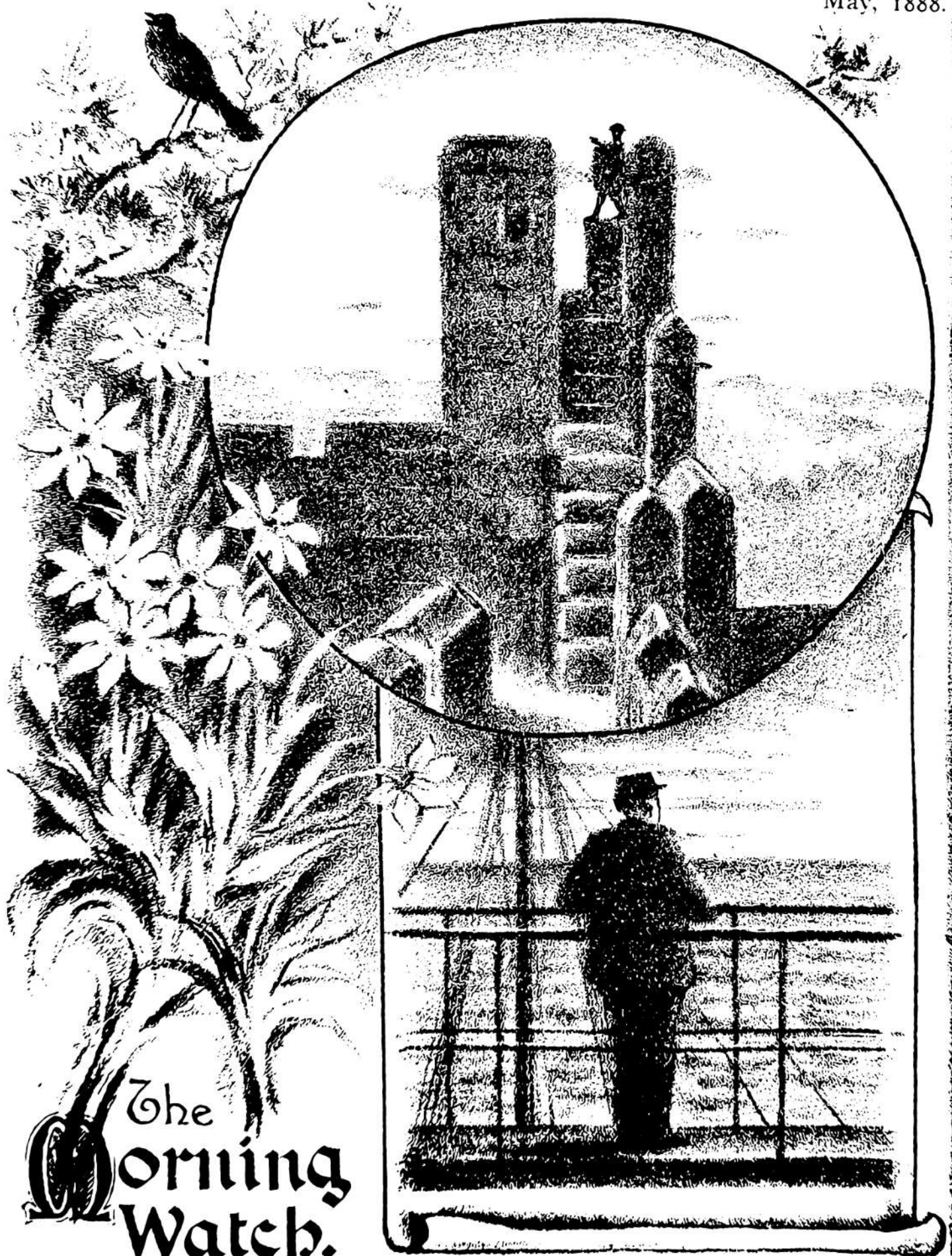
8	S	Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.— <i>Deut. viii. 2.</i>
9	M	Remember how thou provokedst the Lord thy God.— <i>Deut. ix. 7.</i>
10	TU	I remember Thee upon my bed.— <i>Psalms lxiii. 6.</i>
11	W	Remember them that are in bonds.— <i>Heb. xiii. 3.</i>
12	TH	We remembered Zion.— <i>Psalms cxxxvii. 1.</i>
13	F	Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.— <i>Eccl. xii. 1.</i>
14	S	Remember from whence thou art fallen.— <i>Rev. ii. 5.</i>

15	S	Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.— <i>Psalms xlv. 6.</i>
16	M	The heaven is My throne and the earth is My footstool.— <i>Isaiah lxvi. 1.</i>
17	TU	God sitteth upon the throne of His holiness.— <i>Psalms xlvii. 8.</i>
18	W	A great white throne.— <i>Rev. xx. 11.</i>
19	TH	There was a rainbow round about the throne.— <i>Rev. iv. 3.</i>
20	F	They are without fault before the throne of God.— <i>Rev. xiv. 5.</i>
21	S	To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne.— <i>Rev. iii. 21.</i>

22	S	O Thou that hearest prayer.— <i>Psalms lxv. 2.</i>
23	M	Before they call I will answer.— <i>Isaiah lxv. 24.</i>
24	TU	While I was speaking in prayer, the man Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me.— <i>Daniel ix. 21.</i>
25	W	But Jesus answered her not a word.— <i>Matt. xv. 23.</i>
26	TH	Now Jesus loved Lazarus. When He had heard, therefore, that he was sick, He abode two days still in the same place where He was.— <i>John xi. 5, 6.</i>
27	F	The Lord would not hear me ; and said, Let it suffice thee ; speak no more unto Me of this matter.— <i>Deut. iii. 26.</i> (God answered his prayer 1,450 years after on the Mount of Transfiguration.)
28	S	The Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him.— <i>Mal. iii. 16.</i>

29	S	Golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints.— <i>Rev. v. 8.</i>
30	M	Wait, I say, on the Lord.— <i>Psalms xxvii. 14.</i>

May, 1888.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

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BIBLE QUESTIONS.

JUNIORS.—1. Names of Kings and Queens, and 2. Widows, mentioned in the Gospels. 3. Names of Fathers who lived in Christ's time who had godly sons.

SENIORS.—1. Disprove from the Bible Napoleon's saying, that "Providence is always on the side of the biggest battalions." 2. Give passages illustrated by the account of an Egyptian Dinner given on page 53. 3. Oaths and Vows mentioned in the New Testament.

The answer to Question 1. (Juniors), April No., is Simon.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give good answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

Juniors.

1. MARION H. CAMPBELL, Glasgow.
Airdrie.—ROBERT R. STEVENSON, DAVID W. TAYLOR, MAGGIE W. TAYLOR.
Bailiesmills.—MARY J. CAMPBELL, SAMUEL J. CAMPBELL, AGNES W. HARVEY.
Ballyclare.—FRED W. HAMILTON.
Ballylaggan.—ROBERT A. BLAIR, JOHN NORMAN LYND.
Garvagh.—DAVID FORGAVE.
Glasgow.—JANET BARCLAY, MARTHA CARMICHAEL, AGNES JANE IRVINE.
Govan.—JAMES IRWIN.
Greenock.—THOMAS W. R. DAVIDSON, LIZZIE KIRKWOOD, JEANIE H. KIRKWOOD, JESSIE F. MONTGOMERY, MARY G. M'NEIL, JAMES M'CREA.
Hamilton.—MARY H. MARTIN.
Inverkip.—ANNIE H. LANG.
Langside.—LIZZIE NAISMITH.
Leeds.—JAMES PATERSON, JEANIE LOGAN PATERSON, JOHN POMPHREY.
Limavady.—WILLIAM J. BLAIR.
Liverpool.—WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, J. DAVIDSON.
Nemphlar.—WILLIAM SHIRLAW.
Port-Glasgow.—ALEXANDER ADAMS.
Rathfriland.—ELIZA COPELAND.
Stranraer.—JAMES GREGG.
Stranraer.—ANNA BELLA BRADFORD, LILLIE CLUCKIE, WILLIE DUFFUS, MARY A. M'KAIL,

MAGGIE MURRAY, ALICE STEWART, FLORENCE MARY STEWART, NELLIE STEWART.

Whithorn.—JAMES C. M'KINNEL.

Wishaw.—JESSIE R. BROWN, JAMES DIFFIN, AGNES INGLIS, JOHN TELFER, MAGGIE G. TUDHOPE, THOMAS TUDHOPE, HUGH YOUNG, JOHN ALEX. YOUNG.

Answered 1, 2, and 3.

Bailiesmills.—AGNES M'KEE.

Answered 2, 3, and 4.

Coatbridge.—WALTER K. GRAY.

Glasgow.—ALEX. FULTON.

Kilraughts.—JOHN PARKER.

Whithorn.—ALEX. CULTON.

Answered 1, 3, and 4.

Greenock.—HELEN B. M'KINNON, JANE T. CAMPBELL.

Seniors.

1. JESSIE NAISMITH, Wishaw.
Airdrie.—"AMICUS," J. G., JAMES REID, JEANIE REID, LIZZIE S. STEVENSON, JEANIE N. TAYLOR.
Bailiesmills.—SAMUEL D. M'KEE.
Ballyclare.—FRED. W. HAMILTON.
Govan.—JAMES IRWIN.
Greenock.—JANET KIRKWOOD, JANET P. KIRKWOOD, JESSIE M'KELLAR, ROBERT H. M'NEIL.
Hamilton.—MAGGIE K. W. MARTIN.
Leeds.—JEANIE LOGAN PATERSON.
Limavady.—MARY NEVIN WILSON.
Loanhead.—JANE LESSLIE JAMIESON, ISA SCLATER.
Port-Glasgow.—ROBERT ALEXANDER ADAMS.
Rathfriland.—ELIZA COPELAND.
Stranraer.—DAVID M'KAIL.
Whithorn.—W. R. M'KINNEL.
Wishaw.—ISABELLA NAPIER, ROBERT TELFER, ROBERT ALLAN TUDHOPE.
—HELEN MARION BROWN.
Answered Questions 1 and 3.
Ballylaggan.—ROBERT A. BLAIR.

INTERNATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

May 27.—Peter's Denial.—Matt. xxvi. 67-75. Text, 1 Cor. x. 12. Quest. 85. Psalm xxx. 1-2.

HOW was it that Peter fell so low—Peter, a brave man, a God-fearing man, the son of godly parents, the friend of John, the first to see that Jesus was the Son of God; after such warning too? It was partly the result of the state of his body; it was a raw spring morning after a night of sleeplessness and misery; he was cold and shivering. It was partly due to the apparent smallness of the occasion. I don't think he would have denied Christ before the High Priest, but it mattered little, he would think, before people who had no right to question him; he didn't want to discuss the matter with them. But

his conduct was due most of all to the overwhelming nature of the crime that had been done. He could have borne the shattering of his own hopes, sore as that was, but that such a Holy Harmless One should be condemned—was there no God, was there no justice in the world? It was indeed the mystery of mysteries. Peter lost the grandest of all opportunities that hour. Another Simon had to bear the Cross. But where sin abounded, grace was made more to abound. When we do wrong let us remember that Christ is looking at us; let us cry to God for mercy *instantly*. Peter went first to God and then to John.

May 6.—The Judgment.—Matt. xxv. 31-46. Text, Matt. xxv. 46. Quest. 82. Psalm xxiv. 5-6.

1. **I**N the Judgment there is no doubt as to the class to which a man belongs; it is as a "shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." If the Judgment were by works only there would be heart-trying work for the Judge—a man coming nearly up to the standard but not quite, and so being sent away. The doing, or the omission, of this and that deed of charity are marks of a *state, of having, or wanting the new heart*, love to Christ, 2. The Judgment will be *a time of surprises*. We often see that men do not know a bit what like they are. An empty, conceited man thinks he is making a great impression on people, while they are really laughing at him all the time. What a surprise it would be to him to know that. Steady Church-goers, great givers, "that seem to be pillars"—what a surprise to them to find that that does not count—but the love of God. Surely better to be shocked by plain truth now than be surprised in the Judgment. 3. Little things make destiny. They did not know what they were doing in giving or refusing the cup of cold water. A man in a great passion, off his guard, lets an oath escape and he does not know what he has said. But *he has shown himself*. It would not be a fair test for a master if he suspected the honesty of a servant to say to him, "I suspect you, and I am going to watch you all day." Or if a landlord heard that his factor was harsh and domineering to his tenants, and that the poor could not approach him, it would be of no use for him

to say, "I'll test him. I'll send my son to visit him and see how he behaves to him." It is because we do not see Christ that we neglect His poor. In a German orphanage one winter day a boy said to the master, "We always ask Christ to be present at our meals. Why does He never come? I shall set a chair for Him." Just then a little tattered figure covered with snow put his head in at the door. The master led him in and gave him the vacant seat at the table. The little boy who had placed the chair said, "Oh, I see, Christ has sent this little boy in His place."

May 13.—The Lord's Supper.—Matt. xxvi. 17-30. Text, 1 Cor. v. 7. Quest. 83. Psalm xxiv. 7-8.

THE Passover was itself the memorial of a great deliverance, and Christ made it the groundwork of the Sacrament that most clearly keeps before the Church deliverance and redemption by His death. In Mark, Christ gives His disciples all details as to the man in whose house they were to eat the Passover, about the house itself, and even the very room. Though He was just in the face of death, everything was thought of and arranged beforehand for the feast that was to be turned into a perpetual offer of Himself to men. He was calm though He was straitened, and He spoke like a king—"the Master saith."

In the Passover a lamb declared by the priests to be without blemish had to be provided. Like our Sacraments the feast was always so far public; there were never to be fewer than ten present at it. It was the last time that Christ would ever sit down with the twelve; the last time the twelve would ever sit down together. On the table there would be unleavened bread and bitter herbs that kept alive the memory of the hard life of Egypt, and—"for in every lot there is a drop of sweetness"—fruit and wine.

That "Lord, is it I?" of every one of them shows how Christ had made them begin to know themselves. Woe would come to the traitor, but there is pity for him here. Even after this, when Christ said "friend" to Judas, the divine love and pity would have changed him into one.

"God took the dust of the earth and made of it a man; Christ took the water

and made it into wine ; He took the wine and made it into blood ;" and in saying at every Sacrament "Drink ye all of it" He offers us eternal life.

May 20.—Jesus in Gethsemane. — Matt. xxvi. 36-46. Text, Heb. v. 8. Quest. 84. Psalm xxiv. 9-10.

CHRIST had so far made the disciples know themselves that every one of them said, "Lord, is it I?" when told there was a traitor amongst them. But they had much to learn. Though it is only Peter's boast that is written, "likewise said also all the disciples." But Christ knew their weakness, and not only prayed for them, but took care that though He was arrested "these should go their way."

In His sorrow He craved for human sympathy. When we are in great trouble the bright shining of the sun, the singing of birds pain us—it is out of harmony with our state. So Christ wished the three to watch with Him. But they could not ; and He trod the winepress alone. Here is true prayer, "Not as I will." In the very heart of His trouble He thinks of those who could not watch with Him one hour, and says all the good He can of them—"the spirit, indeed, is willing."

The time came when they need not watch with Him. We get chances from Christ—chances of helping men; of being great—and we let them slip. We can never get *these* again. The men are out of our reach, past our help or need of us, we have spoiled our youth and it will never come back. But Christ says "Rise." We have not done what we should, but we are to do now what we can. We are to be ashamed of our sleep ; but thankful that Christ can forgive it, and give us grace to waken and strength to rise, and, if we cannot undo the past, to redeem what is left.

PHILIP II., KING OF SPAIN.

Born 1527, died 1598.

IT was Philip II. who sent the Armada against England in 1588. He was the most powerful king in the world at that

time. He built a palace called the Escorial, which was reckoned one of the eight wonders of the world. It is 744 feet long from north to south, and 580 from east to west, and is the shape of a gridiron lying upside down, towers at each corner representing the feet, and long courts the bars. It has 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows, and took 30 years to build. It is 30 miles distant from Madrid, and stands under the shadow of a gloomy mountain range. "From the foot of a barren mountain," Philip used to boast, "with a sheet of paper, I command two worlds." Philip was one of the cruellest tyrants who ever lived. He served the Roman Catholic Church with all his heart. He sought to introduce the Inquisition with all its unspeakable horrors into every part of his dominions, and showed Protestants no mercy. He used to flog and bind himself with a chain—which is still to be seen hung up beside the altar where he placed it in the Chapel of his palace—by way of penance. He was for years tormented with gout. His sufferings at length were almost indescribable. He had to be laid on the floor, and was forced to lie for eight weeks in one position. His body was covered with ulcers, and the room swarmed with vermin. The Pope sent him "indulgences," or pardons for his sins, day by day, and also a rib of St. Alban, to help him in his agony. But it was all in vain, and at last he died, hated and despised by all his enemies throughout the world, and forsaken even by the members of his own Court.



A MODERN EGYPTIAN DINNER.

A SLAVE was standing at the entrance to the dining-room holding a silver ewer, from which he poured water on the hands of every guest as he entered, and caught the water in a silver basin. Each guest had a fine gold-

embroidered napkin to dry his hands. We had no plates, knives, forks, or glasses; but one spoon apiece. Each course consisted of one dish set in the centre of the table, and the guests helped themselves. The courses were: 1. Soup. All dipped their spoons into the bowl and kept so dipping them. 2. A whole sheep

roasted. This they tore with their fingers, rifling the bones, and digging about for choice morsels of meat. 3. Artichokes in oil. 4. Rolls of pastry. 5. Stewed fowl. 6. Bamias, a kind of vegetable. 7. An indescribable native sweetmeat. Rashid Pasha broke off a morsel, and set it before me. This was an honour. 8. Rice pudding. 9. A cake adorned with silvered sweets. 10. Pilâf, a savoury preparation of rice. 11. Pigeons with green peas floating in oil. Teki Pasha took a pigeon by the leg, and smiling, placed it on my bread; this was an honour. 12. Chickens. 13. Knuckle bones. 14. Another sort of pilâf. 15. A salmi of something. 16. Another sort of cake. 17. More meat. 18. Almond biscuits. 19. Sweet syrup flavoured with rose leaves. 20. Water-melons and strawberries. Altogether a most prodigious meal. When it was over we washed our hands again—there were some who needed it—and retired to another room for coffee and smoking.—*Butler's Court Life in Egypt.*

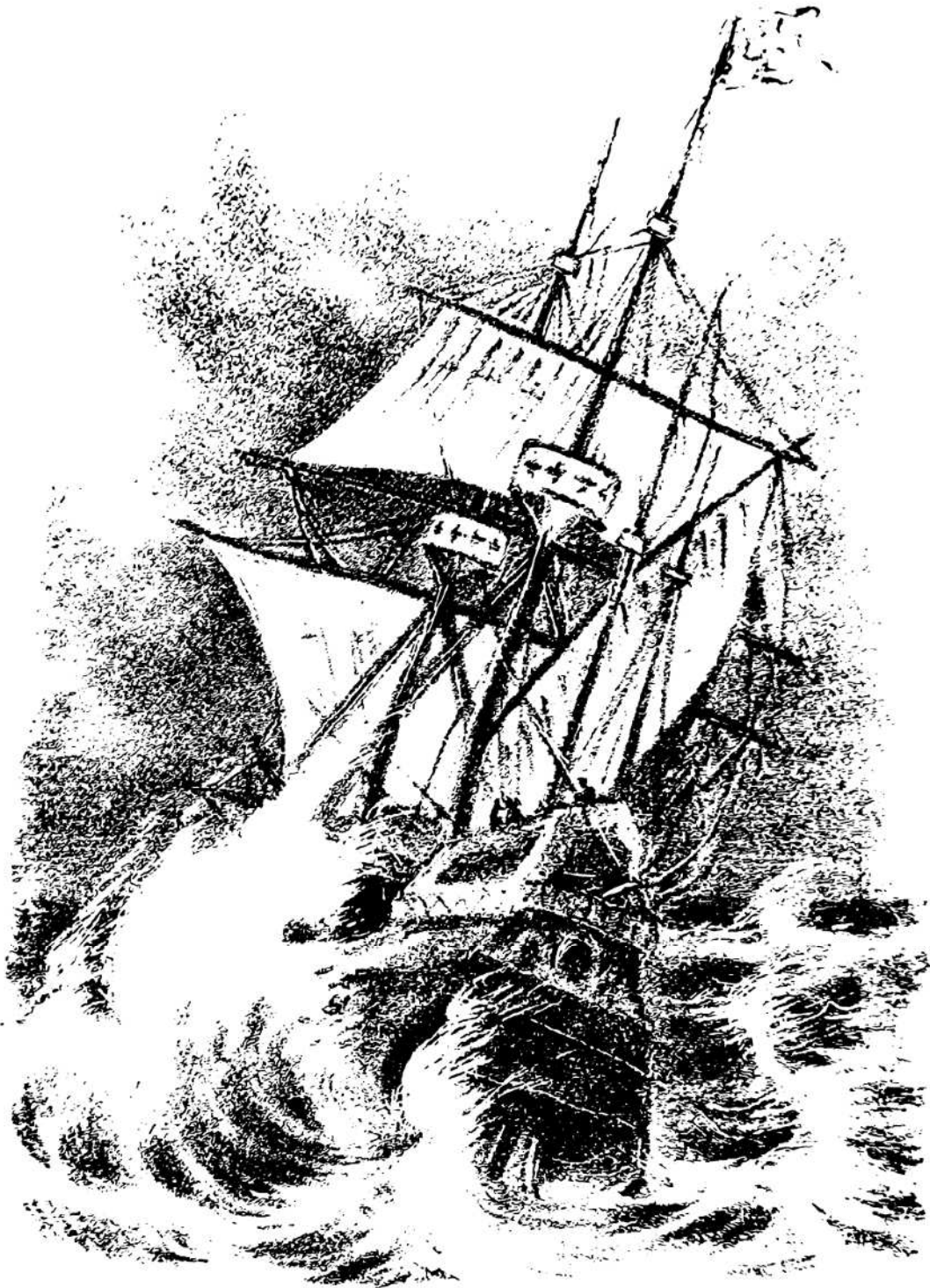
THE SAN GABRIEL.

The San Gabriel, the picture of which is copied from Mr. Lindsay's History of Merchant Shipping, was the ship in which the Portuguese navigator, Vasco de Gama, sailed when he discovered the road to India round the Cape of Good Hope in 1498. De Gama was a very brave mariner, and like Columbus had much to do to keep his sailors from losing heart under strange skies and amidst unknown and stormy seas. He owed his success very much to

the pilots whom he took on board on the eastern coast of Africa. They had gained their knowledge of the art of navigation, like most Eastern nations, from Arabian mariners. They steered his ship to India. The first port they touched was Calicut, 560 miles south of Bombay. The word calico is derived from it. The discoveries of De Gama brought great glory to Portugal, which then ranked as one of the first kingdoms in Europe. But his cruel conduct to the natives, afterwards, brought just as great dishonour. Here are some of the things he did. The King of Calicut sent a Brahmin as Ambassador on board his ship with a flag of truce—and an Ambassador's person has been considered sacred in all ages—and De Gama cut off his nose, and hands, and ears, and sent them back to the King. Another time he captured a number of vessels laden with rice. He treated their crews just as he had treated the Brahmin, and then ordered their feet to be tied together, and their teeth to be knocked out with sticks for fear they should untie the ropes with them, and then, having put them on board a ship helpless and covered with blood, heaped one on the top of the other, he ordered mats and dry leaves to be spread over them. The sails were then set for the shore, and the ship was set on fire.

And all this was done for the glory of God and the advantage of the Roman Catholic faith!

Is it any wonder that the name of Portugal became as hateful in India as the name of Spain in America? Is it any wonder God took vengeance



on them, and stripped them of their possessions one by one?

When the Dutch took Malacca in the East Indies from them in 1641, the Dutch Admiral said to them, "When will your countrymen retake this territory?" And it was a true answer the Portuguese commander

gave—"When your sins are greater than ours." So will it be with Britain if we continue sinning against God; when the cup of our iniquity is full, the sceptre will pass from us as it did from Spain and Portugal. We don't cut off men's ears and hands and noses, but is it not a hundred

times worse to send ship loads of gin and rum to heathen nations to destroy body and soul together? And that is what some British merchants are doing every week.

—o—

Forget not to shew love unto strangers : for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. Heb. xiii. 2 (Revised Version.)

ABOUT thirty years ago two Japanese lads made up their minds to come to England. They wished to find out all they could about men-of-war, how they were built, and armed, and fitted out for sea. They knew only one English word. I don't know how they picked it up, but it was the word "navigation." So when they came to one of the seaport towns, they looked out for an English ship, and went on board and saw the captain, and I have no doubt bowed two or three times to him, for the Japanese are far more polite than we are, and they said "Navigation." Now with seamen that word means the whole art of handling or managing a ship. And, of course, the captain thought they wished to become sailors, and was very glad to have strong, young, sober lads, who were willing to pay for their passage and work too! They found out their mistake when it was too late. But they just did the best they could, and worked away cheerily, learning how to reef a topsail, and scrape decks, and lose their little stock of silver over games of chance in the forecastle. They

reached London with only 5 dollars—that is about £1—in their pockets. They had no friends or food, and set out to buy some bread. They came to a baker's shop near the docks, and hoping the 5 dollars would be enough, and trusting if it were more than enough that the baker would give them back what was over, they gave it all up to him and lifted a loaf.

They waited a moment or two, but as he said nothing, they went their way, taking their loaf with them, thinking they had paid just a fair price for it! £1 for a loaf!

The names of these two lads were INOUE and ITO HIROBUMI. I don't know the baker's name, but do you think he would have cheated these lonely lads the way he did if he had known that in 1887 the one would be the Japanese Secretary for Foreign Affairs and the other Prime Minister? If he had been kind to them, it would have been worth more to him in the long run than a pound, I think. But whether they would have remembered him or not, Christ would. For God loves strangers, and every kindness done to one of them He looks upon as done to His own Son. "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me." We should count it a great honour to be asked even to tell a stranger the way. We judge a whole town by the way we are treated by the first man we meet in it; and a little boy or girl, by simply being kindly and obliging, may exalt the name of all his country—and more glorious still, the name of his country's God.

THE PETREL.

I hope some of the boys who read this will be brave and godly seamen yet. Some day they will see the Stormy Petrel, and their shipmates will tell them it means there is stormy weather coming on. I hope they will also remember that Christ is master of the winds and waves. What makes that little bird, smaller than a pigeon, have so stout a heart and so strong a wing, never fearing the blast, and sometimes never even resting from morning to night? Is it not that God is with it? Its very name is cheering, for our forefathers called it the Petrel because when it stooped on some floating object it seemed for a moment to walk upon the water. Only Peter had less faith than it!

When Arab slave-drivers are laying in provisions for their journey, they calculate that every man, and every woman, and every slave in the caravan will drink from 15 to 20 pounds weight of water every day. An ordinary teacup holds about $6\frac{3}{4}$ ounces, and every traveller in the desert therefore will drink at the very least from 36 to 48 cupfuls of water every day.



THE BLANK PAGE.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON has told very beautifully the story of a Japanese school-master and patriot, who was put to death a few years ago at the early age of thirty one. Yoshida-Torajiro, for that was his name, was so fond of study, that he even grudged himself the hours of sleep; when he got drowsy over his books, he would, if it was summer, put mosquitoes up his sleeve—and mosquitoes are dreadful biters; and, if it was winter, he would put off his shoes and run barefoot in the snow. In closing his story, Mr. Stevenson says it is exhilarating—it does one good—to know that one has lived in the same days with such great-hearted gentlemen. “Only a few miles from us, to speak by the proportion of the universe, while I was droning over my lessons, Yoshida was goading himself to be wakeful with the

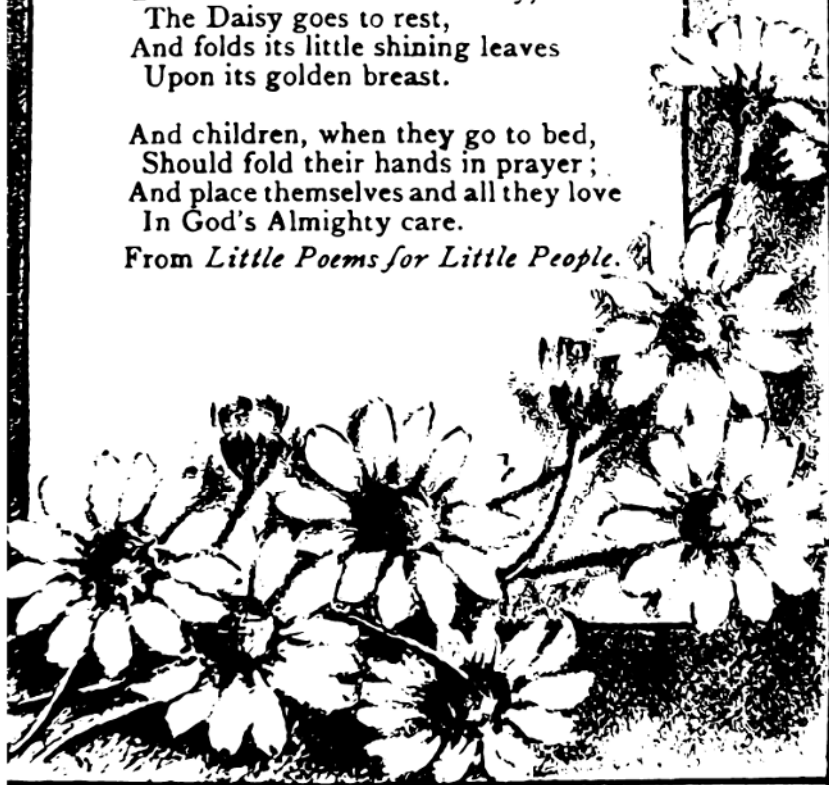
The Daisy.

THE Daisy is the meekest flower
That grows in wood or field;
To wind and rain and footstep rude
Its slender stem will yield.

Before the stars are in the sky,
The Daisy goes to rest,
And folds its little shining leaves
Upon its golden breast.

And children, when they go to bed,
Should fold their hands in prayer;
And place themselves and all they love
In God's Almighty care.

From *Little Poems for Little People*.



mosquito's stings." We don't know, boys, what great men are living and what great and noble deeds are being done in these very days all over the world. Less than four years ago there were three boys in Eastern Central Africa, Kakumba, Erwanga, and a companion, who were put in prison for being Christians. They were then tortured, their arms were cut off, and

they were bound alive to a scaffolding, under which a fire was kindled, and so they were slowly burned to death. As they were hanging over the flames the soldiers jeered at them and told them to pray *now* to Isa Masiya (Jesus, Christ) if they thought that He could do anything to help them. The spirit of the martyrs at once entered into these lads, and together they raised their voices and praised Jesus in the fire, singing till their shrivelled tongues refused to form the sound, *Killa sika tunsifu*—

"Daily, daily, sing to Jesus."

And while that was happening, you were whining perhaps because your mother would not let you out to play, and thinking you were very hardly used! Keep a note of what happens every day, for every day is a solemn one to somebody, and all days are solemn ones to

God. Your diary will at least make you humble afterwards.



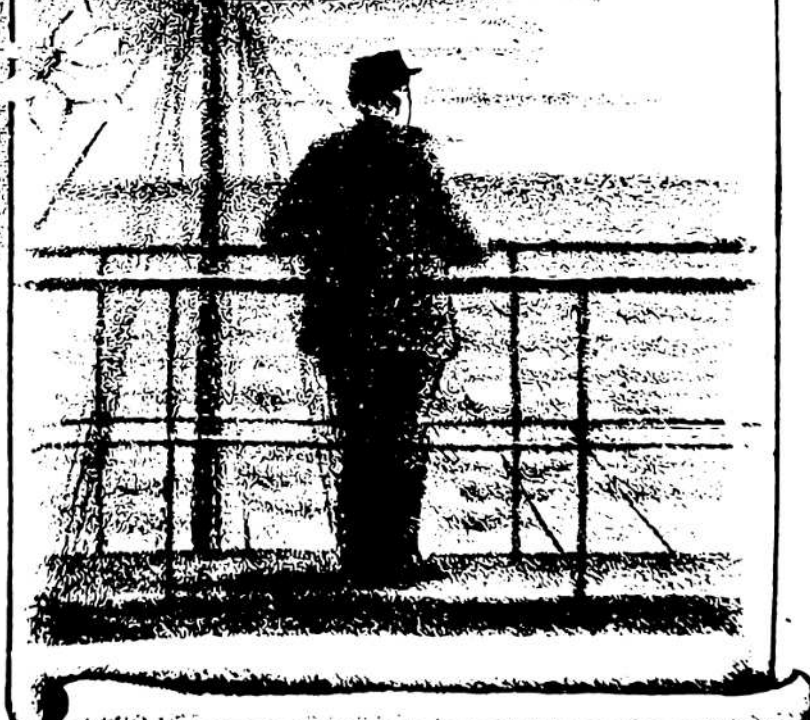
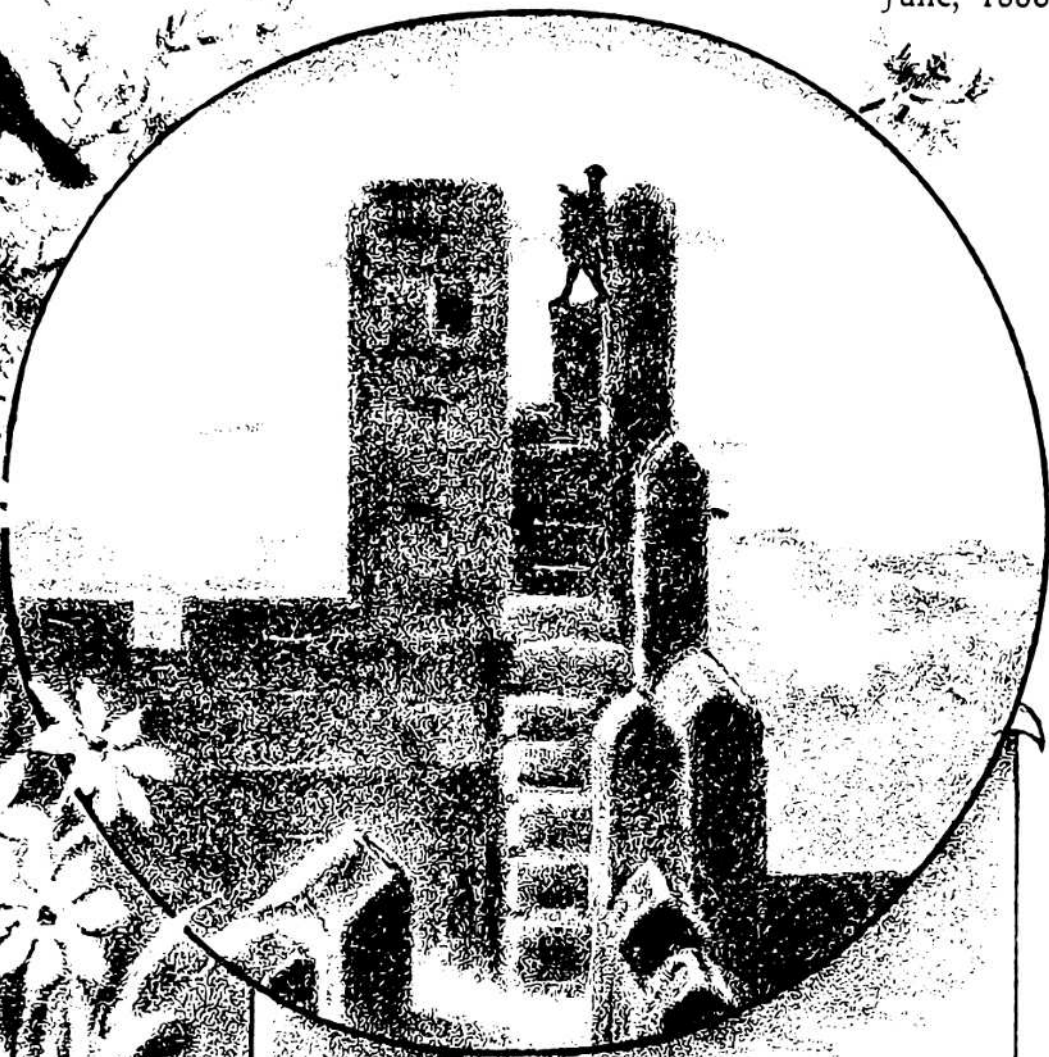
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THE MOON.			THE SUN RISES		SETS.
Last Quarter, . . .	2nd	May.	Sabbath, 6th	May, at	4.26 ; 7.29.
New Moon, . . .	11th	"	" 13th	"	4.14 ; 7.39.
First Quarter, . . .	18th	"	" 20th	"	4.4 ; 7.49.
Full Moon, . . .	25th	"	" 27th	"	3.56 ; 7.59.

1	TU	While the earth remaineth, summer and winter shall not cease.— <i>Gen. viii. 22.</i>
2	W	The godly man ceaseth.— <i>Psaln xii. 1.</i>
3	TH	Prayer was made without ceasing for him.— <i>Acts xii. 5.</i>
4	F	It is an honour for a man to cease from strife.— <i>Prov. xx. 3.</i>
5	S	There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.— <i>Job. iii. 17.</i>
6	S	He led them forth by the right way.— <i>Psaln cvii. 7.</i>
7	M	Jesus was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.— <i>Matt. iv. 1.</i>
8	TU	He was led as a sheep to the slaughter.— <i>Acts viii. 32.</i>
9	W	He leadeth me beside the still waters.— <i>Psaln xxiii. 2.</i>
10	TH	Lead me in a plain path because of mine enemies.— <i>Psaln xxvii. 11.</i>
11	F	Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.— <i>Psaln lxi. 2.</i>
12	S	The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and lead them unto living fountains of waters.— <i>Rev. vii. 17.</i>
13	S	Jesus said, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona.— <i>Matt. xvi. 17.</i>
14	M	Simon said, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing.— <i>Luke v. 5.</i>
15	TU	Peter took Jesus and began to rebuke Him.— <i>Matt. xvi. 22.</i>
16	W	Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you.— <i>Luke xxii. 31.</i>
17	TH	The Lord turned and looked upon Peter.— <i>Luke xxii. 61.</i>
18	F	Thou knowest all things ; Thou knowest that I love Thee.— <i>John xxi. 17</i>
19	S	Peter said, Repent . . . and the same day there were added about 3,000 souls.— <i>Acts ii. 38. 41.</i>
20	S	God hath given unto us His Holy Spirit.— <i>1 Thess. iv. 8.</i>
21	M	Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.— <i>John iii. 5.</i>
22	TU	. . . How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?— <i>Luke ii. 13.</i>
23	W	I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My Statutes.— <i>Ezek. xxxvi. 27.</i>
24	TH	They rebelled and vexed His Holy Spirit : therefore He was turned to be their enemy.— <i>Isaiah lxiii. 10.</i>
25	F	My Spirit shall not always strive with man.— <i>Gen. vi. 3.</i>
26	S	And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come.— <i>Rev. xxii. 17.</i>
27	S	My Beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand.— <i>Song of Solomon v. 10.</i>
28	M	Jesus Christ, the Chief Corner-stone.— <i>Eph. ii. 20.</i>
29	TU	The Chief Shepherd.— <i>1 Peter v. 4.</i>
30	W	Jesus Christ came to save sinners, of whom I am chief.— <i>1 Tim. i. 15.</i>
31	TH	Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.— <i>Matt. xx. 27.</i>

June, 1888.



The
**Morning
Watch.**

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

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One Halfpenny.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE was the first Englishman who sailed right round the world, and one of the bravest seamen that

ever lived. He was born in 1539, the son of a Protestant, a godly man, who had fled from Kent to Devonshire during Bloody Queen Mary's reign. When he was a boy he was apprenticed to the owner of



a little coasting ship. "His master," we are told, "held him hard to his business, but pains with patience knit the joints of his soul, and made them more solid and compacted." So well did he behave that his master left him the ship in his will. At that time Spain was using all its

power to crush Protestantism. Drake had heard of the cruel tortures inflicted on godly men and women by the Roman Catholic Inquisition, and resolved to do his best to overthrow the power both of Spain and Rome. He went out with the famous Hawkins to America, which

then belonged to Spain, and was the chief source of her enormous wealth. The expedition was unfortunate. Some of Drake's comrades were taken prisoners. The thought that they were left in Mexico to be burnt by the priests, and the knowledge that there were still some of his countrymen being tortured in the dungeons at Seville, and chained as slaves to the galleys at Cadiz, lay heavy on his mind. He could not rest at home in England, but went out again in 1572 to the Gulf of Panama. Having gone ashore and climbed a high mountain, he saw on the other side of the Isthmus the great Pacific Ocean, and fell on his knees and prayed God that he might one day navigate those waters on which as yet no English ship had sailed. From that hour this became the purpose of his life. He left England again in 1577, with a little fleet of five ships, his own the largest, the *Pelican*, or, as it was afterwards called, the *Golden Hind*, being only 120 tons burden. He had many trials on the way, but at last he reached the coast of Patagonia. Men did not know there was such a thing as Cape Horn then. They thought America reached straight to the South Pole, and that the only way from the Atlantic to the Pacific was through the narrow straits that had recently been discovered by Magellan. It was the wildest season of the year when Drake passed through, and then came six weeks of furious storms. His men had never seen such mountainous waves, and they had no charts, but one glimpse of

their Captain's scarlet cap with its gold band, and one glance of his steady grey eye, chased away their fears.

And what brave times they had after they came to Lima and heard that a rich Spanish galleon was but a few days' sail ahead of them! How each man strove to get the gold chain that Drake had promised to the first who caught sight of the *Cacafuego's* sails. The fight between the two ships lasted a few minutes only, but it took four days to carry the treasure into the *Golden Hind*. It was worth at least £800,000.

Then they had more adventures; but at last Drake set sail for home away down by the Java seas. And that was a perilous voyage. On the 9th January, 1579, early in the first watch, when the ship was running under full sail, and they thought all was well, they stuck fast on a hidden rock. "Twice," says an old writer, "the ship struck, knocking twice at the door of death, which no doubt had opened the third time. Here they stuck, having ground too much, and yet too little to land on; and water too much and yet too little to sail in. Then the seamen, conceiving aright that the best way to lighten the ship was first to ease it of the burthen of their sins by true repentance, humbled themselves by fasting under the hand of God; afterward they received the Communion, dining on Christ in the Sacrament, expecting no other than to sup with Him in heaven. Then they cast out of their ship six great guns; threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of

a miser to think on't; with much sugar, and packs of spices, making a caudle" (that is, a gruel) "of the sea round about. Then they betook themselves to prayer, the best lever at such a dead lift indeed, and it pleased God that the wind, formerly their mortal enemy, became their friend."

From that time all went well, and Drake and his gallant men reached Plymouth on a Sabbath day the September after, to the great joy of all England.

He lived other 16 years, and won new glory by the havoc he wrought amongst the fleets of Spain, and specially amongst the ships of the Armada. He was the greatest of our heroes then. His very name became a terror to the enemy. Mr. Froude tells a story of a man at St. Sebastian in Spain who snatched a harquebuz, a sort of gun, which he did not know to be loaded, and levelled it at a passer-by, saying, 'I would yon man were Francis Drake. How I would hit him'! And hit him he did, for the gun went off and killed the man, who spake not one word.

Drake died off the American coast in 1595, and was buried at sea.

THE PYRAMIDS.

THERE are 70 Pyramids in Egypt, but the largest is the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh. It is the oldest and in many ways the most wonderful building in the world. Abraham must have seen it when he came to Egypt 3,700 years

ago. It took 100,000 men twenty years to build it.

Some of the stones are 30 feet long, 5 feet high, and 4 feet wide, and weigh 50 tons.

The Pyramid has four sides, each of them 750 feet long. It covers an area of 13 acres. It is 450 feet high, but it was once a little higher, some of the stones having been knocked off the top. There are not many steeples in our country that are even 200 feet high. When the Pyramid was first built its sides were quite smooth, so that one could have slid down from the top to the bottom; but the people of Cairo took away the smooth casing stones, and when one looks at the Pyramid now, it is just like a great mountain with steps and stairs. But the steps are very high, some of them 4 feet in height, and this is how you go up them: You leave Cairo in the morning early, riding on a donkey, and get there in less than two hours. You are at once surrounded by Arabs from a village hard by, and they refuse to let you go up unless you pay their sheikh, or head man, four shillings or so. Then he appoints two or three of his men to go with you, and they pull you and push you up from step to step, never halting a moment till you get to the top. But if it is hard going up the Pyramids, then, like the descent into the Valley of Humiliation in Pilgrim's Progress, it is harder going down. One's bones get sorely shaken.

But what were all the Pyramids built for? Simply as tombs. The kings who built them were proud,





THE GREAT PYRAMID. SPHINX IN FOREGROUND.

cruel men — at least Khufu or Cheops, who built the Great Pyramid, must have been a hard-hearted man; very clever, no doubt, but very selfish, else he never would have taken so many men from their homes and their useful work in the fields to toil, and sweat, and die building a monument for his glory, and as a covering for his bones. And his vanity has met a just reward. There are chambers in the centre of the Pyramid, and in the largest of these his coffin and mummy were placed, and then the passages were closed and sealed as carefully as could be. The joinings of the stones were so perfect that British architects cannot imagine what kind of tools the poor masons used. The passages are more than 300 feet long, and in order that they might never be opened they were closed from the inside, and the builders could only get out by another narrow way 191 feet deep,

which they had to cut through the solid masonry. And yet it was all in vain. His tomb was rifled and his body stolen, whilst thousands of mummies in common graves remain untouched to this day.

It reminds one of the rich man and Lazarus. The rich man fared sumptuously every day, and died, and was buried. Poor Lazarus seemed to have no friends but the dogs, and when he died, we don't know whether he was buried or not, but the angels carried him into Abraham's bosom.

They gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh: but He received it not.—Luke xv. 23.

IN the East they still give drink to criminals to stupefy them and deaden their pain. There is a wine-shop outside one of the gates of Pekin which is known as the Broken Bowl House. Many years ago the man who owned it had been

condemned to death but was reprieved, and ever since, to show their thankfulness, the people who keep the shop give every condemned man who passes it on the way to the place of execution as much wine as he wishes to drink, for nothing. When he has taken the last draught, the bowl out of which he drank is solemnly smashed on the pavement. And so the shop is called the Broken Bowl House.

THE KOH-I-NOOR.

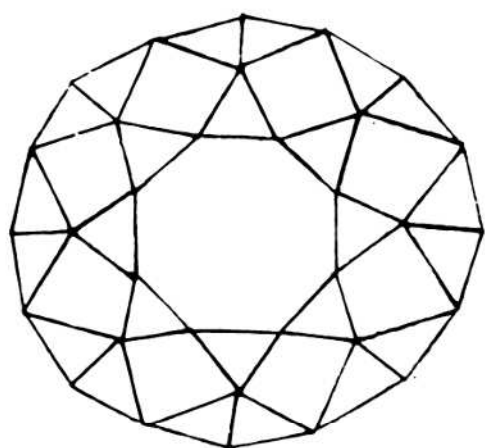
DID you ever break a window? And when the man came to put in a new pane, did you not wonder to see him cutting the glass with a long thing like a pen? I don't think you would have the heart to ask him any questions, for a boy is not very happy after he has broken a window, but if you had asked him, he would have told you there was a little diamond at the end of the stick, and it was the diamond that cut the glass. Diamonds are the hardest things in the world. One of them could cut through a mile of granite without being a bit worn! So hard are they that they can only be worn by being rubbed against each other; and so we have a proverb, "Diamond cut diamond." They are very beautiful, for they glitter like stars, and as they are very rare, they are very, very precious.

The Koh-i-Noor is a very large one belonging to the Queen. It is the largest in our country, but there are other three known to be in

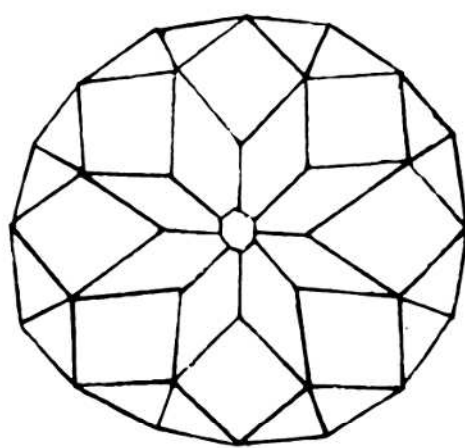
existence in the world that are larger than it. It was once a great deal bigger, about the size and thickness of a pigeon's egg, but after the Queen got it, it was thought it would shine more beautifully if some bits of it were cut away. It was kept in the Tower of London, and a man came over from Amsterdam and worked thirty-eight days at it, twelve hours a day, and his masters charged £8,000 for doing it. It is just the weight of two pennies and a half-penny, or rather less than an ounce. But it is worth £120,000.

It once belonged to the son of Baber, who conquered India 400 years ago. "My son, Humayoun," said he, "has won a jewel which is valued at half the daily expenses of the whole world." One of his descendants, 200 years after, was so afraid of losing it that he kept it hidden in the folds of his turban or hat. But one day when he was sitting beside Nadir Shah, the King of Persia, Nadir all of a sudden said, "Let us change turbans as a proof that we are real good friends." And, according to a sacred custom in the East, the poor man had to part with his turban, and all that was in it. But he had such command over himself, for Eastern Kings pride themselves on that, that he never cried, or said a word, or moved a muscle of his face, to the great astonishment and delight of all the courtiers who were round about. It was one of his wives who had told Nadir where the jewel was.

When the Punjab in India was added to the British Empire, the Koh-i-Noor was given up to our



UPPER SURFACE.



UNDER SURFACE.

Government. The famous John Lawrence, afterwards Lord Lawrence, got charge of it, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket. He was a good man and a wise man, and as he had charge of millions of people, and was striving night and day to make them happy, he forgot all about the diamond! Six weeks after, so Mr. Boswell Smith tells us in his *Life of Lawrence*, a message came saying that the Queen wished it to be sent at once to her. The men who ruled the Punjab were sitting in council at the time, and Lawrence said, "Send for it instantly." "Why, you've got it!" said his brother Henry. In a moment Lawrence remembered how carelessly he had laid it past, and though he dreaded he had landed himself in a fine difficulty, simply said, "Oh yes, of course!" and went on with the business in hand, as if nothing had happened. But he went to his room as soon as he could, and sent for his old servant, or bearer, as he is called in India, and said to him, "Have you got a little box that was in my waistcoat pocket some time ago?" (In the East the bearer has

charge of all his master's clothes, and brushes them and empties the pockets every day, just as a *valet* does in this country.) "Yes, Sahib," he said, "I found it and put it in one of your boxes." "Bring it here." Whereupon the old servant went to a broken-down tin box, and brought out the little one from it. "Open it, and see what's in it." So the man opened it, and unrolled fold after fold of the small rags that were round it, and then at last said, "Sahib, there's nothing here but a bit of glass." But Lawrence knew it was the Koh-i-Noor!

It is bad enough to have charge of a pound note, or even a little change, but what a trouble it must be to have charge of a jewel that's worth scores of thousands of pounds, and there can't be very much pleasure in having it after all!

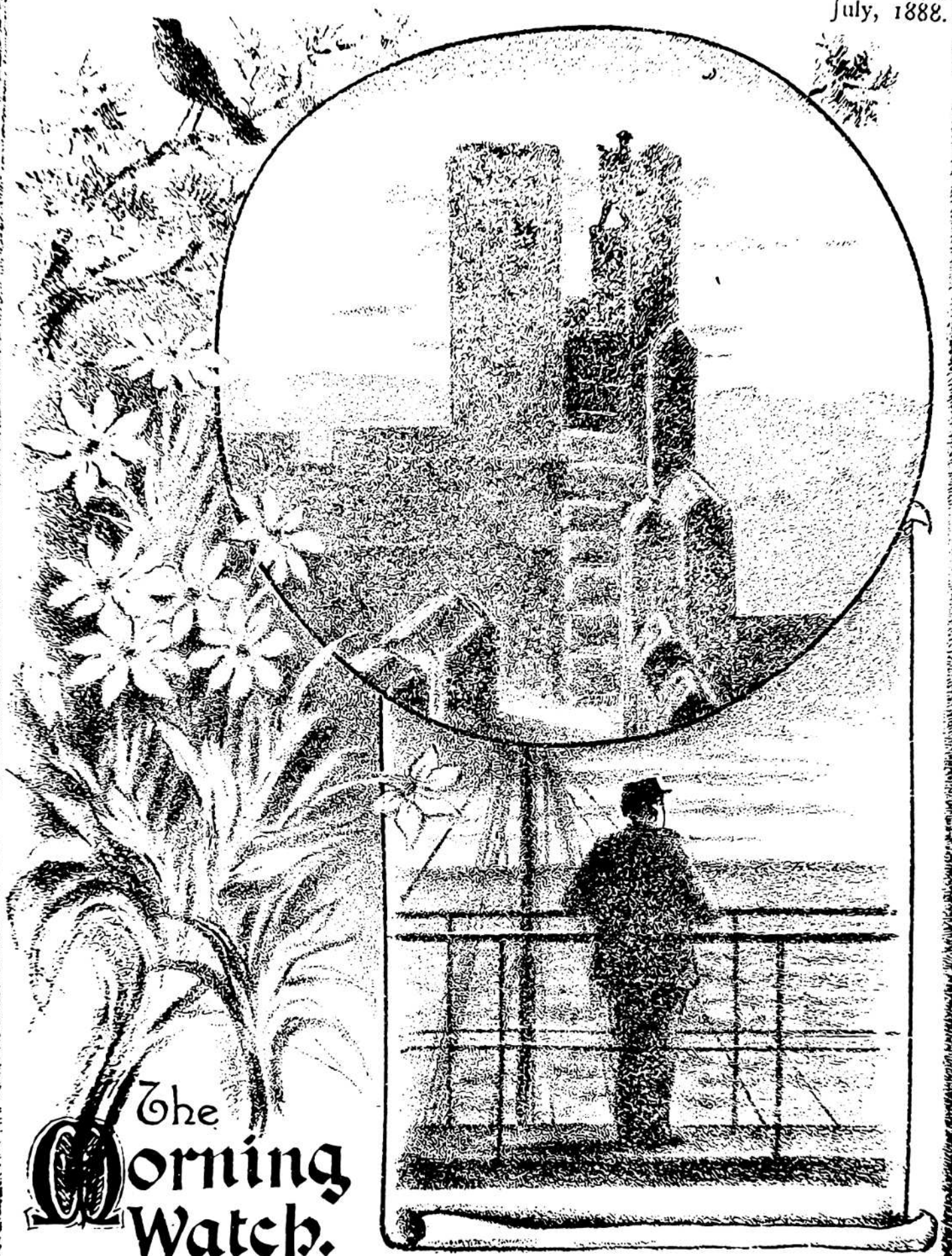
There is another Koh-i-Noor that the late General Gordon speaks about in a letter he wrote to his sister from Cairo, ten years ago last March. "I have," he says, "*my* Koh-i-Noor with me, that is, *the presence of God*, and who can take that from me, or make me fear?"

1 F
2 S
3 S
4 M
5 T
6 W
7 TH
8 F
9 S
10 S
11 M
12 T
13 W
14 TH
15 F
16 S
17 S
18 M
19 T
20 W
21 TH
22 F
23 S
24 S
25 M
26 T
27 W
28 TH
29 F
30 S

THE MOON.			THE SUN RISES		SETS.
Last Quarter, . . .	1st June.		Sabbath, 3rd June, at	3.50 ;	8.6.
New Moon, . . .	9th "		" 10th "	3.46 ;	8.12.
First Quarter, . . .	17th "		" 17th "	3.44 ;	8.16.
Full Moon, . . .	23rd "		" 24th "	3.45 ;	8.19.

1	F	Judas sought how He might <i>conveniently</i> betray Him.— <i>Mark xiv. 11.</i>
2	S	Felix trembled and answered, When I have a <i>convenient</i> season I will call for thee.— <i>Acts xxiv. 25.</i>
3	S	Is anything too hard for the Lord?— <i>Genesis xviii. 14.</i>
4	M	I brought him to Thy disciples, and they could not cure him.— <i>Mat. xvii. 16.</i>
5	TU	A woman which had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any, came behind Him and touched the border of His garment.— <i>Luke viii. 43.</i>
6	W	No man could bind Him, no not with chains ; but when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshipped Him.— <i>Mark v. 3, 6.</i>
7	TH	There was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and He laid His hands on her.— <i>Luke xiii. 11.</i>
8	F	A certain man was there which had an infirmity thirty-eight years.— <i>John v. 5.</i>
9	S	Martha said, He hath been dead four days. Jesus cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth.— <i>John xi. 39, 43.</i>
10	S	Ye shall sell yourselves unto your enemies, and no man shall buy you.— <i>Deuteronomy xxviii. 68 (R. V.)</i>
11	M	Judas said to the chief priests and elders, I have sinned. And they said, What is that to us?— <i>Matthew xxvii. 4.</i>
12	TU	I looked on my right hand and beheld ; but there was no man that would know me ; no man cared for my soul.— <i>Psalms cxlii. 4.</i>
13	W	Thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.— <i>Rev. iii. 17.</i>
14	TH	Ye were redeemed with the precious blood of Christ.— <i>1 Peter i. 19.</i>
15	F	Ye stand all of you before the LORD your God...from the hewer of thy wood unto the drawer of thy water, that thou shouldest enter into covenant with the Lord thy God.— <i>Deuteronomy xxix. 10-12.</i>
16	S	So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty.— <i>Psalms xlv. 11.</i>
17	S	His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength.— <i>Revelation i. 16.</i>
18	M	Thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth.— <i>Psalms lxxx. 1.</i>
19	TU	Thou wilt light my lamp.— <i>Psalms xviii. 28 (R. V.)</i>
20	W	Our lamps are going out.— <i>Matthew xxv. 8 (R. V.)</i>
21	TH	Her sun is gone down while it was yet day.— <i>Jeremiah xv. 9.</i>
22	F	Thy sun shall no more go down.— <i>Isaiah lx. 20.</i>
23	S	The Lord shall be an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.— <i>Isaiah lx. 19.</i>
24	S	The High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity.— <i>Isaiah lvii. 15.</i>
25	M	The Lord of hosts which dwelleth between the cherubims.— <i>1 Sam. iv. 4.</i>
26	TU	The Lord hath chosen Zion for His habitation.— <i>Psalms cxxxii. 13.</i>
27	W	The Father dwelleth in Me.— <i>John xiv. 10.</i>
28	TH	Make haste ; to-day I must abide at thy house.— <i>Luke xix. 5.</i>
29	F	They constrained him, saying, Abide with us.— <i>Luke xxiv. 29.</i>
30	S	So shall we ever be with the Lord.— <i>1 Thessalonians iv. 17.</i>

July, 1888.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

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BIBLE QUESTIONS.

JUNIORS.—1. List of angelic appearances in the New Testament. 2. In what parables in Luke does Jesus give lessons on prayer? 3. Crowns spoken of in the Bible.

SENIORS.—1. Examples of the rule—He hath exalted them of low degree. 2. References to Samaritans in the New Testament. 3. Events between the death and resurrection of Jesus.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give good answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

Juniors.

Airdrie.—ROBERT R. STEVENSON.
Bailiesmill.—MARY J. CAMPBELL, SAMUEL J. CAMPBELL, AGNES W. HARVEY.
Ballyclare.—FRED W. HAMILTON.
Ballylaggan.—ROBERT A. BLAIR.
Coleraine.—JAMES HOUSTON, ROBT. HOUSTON.
Garvagh.—WM. J. DALLAS, DAVID FORGRAVE.
Glasgow.—JANET BARCLAY, MARION H. CAMPBELL, SARAH IRVINE, A. J. IRVINE, AGNES STIRLING, BESSIE STIRLING, JOHN STIRLING, No Name.
Govan.—JAMES IRWIN.
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Answered 1 and 2.

Garvagh.—DAVID LITTLEJOHN.

Seniors.

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Wishaw.—ISABELLA NAPIER, ROBERT TELFER, ROBERT ALLAN TUDHOPE.

Answered 1 and 3.

Coleraine.—KATE WALLACE HOUSTON.
Kellswater.—J. THOMSON.

INTERNATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

July 1.—God's Covenant with Israel.—Exod. xxiv 1-12. Text, Heb. viii. 10. Quest. 89. Psalm xxxiii. 6-7.

GOD had given His people liberty and He must give them laws. Who should be king but He Who made us free? This was a national covenant in which the people freely—with one voice—accepted the king and the law. It was not meant to be lightly forgotten—it was written down in "the book of the covenant." Spoken words may be forgotten, but the written words remain. God's promises last, and so He gave the command, "Write, for these words are true and faithful." He bound Himself as well as them.

All worship is to be founded on the words of the Lord. It was after writing these that Moses built the altar and placed the pillars. The best men in Israel were willing to do the lowliest work for God. The young men, *i.e.*, the flower of the people, served the altar. All the people were sharers in the worship, were sprinkled with the blood. It used to be a common thing for Christians to make a personal covenant with Christ.

Moses and the rest did not, of course, in any literal sense see God. But they felt the power of His glory as surely as if they saw God.

- They came by the way of sacrifice and His hand was not laid on them in judgment. They saw God and did eat and drink, *i.e.*, they were in the presence of His glory without terror, but with exceeding joy.

There are troubles in which it does not become a good man to be calm, and here Moses did well to be angry. At times no one can be so angry with us as those who love us. Aaron's two excuses are very weak. No one is ever forced to sin. He says he just cast the gold in and it came out a calf. It is as foolish as Gehazi's answer. It is like a boy's, "I just did this and then"—"I didn't do anything."

July 8.—The Golden Calf.—Exod. xxxii. 15-26. Text, 1st John v. 21. Quest. 90. Ps. xxxiii. 8, 9.

THE contrast between what is going on on the mountain and what is going on down below. God is making promises for the people at the very time they are making themselves unfit to receive them. He is naming Aaron for the most sacred office at the very time he is doing all he can to put himself outside it.

The testimony to what Moses was to the people. It was not a demand for another leader, for Aaron or Joshua or Hur to take his place; no man among them could do that. While he was with them they troubled him and vexed him and murmured against him, but he had not been away forty days before they felt that only a god could take his place. That is just how masters in thought, leaders in action, are treated still. As long as they are beside us they are under the microscope, and they are criticised and found fault with. But how great they seem after they are gone.

The form of the idol shewed that the people were going back to the old worship of Egypt and Haran. The great power of idolatry lay in the impurity allowed in its rites. We do not realise the effect on morals of a spiritual faith, even though it be imperfectly understood and lived.

Aaron thought he could keep things right by getting the people to worship the true God under the false form. So he built an altar before it, and proclaimed a feast to the Lord. He let wrong-doing loose, and thought he could stop it where

he wanted. The Roman Catholic priest will tell you that though his church seats Mary on the throne, and bids people pray most to her, it does not teach that she is God. But the people do not know where to stop, and she is practically all the Saviour they know. You cannot begin any wrong-doing and say where you will stop.

July 15.—God's Presence Promised.—Ex. xxxiii. 12, 13. Text, Matt. xxviii. 20. Quest. 91. Ps. xxxiii. 10, 11.

SHEW me Thy glory"—that is the most wonderful request a man ever made to God. It shows how completely Moses had entered into God's plan. For the purpose of God from all eternity is that we should "see His Face." God had not yet been manifest in flesh, but Moses knew by faith that he had not yet come as close to God as he was destined to do. We should have expected God to say it was too daring a request; a request that never could be granted, that a creature should enter the very presence of the Creator. God refuses the request, but only on the ground that Moses was not yet ready for it. The human frame could not bear one glimpse even of the full glory of God. No mind could grasp what God does for us, no faith could believe it. One sight of the invisible world with all that God is doing for us would destroy body and mind together. But if we can't stand the full glory, God assures us that it is near us all the same; and the signs of His presence are visible. Every one of us, if we love God, has some cleft or cleft of the rock, into which God puts us, and from thence we catch sight of the greatness of His love. That cleft of the rock may be some striking Providence, some wondrous mercy, a sense of sin pardoned and conquered; it is something known only to ourselves and indescribable. But it fills the soul with the assurance that God's GLORY, God's essence, God's chiefest characteristic, is—His LOVE.

July 22.—Free Gifts for the Tabernacle.—Exod. xxxv. 20-29. Text, 2 Cor. ix. 7. Quest. 92. Psalm xxxiii. 12-14.

EVERYTHING here is spoken of as being given with the heart, with the

spirit, and the will. There are some strange looking gifts, but it is always a good gift that has a heart in it. God delighted in the gifts of these cheerful givers, and gave His Spirit to help to make the best use of them.

Many people when they hear about "the privilege of giving," suspect the word. When the heart makes them willing they will believe it, not till then. "It never was loving that emptied the heart or giving that emptied the purse."

God has always put the highest honour on godly tradesmen. Salmon, the ancestor of David and Christ, was of the same family as Bezaleel. God often makes the children of honest working men famous. Their fathers were faithful in a few things; He makes the children rulers over many. Every one who works with his hands, man or woman, should strive to turn out work that would have been accepted for God's Tabernacle.

—o—

July 29.—The Tabernacle.—Ex. xl. 1-16.
Text, Rev. xxi. 3. Quest. 93. Psalm xxxiii. 15-17.

WHEN we are going to stay with a man who is proud of his house, and fond of his guests, he doesn't linger on the road, however beautiful it may be, any longer than he can help, but drives us quickly from the station to his home. But once we are there he takes us over every room and shows us all his pictures, and then takes us through the grounds, and has something to say about every tree and every plant.

The creation is all described in one chapter; the making of the stars takes up the last clause of one verse; the eternity before creation, as long as the eternity that is to be, is barely hinted at. Whole chapters are taken up with the stories of human lives—men's sorrows and men's joys. But a whole book, Leviticus, and a great part of Exodus, are taken up solely with The Tabernacle, The Tent of Meeting, the place where the Holy God was to meet with Sinful Man, Our Father's House. "This is My rest for ever; here will I dwell; for I have desired it." Genesis is the history of 2,400 years; Leviticus of 28 days. And that is why He speaks so much about taches, and ouches, sockets,

and curtains, and poles. These are described so minutely, not simply to show that we can only see His face by coming the way He has provided, but chiefly to show how dearly He loves the place where His people come to meet Him. *Never stay away from the HOUSE OF GOD under pretence of seeing Him elsewhere.* In the very centre of the Tent was the Ark, and in the Ark, The Law, I am the Lord thy God; and beside it the pot of manna, to show that God will provide for the body as well as for the soul. The Shew Bread, which the priests ate, after it had lain in God's presence, was to point out that God shares His pleasures with us and gives us back all that we give to Him. The lamps burned to show that He was always at home, to be found of them that sought Him, night and day. But see, most of all, how God delights to speak about the everlasting priesthood, and the anointing oil; it is as if He longed to tell the world about The Great High Priest Whom He had anointed from all eternity, Whose very Name is The Anointed, The Christ.

—o—

A lady who had been in the habit of spreading slanderous reports once confessed her fault to Philip Neri, and asked how she should cure it. He said, "Go to the nearest market-place, buy a chicken just killed, pluck its feathers all the way as you return, and come back to me." She was much surprised, and when she saw her adviser again he said, "Now, go back, and bring me back all the feathers you have scattered." "But that is impossible," she said; "I cast away the feathers carelessly; the wind carried them away. How can I recover them?" "That," he said, "is exactly like your words of slander. They have been carried about in every direction: you cannot recall them. Go, and slander no more."

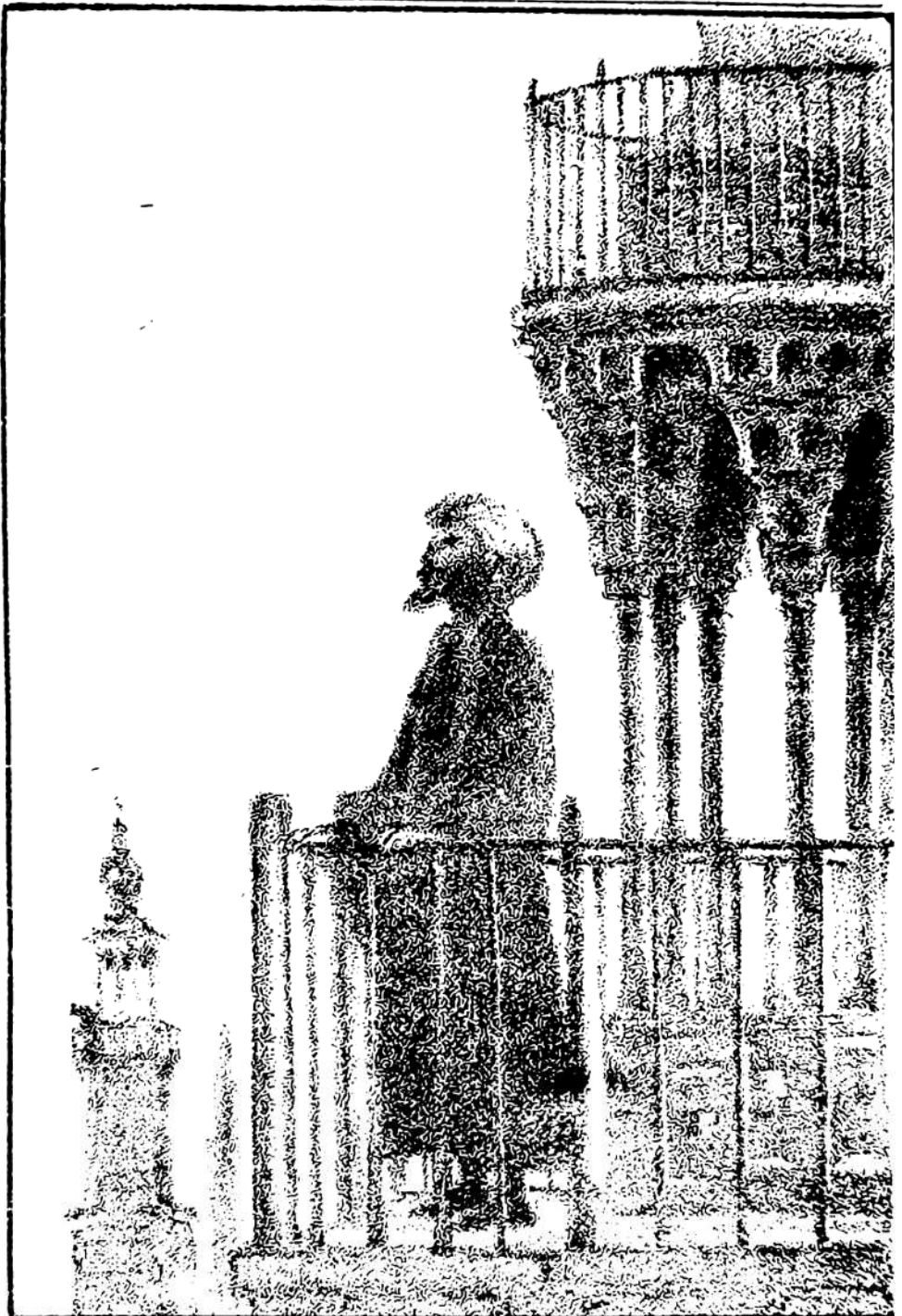
Stanley's Christian Institutions.

THE MUEZZIN'S CRY.

Egyptian clocks always strike the hour twice over, waiting a minute between the times. For, as the natives say, the first time it strikes one is generally asleep, and if one happens to be awakened by the noise, one does not hear the full number of strokes. To get up and look at the time, or even to open one's eyes needlessly, is too hard work, and therefore the clock begins over again! I think it would be a good plan to get some of these clocks into this country; only instead of striking the hour twice, it might be better if they could be made to strike it five or six times, at least in houses where there are very sleepy boys.

Many of the Egyptians, however, have no clocks and don't care to know the hours. They are quite contented with the Mueddin's or Muezzin's Cry. The Muezzin is the man whose duty it is in Mohammedan countries to call the people to prayer. He does this five times every twenty-four hours; 1. A little after sunset; 2. An hour and a half after sunset; 3. At day-break; 4. At midday; and 5. An

hour and a half before sunset. A Muezzin is always blind, because it is supposed a blind man's mind is less easily taken off his work. And this is what he says, most of the sentences being said more than once: Allahu akbar; ashhadu an la ilaha ill' Allah; ashhadu anna Muhammeda rrasulu'llah; heyya ala-ssalah; heyya alal-falah; Allahu akbar; la ilaha ill' Allah. The meaning of that is, Allah is great; I testify that



there is no God but Allah; I testify that Mohammed is the prophet of Allah; come to prayer; come to worship; Allah is great; there is no God but Allah.

The Muezzin's voice is easily heard, especially in the stillness of the night. For he stands on the top of one of the minarets or towers of the mosque or place of worship, and his voice of course gets strong by practice, and besides he sings or

chants the words in a very striking way. Mr. Lane gives the music in his book on "The Modern Egyptians," and a friend has turned it for you into the sol-fa notation. It is written in the seventh of the scale; that is, it closes its phrases not on *doh* in the way we are accustomed to, but on *te*, and thus one has the feeling that it is not finished when one comes to the end. The music is very weird.

Key C.

:	:	<i>l</i>	<i>d'</i> :—	<i>r'</i> : <i>r'</i>	<i>m'</i> :—	:
		<i>Al-</i>	<i>la-</i>	<i>hu ak-</i>	<i>bar.</i>	
:	:	<i>l</i>	<i>d'</i> :— <i>td</i>	<i>r'ar'</i> : <i>r'</i>	<i>m'</i> :—	:
		<i>Al-</i>	<i>la-</i>	<i>hu ak-</i>	<i>bar.</i>	
:	:	<i>l</i>	<i>d'</i> :—	<i>r'</i> : <i>r'</i>	<i>m'</i> :—	:
		<i>Al-</i>	<i>la-</i>	<i>hu ak-</i>	<i>bar.</i>	
:	<i>l</i> : <i>l.l</i>	<i>d'</i> : <i>t</i>	— : <i>d'</i>	<i>r'</i> :— <i>t</i>	<i>d'</i> : <i>r'</i>	
	<i>Ash-hadu</i>	<i>an la</i>	<i>il-</i>	<i>a - ha</i>	<i>ill' Al-</i>	
<i>m'</i> :—	:	:	:	:	<i>l</i> : <i>l.l</i>	
<i>lah.</i>					<i>Ash-hadu</i>	
<i>l</i> : <i>d', d'</i>	<i>t</i> :— <i>d'</i>	<i>r'</i> :— <i>r'</i>	<i>d'</i> : <i>r'</i>	<i>m'</i> :—	:	
<i>an-na Mu-ham-med</i>	<i>a rras-</i>	<i>u - lu'</i>	<i>llah.</i>			
:	<i>m'</i> : <i>r', r'</i>	<i>r'</i> : <i>d', d'</i>	<i>t</i> :— <i>d'</i>	<i>r'</i> :— <i>r'</i>	<i>d'</i> : <i>r'</i>	
	<i>Ash-hadu</i>	<i>an-na Mu-ham-med</i>	<i>a rras-</i>	<i>u - lu'</i>		
<i>m'</i> :—	<i>r'</i> : <i>d'</i>	<i>r'</i> : <i>d', r'</i>	<i>d'</i> : <i>t, d'</i>	<i>t</i> :—	:	
<i>llah.</i>						
<i>m'</i> <i>m'.t</i>	<i>d'</i> :— <i>r'</i>	<i>m'</i> :—	:	<i>l</i> : <i>l.t</i>	<i>d'</i> :— <i>r'</i>	
<i>Hey-ya a - la - ssal-</i>	<i>ah;</i>			<i>Hey-ya a - la - ssal-</i>		
<i>m'</i> :—	<i>r', d'</i> : <i>t, d'</i>	<i>r'</i> :—	<i>d', t</i> : <i>l, t</i>	<i>d'</i> :—	<i>t, d'</i> : <i>r'</i>	
<i>ah;</i>						

\hat{t} :—	:	$m' : m't$ $d' :-.r'$ \hat{m}' —	:	
		<i>Key-ya a'-la'-fal-</i> <i>ah;</i>		
$l : l.t$ $d' :-.r'$ $m' :—$ $r' :-.d'$ $r' :—$ $d' :-.t$				
		<i>Key-ya a'-la'-fal-</i> <i>ah.</i>		
$d' :—$ $t :-.l$ $\hat{t} :—$:		:	m'
				<i>Al-</i>
$d' :—$ $r' : r'$ $\hat{m}' :—$:		:	l
<i>la-</i> <i>hu ak-</i> <i>bar.</i>				<i>Al-</i>
$d' :—$ $t.d' : r'$ $\hat{m}' :—$:		:	$m' :-.d'$
<i>la-</i> <i>hu ak-</i> <i>bar.</i>				<i>la il-</i>
$r' :-.t$ $d'td' : r'$ $\hat{t} :—$:			
<i>a- ha ill' Al-</i> <i>lah.</i>				

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.—*Prov. xxv. 11.*

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver (Revised Version.)

THERE died quite recently in Bombay, George Bowen, known in this country by his delightful volume of "Daily Meditations," and known in India as one of the saintliest of men and one of the noblest of missionaries. To men who knew him and had seen much of the world, he seemed the most perfect follower of Jesus Christ they had ever seen. He was a young man of good family and of means, and he had come to his prime a confirmed unbeliever in religion and in Christ. He had become so confirmed in his views that he was determined to read no more and talk no more about what was to him an out-worn creed not bearing to be discussed. One day

before going out for the evening to a place a few miles from his native town, he called at the town library for a book on a favourite subject, and took the volume handed to him. When he arrived he settled down for his night's reading, took up his book, and found to his disappointment and disgust that it was not the volume he had asked for at all, but Paley's *Christian Evidences*. He threw it down, resolved not to look at it, but it was a house without books, the night hours passed drearily, and as occupation even in reading what he had forsworn was pleasanter than doing nothing, he took up his book again. It took hold of him even in his determined hostility. But I can't stop to tell how he was led from his Paley to his Bible again, and from his Bible to his Saviour. In time he became a Christian missionary, and living on his own money, spent his days amongst the

natives in the Bombay bazaars, without a servant, and eating the food the natives used, giving, in a long life, himself and all that he had for the service of Christ among them. If it be samples of the Christian that men want, then the people of Bombay had a noble one in George Bowen, and who can say how many at the last shall arise and call Him blessed, all because under God a librarian one night gave him by mistake a book he did not want?

About 120 years ago a student of Cambridge was trying hard to make the name of student a mockery by the idle, extravagant, and wicked life he led. Fonder of attending fairs and frequenting the society of

actors than of his classes, he was on the high road to social and moral ruin and an early grave. He was known to be a young fellow of brilliant parts, who was wasting them in riot.

But one of his companions, suddenly as it were wakening up to a sense of the pity and the shame that a youth of such promise and gifts should run on to such an end, rose up one night and came at four in the morning to his friend's bedside to warn him, and seek to rouse him to a noble use of his great powers. That 'word in season' made him from that hour another man, and he lived to write the book that George Bowen took away.

Sunday 1787

God Almighty

*has placed before me two great objects—
the suppression of the Slave Trade
The reformation of manners.*

W. Wilberforce

WHAT is a copy of the handwriting of a very good and great man, but it isn't good writing all the same. Good writing must first of all be easy to read, just like print; secondly, it must be bonnie to look at; and thirdly, it must be characteristic, that is, it must not be the same as any other body's; just as no two men are perfectly alike.

Now, that handwriting is not plain. Shall I read it for you? "Sunday, 1787. God Almighty has placed before me two great objects—The suppression of the slave trade and the reformation of manners. W. WILBERFORCE."


Mr. Wilberforce, in spite of his bad writing, was a good man. He was well-born, a fine scholar, a

beautiful singer, and he was very rich. When he was twenty-four years old, he represented a seventh part of all England in Parliament. He was Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister's, greatest friend. But he led a very reckless life till his twenty-fifth year when he was brought to God. The change on his life was very great. His mother thought his mind was giving way! but he was still so cheery, and happy, and lovable, that a lady said, 'If this is madness, I hope he will bite us all!'

In those days there was a great traffic in slavery in our colonies. From the year 1700 to 1786 the British imported from Africa 610,000 slaves into the island of Jamaica alone. They were treated on board ship as if they were cargo. "Shipped by the grace of God, in good order, 350 souls"—that is the way the old bills of lading ran. Wilberforce was asked by a lady to take the matter in hand, and the entry in his diary given above tells us the resolution he came to. But he had to labour 45 years before he succeeded.

I hope you will be like him in his love to God, and in his pluck and perseve-


rance, and in his happy merry way with every one. But there is another thing beside his handwriting I wish you *not* to imitate him in. Never say *Sunday*, but always *Sabbath*. I can't understand why people won't say Sabbath. It is the only day in the week God gave a name to, and yet they must give it another. And Sabbath is such a pretty word. 'Sunday' has no meaning for us, but 'Sabbath' has. It means 'rest.'

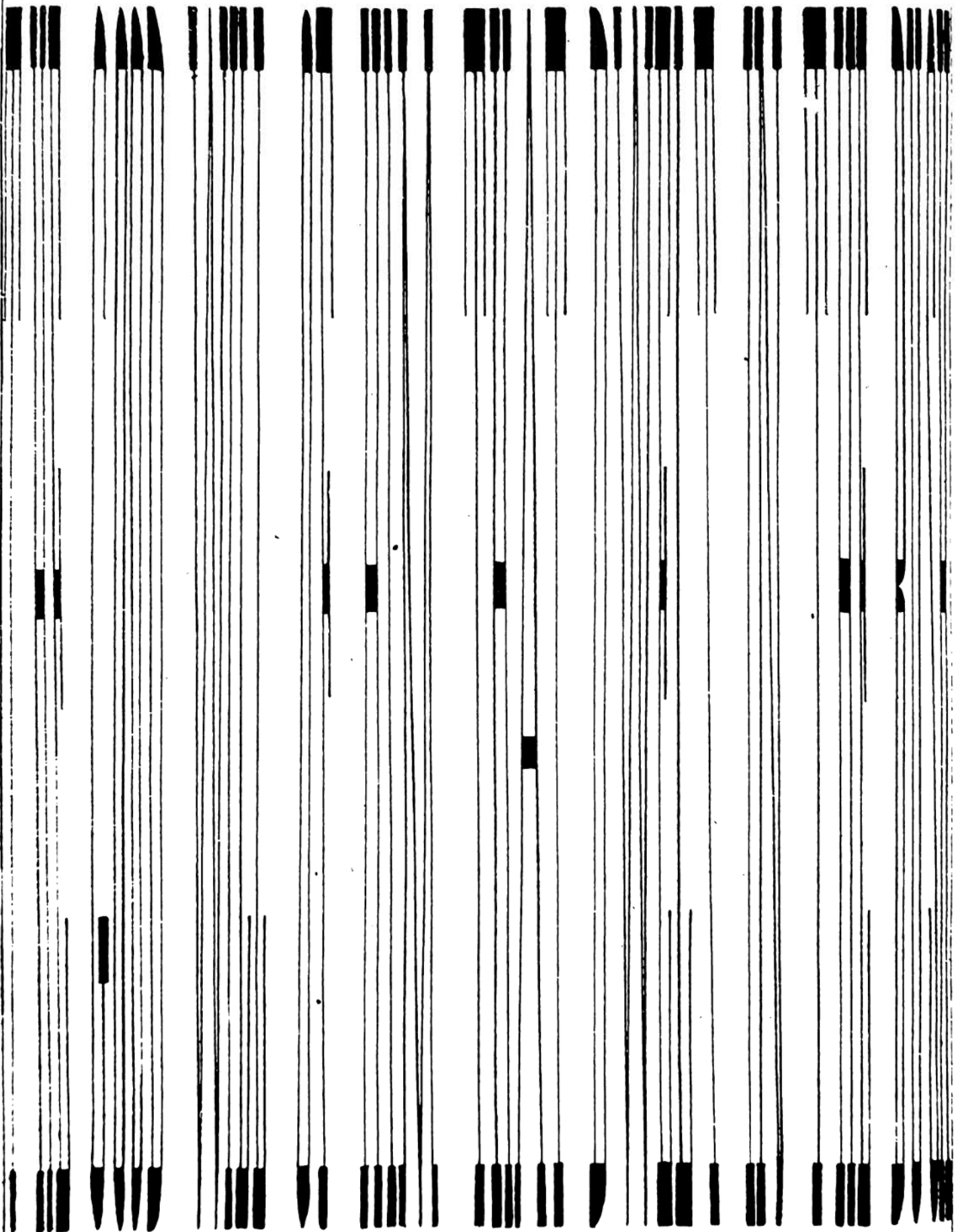


It was peeping through the brambles,
That little wild white rose,
Where the hawthorn hedge was planted,
My garden to enclose.
All beyond was fern and heather,
On the breezy open moor;
All within was sun and shelter,
And the wealth of beauty's store.
But I did not feel the fragrance
Of flow'ret or of tree,
For my eyes were on that rosebud,
And it grew too high for me.

In vain I strove to reach it,
Through the tangled mass of green,
It only smiled and nodded
Behind its thorny screen.
Yet through that summer morning,
I lingered near the spot;
Oh! why do things look sweeter
If we possess them not?
My garden buds were blooming,
But all that I could see
Was that little mocking wild rose
Hanging—just too high for me!

ELIZA FLETCHER.





The good will of Him that dwelt in the Bush.—*Deut. xxxiii. 16.*

THIS page has been blank hitherto, being only ruled and dated as a *Diary*. It has been thought better to leave it blank no longer, as very few, I am sorry to hear, have made any use of it. I am afraid the fact that so many of you have not used it proves that there are some of you who are not determined to be great!

I would have liked all boys and girls to believe that God would make every day of their life very wonderful if only they would ask Him and let Him. Most men find that out when it is too late. They see how glorious their whole life might have been just when their life is coming to a close.

It is not enough for God to do one or two marvellous things for us in sixty or seventy years. He wishes us to see His majesty and power every day. For He really loves us, and wishes to show His greatness by us and in us. The Lord's portion is His people. No man ever knew God the way Moses did; God spake unto him face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend. And the very day he died, he uses these strange words: 'The good will of Him that dwelt in the bush.' That is to say, God's will toward us is good will. God is Love. And He is very great. Yet He dwelt in a bush, a little bush in a desert, and the bush was not consumed. The little bush was able to contain God

in His glory! Does not that mean that God can show His glory in a very lowly little thing? There is no boy or girl so young but God may choose him for His habitation, and do such wonderful things for him that men will stop their very work and say, 'I will turn aside and see this great sight.'

I hope those who have begun to keep a note of the things that happen every day will persevere though they don't see yet what good it will do them, or what use it will be. Get a little book, and put the dates in yourselves. You will be very glad you did it, twenty years hence and ever after. And those who haven't kept a note of things—I wish I could persuade you to do it even yet. I know things you don't and I want you to be famous, very famous, as well as very happy. Believe me there are glorious things that have got to be done by somebody in the century before us, and they will be done not by us who are now getting old but by you who are now boys and girls, if only you are willing to serve Him and trust Him with all your might.

—o—

General Gordon was so fond of the following lines, his sister tells us in his 'Letters,' that he had a copy of them hung up in his bedroom:—

O ask not thou, How shall I bear
The burden of to-morrow?
Sufficient for the day its care,
Its evil, and its sorrow;
God imparteth by the way
Strength sufficient for the day.

THE MOON.			THE SUN RISES		SETS.
Last Quarter, . . .	1st July.		Sabbath, 1st July, at	3.33 ;	8.59.
New Moon, . . .	9th "		" 8th "	3.42 ;	8.53.
First Quarter, . . .	16th "		" 15th "	3.51 ;	8.46.
Full Moon, . . .	23rd "		" 22nd "	4.1 ;	8.37.
Last Quarter, . . .	30th "		" 29th "	4.13 ;	8.15.

1	S	I have loved Thee with an everlasting love.— <i>Jer. xxxi. 3.</i>
2	M	He hath made with me an everlasting covenant.— <i>2 Sam. xxiii. 5.</i>
3	TU	In the Lord Jehovah is an everlasting rock (R.V.)— <i>Is. xxvi. 4.</i>
4	W	Lead me in the way everlasting.— <i>Ps. cxxxix. 24.</i>
5	TH	The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.— <i>Ps. cxii. 6.</i>
6	F	Shame and everlasting contempt.— <i>Dan. xii. 2.</i>
7	S	Everlasting chains.— <i>Jude 6.</i>

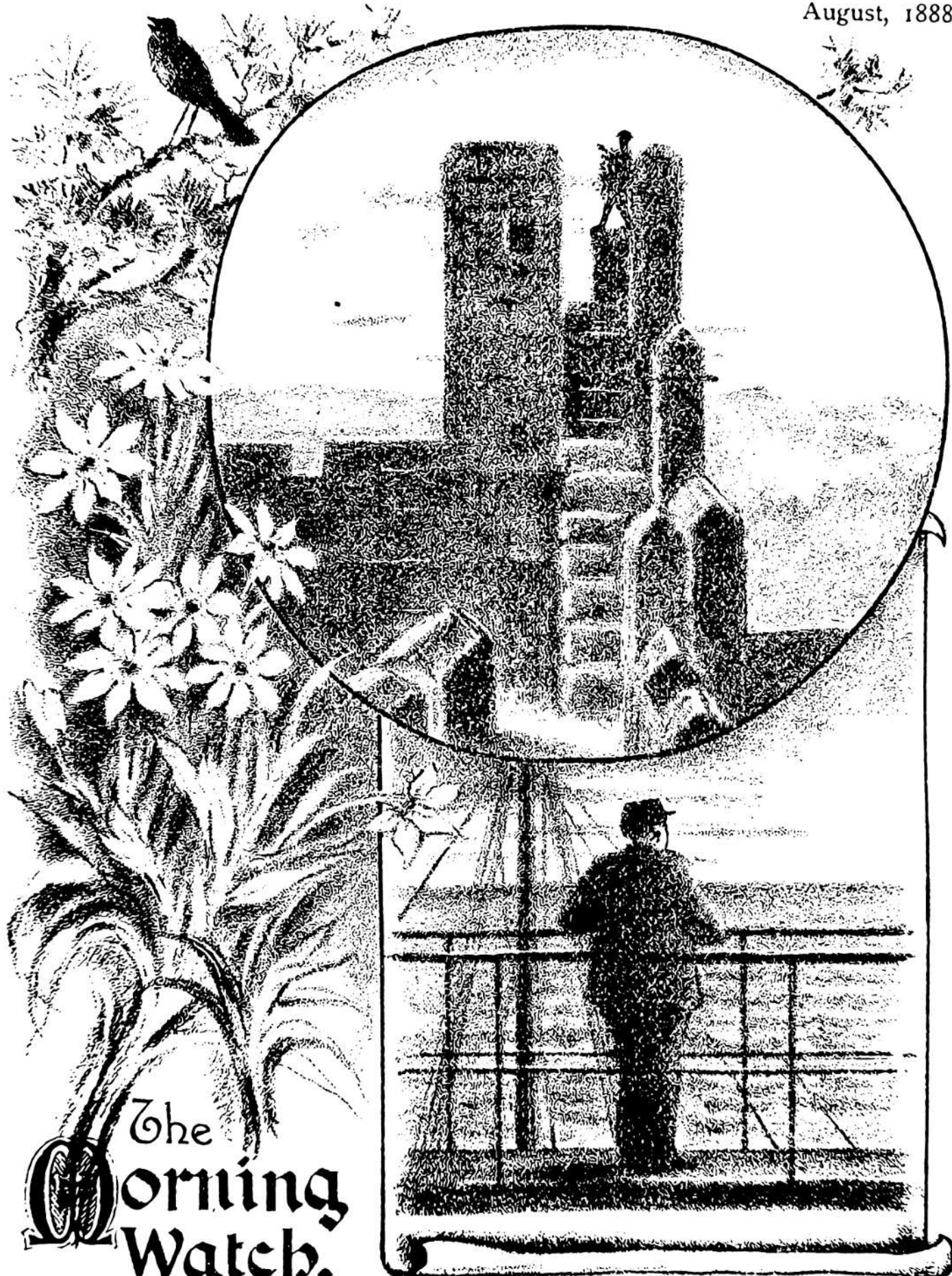
8	S	If Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us.— <i>Mark x. 22.</i>
9	M	Jesus saith unto him, If thou canst ! (R.V.)— <i>Mark x. 23.</i>
10	TU	The Lord's hand is not shortened.— <i>Is. lix. 1.</i>
11	W	Our fathers have told us what work Thou didst in their days.— <i>Ps. xlii. 1.</i>
12	TH	Hath God forgotten to be gracious?— <i>Ps. lxxvii. 9.</i>
13	F	Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.— <i>Heb. xiii. 8.</i>
14	S	Hope in God, for I shall yet praise Him.— <i>Ps. xliii. 5.</i>

15	S	Suffer the little children to come unto Me.— <i>Mark x. 14.</i>
16	M	Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord.— <i>Ps. cxxxvii. 3.</i>
17	TU	Let old men and children praise the Lord.— <i>Ps. cxlviii. 12.</i>
18	W	Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength, because of Thine enemies.— <i>Ps. viii. 2.</i>
19	TH	Children's children are the crown of old men.— <i>Prov. xvii. 6.</i>
20	F	Thou art the helper of the fatherless.— <i>Ps. x. 14.</i>
21	S	Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children.— <i>Ps. xc. 16.</i>

22	S	Ephraim is joined to idols : let him alone.— <i>Hosea iv. 17.</i>
23	M	O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee?— <i>Hosea vi. 4.</i>
24	TU	Ephraim is like a silly dove, without understanding.— <i>Hosea vii. 11.</i>
25	W	I taught Ephraim to go ; I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.— <i>Hosea xi. 3, 4.</i>
26	TH	How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together?— <i>Hosea xi. 8.</i>
27	F	I will not return to destroy Ephraim, for I am God and not man.— <i>Hosea xi. 9.</i>
28	S	I will be as the dew unto Israel. Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols?— <i>Hosea xiv. 5, 8.</i>

29	S	O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help.— <i>Hosea xiii. 9.</i>
30	M	The vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hands of the potter ; so he made it another vessel.— <i>Jer. xviii. 4.</i>
31	TU	He is a chosen vessel unto Me.— <i>Acts. ix. 15.</i>

August, 1888.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

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BIBLE QUESTIONS.

FOR JUNIORS.—1. List of Christ's Miracles connected with the Sea. 2. Women who were Gentiles mentioned in the Gospels. 3. Things to which Christ compared His disciples.

FOR SENIORS.—1. Four Promises, and 2. Four Advices, for a boy or girl leaving home. 3. Four Promises, and 4. Four Advices, for a person who thinks his prayers are unanswered.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give good answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

Juniors.

1. { AGNES STIRLING, Glasgow.
JAMES PATERSON, Leeds.
JEANIE L. PATERSON, Leeds.
Airdrie.—ROBERT R. STEVENSON.
Bailiesmills.—MARY J. CAMPBELL, SAMUEL J. CAMPBELL, AGGIE M'KEE.
Ballyclare.—FRED W. HAMILTON.
Garvagh.—DAVID LITTLEJOHN.
Glasgow.—BESSIE STIRLING, JOHN STIRLING.
Greenock.—FLORENCE GRIEVE, THOMAS W. R. DAVIDSON, DUNCAN M'NEIL, JACK RALSTON, NIOBE RALSTON.
Hamilton.—MARY MARTIN.
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Leeds.—J. POMPHREY.
Nemphlar.—W. SHIRLAW.
Port-Glasgow.—ALEX. ADAMS.
Rathfriland.—LIZZIE COPELAND.
Shandon.—ARCHIBALD B. FINLAY.
Stranraer.—ANNA B. BRADFORD, WILLIE DUFFUS.
Whithorn.—A. CULTON, JAMES C. M'KINNELL.
Wishaw.—THOMAS TUDHOPE.

Answered 1.

Stranraer.—FLORENCE MARY STEWART.

Answered 1 and 2.

Garvagh.—WILLIAM J. DALLAS.

Answered 1 and 3.

Coleraine.—ROBERT T. M. HOUSTON, JAMES D. HOUSTON.
Glasgow.—MARTHA CARMICHAEL.

Seniors.

1. { ROBERT H. M'NEIL, Greenock.
JEANIE L. PATERSON, Leeds.
MARY NEVIN WILSON, Limavady.
Airdrie.—LIZZIE S. STEVENSON, JEANIE N. TAYLOR.
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Bailiesmills.—S. D. M., AGGIE M'KEE.
Garvagh.—DAVID LITTLEJOHN.
Glasgow.—ROBERT A. ADAMS, MARION H. CAMPBELL, AGNES STIRLING.
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Hamilton.—MAGGIE K. W. MARTIN.
Kellswater.—J. THOMSON.
Whithorn.—W. R. M'KINNELL.
Wishaw.—ISABELLA NAPIER, ROBERT TELFER, ROBERT ALLAN TUDHOPE.

Answered 1 and 2.

Glasgow.—AGNES J. IRVINE.

Answered 2 and 3.

Coleraine.—CATHERINE WALLACE HOUSTON, GRACE HOUSTON.
Garvagh.—WILLIAM J. DALLAS.

INTERNATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

August 5.—The Burnt-Offering.—Lev. i. 1-9. Text, Isa. liii. 6. Quest. 94. Psalm xxxiii. 18-22.

THIS was the most important of all the Offerings; hence the brazen Altar, the most prominent place in the Tabernacle was called the Altar of Burnt-Offering. 1. The offering was presented; the worshipper must own that it stood in his stead. 2. It was slain. The suffering and death of animals is a mystery God will explain to us hereafter. But the killing of the sacrifice showed that sin could only be atoned by suffering; it is not a thing to be lightly got rid of. The Passover Lamb had to be kept in the house four days before it was slain; in that time the little children of the household would get to love it; and when the time came that it must die there would be tears. God Himself had to see His Own Son crucified before sin could be forgiven. 3. The blood was sprinkled. The Jews, unlike us, associated blood with life. The sprinkling meant the "dedication to God of a life which had been reached through death." (Dr. Monro Gibson's Mosaic Era.) 4. The sacrifice was burnt. Burning meant not destruction, as in the case of sin-offerings, but acceptance with God, as in the case of incense.

August 12.—The Day of Atonement.—
 Lev. xvi. 1-16. Text, Heb. ix. 22.
 Quest. 95. Psalm li. 1-3.

IN the death of Christ for us every divine attribute is shown in its utmost perfection. The sacrifices of the law could at most typify only one view of His character; being finite things they could only show us a little bit of the infinite. But in the Great Day of Atonement we have an unusually glorious series of types of God's love and God's holiness. It was the only day in the year on which the Holy of Holies was entered. It was a day of fasting and sorrow. There was no one but was anxious. So it was a dark day when the Veil of the Temple was rent. The people were not allowed to come near the Tabernacle that day. They stood afar off; they had no right and no heart to draw nigh till the way was opened up. The High Priest had to put off his glorious purple and blue and scarlet robes and draw near to God in the white raiment of a common priest. His hands were full of sweet incense, the type of prayer; incense "beaten small," the type of prayer offered up in agony, every word felt and weighed. Two goats were needed, the one to show Christ died, the other to show that sin is forgiven and forgotten. The goat was led away by a fit person into a land not inhabited. The Lamb of God *taketh away* the sin of the world. What a mystery the Divine forgetfulness of sin! And when all this was done the High Priest put on his glorious robes with the onyx stones and the breast-plate. Christ suffered and then entered into His glory to make continual intercession for us.

August 19.—The Feast of Tabernacles.—
 Lev. xxiii. 33-44. Text, Psalm cxviii.
 15. Quest. 96. Psalm li. 6, 7.

NOTICE how many of the sacred seasons in the Old Testament are arranged and founded on the Sabbath, the Festival of the Creation. The seventh day, the Sabbath; the feast of the seventh week, Pentecost; of the seventh month, the Feast of Tabernacles; the seventh year, the rest or Sabbath of the fields; and at the end of seven times seven years, the Jubilee. Two feast are contrasted, the

Passover, marking the beginning of the deliverance from Egypt, and the Feast of Tabernacles the completion of it and the happy settlement in the land of promise.

This feast was meant to recall the time when Israel dwelt in the wilderness in tents, with the cloud over their heads as a shade, and manna from heaven for food. This was the harvest feast. "Who gave you your bread this morning?" a teacher asked a boy in his class. "My mother," the boy said. "But who gave it to your mother?" "The baker." "Yes, but who gave it to the baker?" "The miller, I suppose." "Well, but who gave it to the miller?" "The farmer." "And who gave it to the farmer?" "God," the boy answered reverently, though he had to go so far to get to the point. And in this feast God wished Israel to see that the leaves with which they shaded their booths were as truly signs of His presence as the cloud and the harvest of the ground, as purely His gift as the manna from heaven.

Israel was at home in Canaan, but the yearly dwelling in tabernacles told them that even this goodly land was not their rest. But as they all dwelt in tents it made them brotherly, and helped to reduce pride and social differences. The land and the harvest were God's, and so were they. "The land is Mine for ye are strangers and sojourners with Me."

*August 26.—The Pillar of Cloud and of Fire.—*Num. ix. 15-23. Text, Psalm xliii. 3. Quest. 97. Psalm li. 8-10.

THIS is a great sight: a whole nation marching and resting at the word of divine command, going on a journey all mapped out by God. Should we like this, always to be sure that we were right, at every turn, at every step, that the Lord led us on? This nation was in its infancy, and needed to see that God's arms were round it before it could walk, as a child needs in its first lessons in walking. This cloud was light and protection for Israel. So ever "The Lord God is a sun and shield," and though he cannot see the Guide "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

When the cloud came down and rested on them they stopped their march. We

should not go about with clouds on us. We see things in a bad light, and are unjust. We say ill of men rashly, we get others to take our wrong views, while if we had prayed or waited till our bad mood passed the harm would only have been to ourselves. If our faith is under a cloud we

should not go about speaking and spread our doubts, but fight against them, and be quiet, and wait till the cloud "lifts." We should not go about with a clouded and peevish temper, else we may do mischief, but wait and master it.



THE CASTLE OF SAINT ANDREWS.

THIS Castle, built more than 700 years ago, stands on a rock that overhangs the sea. It is now in ruins, but it is famous in Scottish history. In it George Wishart, one of the martyrs of the First Reformation, spent his last night on earth. Through its gates he was led forth, his hands bound behind his back, a chain about his waist, a rope about his neck, and bags of gunpowder tied round his body. And then being fastened to the stake he kissed his executioner in token of forgiveness, and com-

mended himself to God, crying with a loud voice these words, "O Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me. Father of Heaven, I commend my spirit into Thy holy hands." The executioner thereupon kindled the fire, and the powder in the bags blew up. The Captain of the Castle seeing he was still alive came near and bade him be of good courage. To which he answered, "This flame hath scorched my body, yet it hath not daunted my spirit." While all this was going on, Cardinal Beaton and some other Romish priests sat at one of the Castle windows that had been hung with tapestry and fitted with rich cushions for the

occasion, enjoying the spectacle. This happened on the 1st of March, 1546; on the 28th May after, Cardinal Beaton was himself put to death as Mr. Wishart had foretold; "He who from yonder place beholdeth us with such pride shall within a few days lie in the same, as ignominiously as he is now seen proudly to rest himself."

In this Castle John Knox lived some time, lecturing in the Chapel to his pupils on the Gospel according to John. Here too he dispensed the Lord's Supper to the garrison and others who had renounced Popery, this being the first time the ordinance had been publicly observed in Scotland in the Protestant manner.

When the Castle fell into the hands of the French in 1547 he was one of the prisoners who were taken. He was put on board one of their galleys, loaded with chains, and condemned to work at the oar. The year after, his galley came back to Scotland and cruised off the East Coast, on the look-out for English vessels. Knox had been seized with fever, and his life despaired of. But, as his bitterest enemies allowed, his courage never failed. One day their ship was lying off the coast between St. Andrews and Dundee. Mr. (afterwards Sir) James Balfour pointed to the spires of St. Andrews and asked him if he knew the place. "Yes," said he, "I know it well; for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to His glory; and I am fully persuaded, how weak soever I now appear, that I shall not depart this life, till that

my tongue shall glorify His godly name in the same place." And come back and glorify God he did in that place, and others, as Mr. Froude says, "to some purpose." There he spent the latter part of his life. "Mr. Knox would sometimes come in," says James Melville in his diary, "and repast him in our college yard, and call us scholars unto him and bless us, and exhort us to know God, and His work in our country, and stand by the good cause, to use our time well, and learn the good instructions and follow the good example of our masters." "On the Sabbath and other days," continues James Melville, "I heard him teach the prophecies of Daniel. I had my pen and my little book, and took away such things as I could comprehend. In the opening up of his text he was moderate the space of an half hour; but when he entered to application, he made me so to grue and tremble, that I could not hold a pen to write. He was very weak. I saw him every day of his doctrine (that is, whenever he preached) go hylie and fear (that is, slowly and cautiously), with a furring of marticks round his neck, a staff in the one hand, and good, godly Richard Ballenden, his servant, holding up the other oxter, from the Abbey to the Parish Kirk, and by the said Richard and another servant, lifted up to the pulpit, where he behaved to lean at his first entry, but, ere he had done with his sermon, he was so active and vigorous, that he was like to ding the pulpit in blads and fly out of it."



RAMESSES II., THE PHARAOH WHO OPPRESSED THE ISRAELITES.

From a Photograph taken by the Egyptian Exploration Society.

RAMESSES II.

THE pictures of Abraham and Moses, and the apostles, that you find in some Bibles and story books, are all quite imaginary, made out of men's heads. And this is specially true of portraits of our Saviour. We have no idea what He was like, and I think it is very wrong of men to make pictures of Him. However skilful the artist may be, he can never in the very least degree represent the infinite holiness and love of Him who was the very Image of the Father.

The Pharaoh who commanded the Israelites to cast their children into the river Nile is the only person spoken of in the Bible of whom we have a perfect portrait. We have not only in many parts of Egypt the huge statues of himself which he set up in his lifetime, but we have his very body. His mummy was found 7 years ago, and the bandages taken off two years ago. The illustration given above is a copy of the photograph of his head taken at the time.

Rameses—one of the cities built by the Israelites was named after him—was one of the three greatest kings Egypt ever had. His father, Seti, built the pillared hall of Karnak, which is acknowledged to be "the most splendid single chamber ever built by man, and, even in its ruins, one of the grandest sights the world contains." Rameses was also a great builder, but his most famous works are four enormous images of himself, each 70 feet in height, the largest any man ever got

made in history. And is it not strange that his body, of all men's, should be brought to light 3,400 years after, to show that he was but "6 foot" of clay after all?

He was a man of great personal bravery. There is one exploit of his in particular that is the chief point of the great poem of that age, and one that is recorded over and over again on the walls of his grandest buildings. It was at Kadesh when he fought against the Hittites. His chariot, guided by his charioteer, had broken through the front rank of the enemy, but his warriors had not been able to follow him, and he found himself alone surrounded by 2,500 hostile chariots. The unequal combat lasted for some time, but till help came he seems to have fought nobly. "I hurled the dart with my right hand," says an inscription, "I fought with my left hand; I was like Baal in his fury against them. I had come upon two thousand five hundred pairs of horses; I was in the midst of them; but they were dashed in pieces before my steeds. As crocodiles fall into the water, so I made them fall; they tumbled headlong one over another. I killed them at my pleasure, so that not one of them looked back behind him."

He reigned sixty-six years and lived nearly a hundred.

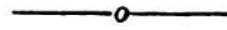
The body, when stripped of its wrappings, was in a wonderful state of preservation. The hair had been grey, but was stained with the substances used in the embalming. He had been a man about six feet in height, strong to the very last. M.

Masparo, who examined the body, inferred from marks on the skull that he had been killed by the blow of an axe on the field of battle. His father's mummy was unwrapped at the same time. The faces of father and son were found to resemble each other very closely. "The nose, mouth, chin, in short all the features, are the same; but in the father they are more refined and more intelligent."

The Egyptians embalmed not only all their dead and their very criminals even, but also cats and bulls and other animals. The process of embalming a human body took 70 days, and cost several hundreds of pounds when well done. The men who prepared the corpse for the spices were greatly looked down on, and after they had done their work, were cursed and stoned, for it was reckoned a shameful thing to injure the human frame. The body was always wrapped in linen; each finger, toe, limb, first separately, and then finally the whole body was enveloped in countless bandages. People used to save up linen for the purpose, the quantity needed being very great. From 700 to 1,250 yards, in stripes of three to four inches wide, have often been unrolled.

What a wonderful thing the rising of the dead at last will be! Our faces will then be like what they are now, and we shall know one another, and yet we shall be changed; and if we are God's sons and daughters we shall be glorified; we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And even now, if we lead

holy lives, there will be signs on our faces of the glory that is daily coming nearer.



In plowing time and in harvest thou shalt rest.—Exodus xxxiv. 21.
Revised Version.

OLD DAVID HOPE lived on a little farm close by Solway shore, a mile or two east of Annan. A wet country, with late harvests, which are sometimes incredibly difficult to save. Ten days continuously pouring; then a day, perhaps two days, of drought—part of them, it may be, of roaring wind—during which the moments are golden for you, and perhaps you had better work all night, as presently there will be deluges again. David's stuff, one such morning, was all standing dry again, ready to be saved still if he stood to it, *which was much his intention*. Breakfast (wholesome hasty porridge) was soon over, and next in course came family worship—what they call taking the Book (or Books, *i.e.*, taking your Bible, psalm and chapter always part of the service). David was putting on his spectacles when somebody rushed in. "Such a raging wind risen as will drive the stooks (shocks) into the sea if let alone." "Wind!" answered David, "wind canna get ae straw that has been appointed mine. Sit down and let us worship God" (that rides in the whirlwind)!

Carlyle's Reminiscences.



WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

PLUCK not the wayside flower,
 It is the traveller's dower ;
 A thousand passers by
 Its beauties may espy,
 May win a touch of blessing
 From nature's mild caressing.
 The sad of heart perceives
 A violet under leaves
 Like some fresh budding hope ;
 The primrose on the slope
 Like spots of sunshine dwells,
 And cheerful message tells
 Of kind renewing power ;
 The nodding blue bell's dye
 Is drawn from happy sky.

Then spare the wayside flower !
 It is the traveller's dower.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM
(Day and Night Songs.)

A man who had no money was going through one of the great "Fairs" that used to be so common where every kind of thing was lying out for sale, and when he passed through the crowds standing round the booths and stalls, he said, "What a lot of things there are in the world that I don't want !"

WAR.

It shall come to pass, in the last days, that nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.—

Is. ii. 2-4.

IN the American Civil War between the Northern and Southern States, 1861-1865, the North lost 197,825 soldiers. All these are buried in the national cemeteries. More than 20,000 others are known to have perished, though their graves cannot be traced. There were ten battles in which more than 10,000 men were killed on each side. General Sherman's famous march cost him and the enemy 125,000 lives, and General Grant's peninsula campaign, 180,000. In one battle, Gettysburg, forty men out of every hundred were killed.

—o—
"October 28, 1885, Wednesday.— (Seventh day's prison.) A terrible night, first with noisy, drunken guard; and, secondly, with vermin, which have found out my tent, and swarm. I don't think I got one sound hour's sleep, and woke with fever fast developing. O Lord, do have mercy upon me, and release me. I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading Psalm xxvii.

"In an hour or two fever developed very rapidly. My tent was so stuffy that I was obliged to go inside the filthy hut, and soon was delirious. Much comforted by Psalm xxviii.

*"October 29, Thursday.—*I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet."—*Hannington's Diary.* He was murdered next day, aged 38.

High up—seven or eight stairs—in one of the tall houses in the old town of Edinburgh a mother was wrapping her sick boy round with newspapers, one winter evening, to eke out her scanty stock of blankets and keep him warm. The boy could see the snow falling, and it looked hard and cold outside. As she was giving the covering another "tuck in" the little boy looked up at her and said, "Mother, I wonder what poor boys div (do) that has nae kind mothers to hap them like me."

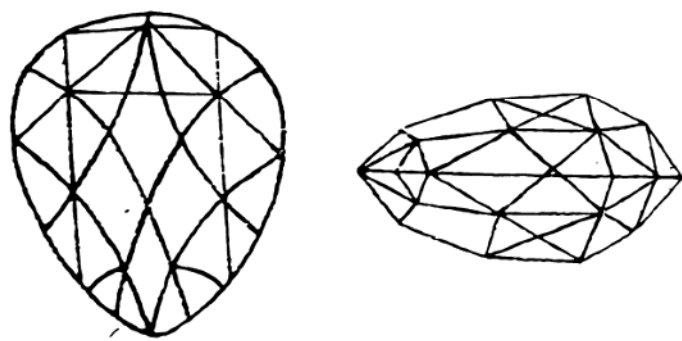
—o—
 Dr. Leifchild tells us that he was asked to go and see an old minister, a friend of his, whose health had given way. When he went in he saw the old man with his wife and daughter sitting beside him. Dr. Leifchild saw at once that mind as well as body had given way for he was acting like a child and asking pitifully for sweetmeats. The doctor asked his old friend if he knew him, but he just looked up blankly in his face and asked again for sweets. He was greatly pained at the sight, but the daughter said if he asked about the Bible or about Christ he would see a difference. Turning round to him then he said, "If you do not know me, do you know Jesus?" Then at once the dazed look left the old saint's face and light came into his eye as he answered with all the vigour of a man :—

Jesus, my Lord, I know *His* Name,
 His Name is all my boast;
 Nor will He put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

THE STORY OF THE SANCY DIAMOND.

DIAMONDS are the hardest as well as the most precious of all known substances. If one had boots or shoes made of them, a single pair, I suppose, would last 6,000 years, and then be as good as new! But there is no good wishing for things one cannot get. Diamonds are guarded very carefully, and yet they may be lost and disappear for hundreds of years; but it is hardly possible that they can be destroyed. Most famous diamonds, therefore—and there are not more than twenty such in the whole world — have curious histories.



SIDE VIEW.

There, for example, is the Sancy Diamond whose shape and size are roughly given in the illustration. It is about the same weight as a penny, you could put it in a thimble, (it is at present to be seen in the Indian Court of the Glasgow Exhibition), and yet we can tell its history for 400 years. Castles in that time have fallen into ruins, and palaces

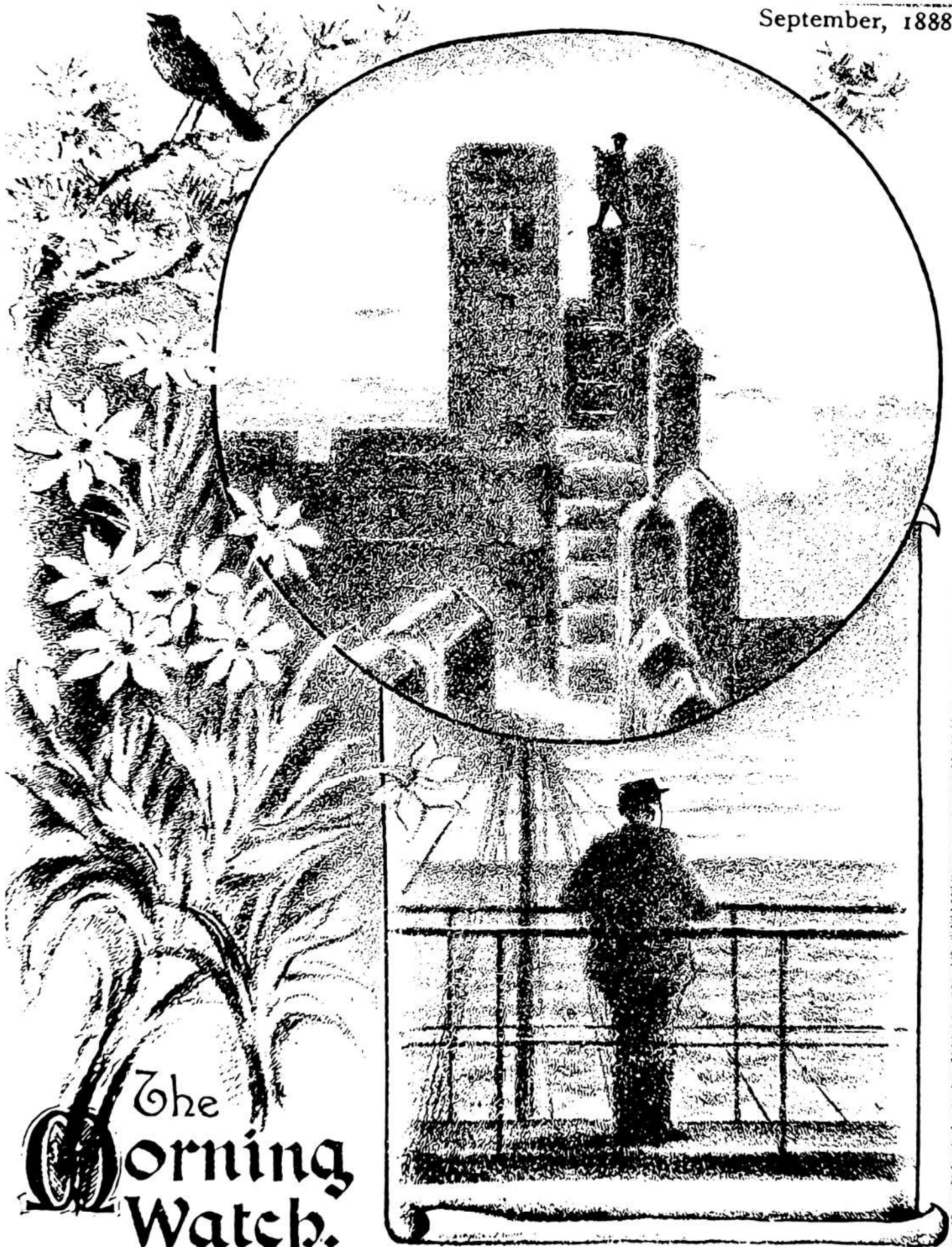
have been burnt, and fortresses razed to the ground, and mountains have disappeared, and empires have risen and passed away and almost been forgotten, and that little stone remains as perfect and as beautiful as ever. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, the last of the great French vassals who resisted the French monarchy, wore it in his hat at the siege of Nancy, when he lost his life, 5th January, 1477. A Swiss soldier found it and sold it for two shillings or so. It was afterwards bought by the King of Portugal, and then sold by him to a Frenchman, the Baron de Sancy. He sent it back to the King — though the story is variously told—by a trusty servant, who, being waylaid and attacked by robbers, had only time to swallow it before he was killed. The robbers were disappointed of their prey; but the King, knowing the servant's faithfulness, caused his body to be opened, and found "that which had been committed to his care."

The stone came later on into the hands of James II. of England. He sold it to Louis IV. of France for £25,000. It disappeared during the French Revolution a hundred years ago, but turned up this century in the possession of a Russian Prince who sold it some years ago for £20,000 to a distinguished Parsee merchant and philanthropist, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy. But whatever its beauty and value may be, its greatest glory is due to this, that it is the diamond of the poor servant who was "faithful unto death."

THE MOON.		THE SUN RISES		SETS.
New Moon,	7th August.	Sabbath, 5th August, at	4.32 ;	7.40.
First Quarter,	14th "	" 12th "	4.42 ;	7.27.
Full Moon,	21st "	" 19th "	4.52 ;	7.13.
Last Quarter,	29th "	" 26th "	5.3 ;	6.59.

1	W	While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.— <i>Genesis viii. 22.</i>
2	TH	Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.— <i>Galatians vi. 7.</i>
3	F	The harvest is the end of the world and the reapers are the angels.— <i>Matthew xiii. 39.</i>
4	S	He will gather His wheat into the garner.— <i>Matthew iii. 12.</i>
5	S	I will sing to My wellbeloved a song of My beloved touching His vineyard.— <i>Isaiah v. 1.</i>
6	M	He planted it with the choicest vine.— <i>Isaiah v. 2.</i>
7	TU	He looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes.— <i>Isaiah v. 2.</i>
8	W	What could have been done more to My vineyard that I have not done in it?— <i>Isaiah v. 4.</i>
9	TH	I will lay it waste ; it shall not be pruned nor digged.— <i>Isaiah v. 6.</i>
10	F	Lord, let it alone this year also.— <i>Luke xiii. 8.</i>
11	S	Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine.— <i>Psalms lxxx. 14.</i>
12	S	Which of you convicteth me of sin?— <i>John viii. 46 (Revised Version).</i>
13	M	This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.— <i>Matthew iii. 17.</i>
14	TU	I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God.— <i>Luke iv. 34.</i>
15	W	Then said Pilate, I find no fault in this Man.— <i>Luke xxiii. 4.</i>
16	TH	No, nor yet Herod.— <i>Luke xxiii. 15.</i>
17	F	The chief priests and elders, and all the council, sought false witness against Jesus, but found none.— <i>Matthew xxvi. 59.</i>
18	S	When the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly This was a righteous Man.— <i>Luke xxiii. 47.</i>
19	S	All things work together for good to them that love God.— <i>Romans viii. 28.</i>
20	M	There shall no evil happen to the just.— <i>Proverbs xii. 21.</i>
21	TU	Ye meant evil against me, but God meant it for good.— <i>Genesis I. 20 (R. V.).</i>
22	W	We glory in tribulations also.— <i>Romans v. 3.</i>
23	TH	We are not ignorant of Satan's devices.— <i>2 Corinthians ii. 11.</i>
24	F	The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever.— <i>Psalms cxlvi. 11.</i>
25	S	I will not remember thy sins.— <i>Isaiah xlii. 25.</i>
26	S	Give the more diligence to make your calling and election sure.— <i>2 Peter i. 10 (R. V.).</i>
27	M	The people had a mind to work.— <i>Nehemiah iv. 6.</i>
28	TU	He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster.— <i>Proverbs xviii. 9.</i>
29	W	The slothful saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets.— <i>Proverbs xxii. 13.</i>
30	TH	The slothful hideth his hand in his bosom.— <i>Proverbs xxvi. 15.</i>
31	F	The slothful shall be put under taskwork.— <i>Proverbs xii. 24 (R. V.).</i>

September, 1888.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

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BIBLE QUESTIONS.

FOR JUNIORS.—1. Names of Old Testament Prophets mentioned in Matthew. 2. Write out three Promises from the book of Malachi.

FOR SENIORS.—1. Names of Saints who lost heart at times. 2. Five texts suitable for a boy or girl going back to school.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give good answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

Juniors.

Airdrie.—ROBERT R. STEVENSON.
 Bailiesmills.—MARY J. CAMPBELL, SAMUEL J. CAMPBELL.
 Ballyclare.—FRED W. HAMILTON.
 Garvagh.—W. J. DALLAS.
 Glasgow.—BESSIE STIRLING, AGNES STIRLING, JOHN STIRLING.
 Govan.—J. IRWIN.
 Greenock.—MARY G. M'NEIL, JEANIE KIRKWOOD, WILLIE KIRKWOOD.
 Leeds.—J. POMPHREY, JEANIE L. PATERSON, JAMES PATERSON.
 Port Glasgow.—ALEX. ADAMS.
 Stranraer.—WILLIE DUFFUS, ANNA BELLA BRADFORD, NO NAME.
 Whithorn.—J. C. M'KINNEIL, ALEX. CULTON.
 Wishaw.—THOMAS TUDHOPE.

Seniors.

1. JESSIE M'KELLAR, Greenock.
 Airdrie.—JEANIE N. TAYLOR, LIZZIE S. STEVENSON.
 Belvedere, Kent.—ELIZABETH YUILL.
 Crosshill.—R. A. ADAMS.
 Garvagh.—W. J. DALLAS.
 Glasgow.—THOMAS M'KEE, AGNES STIRLING.
 Greenock.—ARCHIBALD M'NEIL.
 Kellswater.—JAMES THOMSON.
 Leeds.—JEANIE L. PATERSON.
 Wishaw.—ROBERT ALLAN TUDHOPE, ROBERT TUDHOPE.

INTERNATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Sept. 2.—The Spies sent into Canaan.—
 Numb. xiii. 17-33. Text, Numb. xiii.
 30. Quest. 98. Ps. li. 11-13.

THE sending of the Spies appears here as the act of Moses. But from Deut. i. 22, we see that it was done at the request of the people. Moses' consent no more argued fear of the enemy than his request to Hobab to join the camp and "be to the people instead of eyes" meant any doubt of the Lord's guidance. The report of the majority of the spies was caused very likely by their keeping at a very safe distance from the fortified towns and the giant guards who so terrified them. Their fears made them see all difficulties large. Caleb, who gave such a different report, is said (xiv. 24) to have been a man of "another spirit." It was the man with the right spirit who saw aright. He saw the difficulties, but he remembered the strength of Israel.

The same differences of report are still made to the church. The mighty forces of evil in the world, some men say, we can never meet, wicked practices in trade, oppression, soul-destroying customs, the great heathen world. It is a grand idea—the world for Christ. But evil is strong and dies hard, it has walled cities of "vested interests," human nature is human nature—"they be too strong for us." Men like Caleb, "of another spirit," know all about this, but they remember that Christ has got the world—the heathen—for His inheritance, and that "He must reign."

September 9.—The Unbelief of the people.—
 Num. xiv. 1-10. Text, Heb. iii. 19.
 Quest. 99. Psalm li. 16-17.

THE history of the final rebellion and rejection of Israel is the history of nine boys and girls out of every ten. God wants every one of us to have a very honourable and glorious life in this world, full of every kind of happiness. And when we are little He tells us of the happiness of being good, but we won't believe Him, and we won't believe people who give us good advice. We think they just want to preach

at us and keep us from having any fun. And God begs us to believe Him, and gives us His oath that we shall not lack any good thing if we love Him. And there comes a solemn day in our life, when we are from 15 to 20. We are sorely tempted to do something that we know to be wrong. God keeps us from it, by His providence, again and again. We can't find a fitting opportunity; but our hearts are set on the sin, and at last, in spite of our own vows and the terrible forebodings of our own consciences, we rush into the sin; and the very next hour we would give the world not to have done it. But, though by God's grace we have not lost the life to come, we have lost the greatest joys of life here. Instead of being happy all our days, we carry a great sorrow for 10, or 20, or 30 years. Instead of making our mark in the world, and being as happy as God can make us, we have to lead miserable, unhappy, or, at the best, commonplace lives. "For every day a year" (verse 34). A forger spends 20 years in penal servitude, and it took him only 2 minutes to forge the signature. The sin of half-an-hour spoils, ruins a whole life; yes, but that one half-hour's sin was the result of a thousand bad thoughts, and a thousand broken vows, and a thousand rejected warnings. "It is an inexorable law of human souls that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character." (*George Eliot's "Romola."*)

Sept. 16.—The Smitten Rock.—Numb. xx. 1-13. Text, 1 Cor. x. 4. Quest. 100. Ps. lvii. 1.

AFTER thirty-eight years the people came back to Kadesh. All these years they had been wandering under judgment, but still under God's care. Now, though God had said they should not themselves enter the land of promise for their sin, we read that "the children of Israel, even the whole congregation," abode in Kadesh. There is no hint here that "the whole congregation" has been so changed in the time. Take an old Directory—forty years old—see who were ministers, doctors, lawyers, in the place then, and how few of them remain, and you will have some idea of the change by which God was so silently fulfilling His word.

Some of the greatest names are still here however. Miriam's is. We just see it going. The last we heard of her was her sin. Now it is her death. That sin was forty years old, yet it is always sad when the last we hear about any one is not good. But Miriam was a godly woman, and we are not to judge any one by the last we know or hear of him.

We often know a son by his gait, some trick of manner or speech. It is just his father's. The congregation of Israel had changed, but we know the children from their fathers. They are murmuring just like them. Moses was wearied out with them. His sin lay in his passion. The glory of God is His mercy and long-suffering and love. And it was this love of His that God from all eternity wished men to see. No man knew God the way Moses did, or was so like God. The people with all their faults looked upon him as a man who showed them what God was, and when he broke into wild passion, it was God's character, not Moses', that would have suffered, had God not punished him. Every one of us represents God: every father should be like The Father in heaven, very tender and pitiful; every master and mistress should be like Him who calls Himself Our Lord and Master; every husband should show his wife how Christ loved His body the church; sanctifying God means glorifying Him, showing what He is.

Sept. 23.—Death and Burial of Moses.—Deut. xxxiv. 1-12. Text, Prov. iv. 18. Quest. 101. Ps. lvii. 2, 3.

WHAT looks like judgment is often only our human view of a blessing. Nearly the whole of this book is a parting testimony—a summary of the whole history over which Moses lingered as if loth to be done speaking of the work of the Lord, as if loth, too, to leave the people. It looks very hard to see Moses denied entrance to Canaan. The people had thought most about their food and their water. They lived for the day and for themselves. Moses had borne long with their stubbornness. He had lived for them and for God. Now they were to enter in and enjoy the good land—he was not to set foot on it.

There was an element of judgment in this, but it was judgment on a true servant of God, and so it was only the other side of a mercy. We often see a man spend his life in a cause, and though he brings it to the very brink of success, he does not live to see it. Only a narrow stream of popular indifference and popular prejudice has to be forded and very common men compared with him with nothing like the interest he had in it, and doing nothing like the work he did for it, easily wade through to the goodly land of favour and success. Or a man after a life-long battle with poverty and misfortune is just in sight of peace—his family too are growing up able to help him—when he falls sick and has to go.

But for good men the mystery of all this is because we are thinking of ourselves or of earthly comforts, and are forgetting what He said, Who knows best what heaven is, what the best of all blessedness is—that men might be with Him where He is and behold His glory.

No life in the Bible is given us so fully as that of Moses. We read of him as a child three months old; we know the great periods of his life; forty years in Egypt, forty years a shepherd, forty years the leader of the host of God. And then he dies, and God with His Own Hand buries him. But the gospels tell us—and it is no doubt to this that Jude refers—that God raised him from the dead to accompany Elijah to meet Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration. And the last book of the Bible tells us of his honour and joy in heaven. The first time we saw him, "Behold the babe wept;" the last time we see him, "They sing the song of Moses and the Lamb."

—o—

Sept. 30.—Review of the Lessons.—Text, Ps. cxix. 105. Ps. lvii. 9-11.

—o—

Oct. 7.—The Commission of Joshua.—Josh. i. 1-9. Text, Eph. vi. 14. Quest. 102. Ps. xxxvi. 5-7.

—o—

No man is so ready for a quarrel with another as he who has a quarrel with himself. — *Dr. John Ker.*

TRAVELLING IN CHINA.

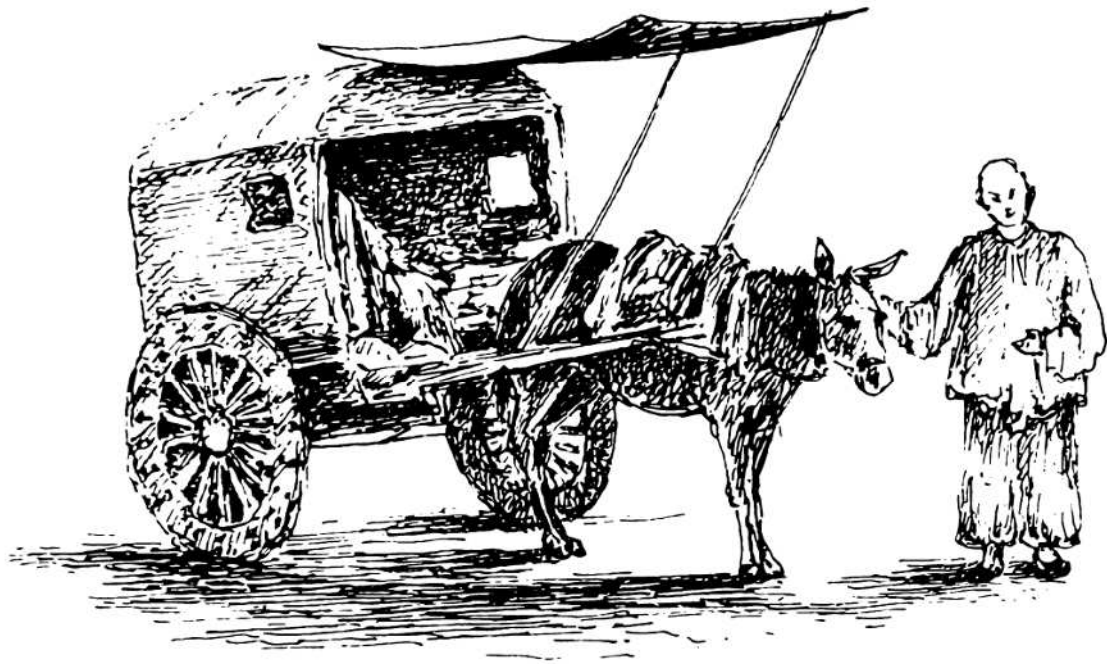
(*Extract from a Letter.*)

Peking, Friday Morning,
20th April.

My dear W.,

We are now, you see, in the Capital of China. This letter is to be posted at the Russian Embassy, and if it ever reaches you must do so by way of Mongolia, Siberia, Russia, Germany, and France. It will be carried by couriers on camels, and dromedaries, and mules, and should be delivered in about the same time as if it went by way of Shanghai, Singapore, Ceylon, and the Suez Canal, or by way of Shanghai, Yokohama, and New York. There is no railway on the road till it reaches the frontiers of Russia. And now, if you turn up to Esther 8. 10-14, you will be able to compare me with king Ahasuerus, and I hope that whensoever my letter comes, you will have joy and gladness, a feast, and a good day.

Yesterday morning we had 80 *li*, or 27 miles, still to go. We rode pretty hard, never resting till we were seven miles from Peking. It was very warm whilst they were watering the horses. B. and G. got the men to empty a pail or two of water over their heads, to the great amusement of the people. The Chinese are much nicer looking up here; they have rosy cheeks, and are not yellow like those in the south of the country. When we were resting, we had great fun. A number of boys gathered round the door, and we told them anecdotes in English, sometimes putting in a Chinese-sounding word like Shang



hai, and they nodded and laughed, as if they understood every word we said! We set off again, and came the last three miles very quickly. In the suburbs of the city we passed a great many graves and temples. At the gate we found a number of loiterers, but we quietly passed through, the passports which we had got for a dollar each from the Consul at Tientsin, being never asked for. This took us through the first wall into the Chinese City. Then a mile and a half's ride, till we came to the outer gate which led into the Tartar City. Here there was a tremendous jam of horses and mules and carts. It seemed almost impossible that we should ever get through at all, and quite impossible that we should do so safely, but get through we did. We found ourselves in a large open square, and another gate right ahead, but the crush here was much less. Then

we turned up some side streets and down a narrow lane, till we came to a big gate. So we knocked, and one opened, who asked us whence we had come and what we would. Then we told him of our journey, and that we wished to abide in his house. Whereupon he bade us welcome, and gave orders that we should be housed. And so it came to pass that we were entered within the gates and dwelt in the City of the Celestials.

After resting for a little, we set out to take a walk on the city wall. The Chinese themselves are not allowed up, though foreigners are, strange to say. The natives, I fancy, are supposed to be well enough aware of the greatness of their capital, but strangers cannot be too much impressed. Doesn't God also deal that way with men? Aren't bad men often ever so much cleverer than good men? And is



ONE OF THE GATES OF PEKING.

not that just God giving them a special glimpse of His glory that they may be won to His love? Didn't Balaam see in some ways even further into the purpose of God than Moses himself?

We gave a little money to the guards and so got up. The wall is 60 feet high, with roads up to it here and there. It is 50 feet broad. The top is paved with stones, and on each side there are bulwarks, 8 feet high, with embrasures on either side, every 12 feet or so, through which we could look down. In the middle the way was quite clear; at the sides there were grass and roots of bushes cropping up here and there. There was a pagoda tower with old guns every few hundred yards. We walked as far as the famous Observatory and had a good view of the Emperor's palaces in the "Forbidden City," a place into which no Chinese or foreigners, other than Court officials, are ever admitted.

The streets of Peking are in frightful order. They have been paved long ago with huge granite slabs 4 feet by $1\frac{1}{2}$, but many of these have sunk 18 or 20 inches, and parts of them broken away. And when these holes are filled with water, for it rains in China as well as in Scotland, riding is somewhat hazardous. The Chinese don't believe in mending things! They have to make their carts tremendously strong, the wheels so full of rivets that they could almost carry siege artillery.

I wish you saw some of the country roads. We passed a cart laden with grain up to the axles in

a quagmire. The mule in the shaft looked as if it were growing out of the ground. There were other two in front, and one of them tumbled over on its side, and then pulled the other right down on the top of it. They looked as if they were used to that. In another place, but this was in Peking itself, we saw a wagon laden with wood lying on its side. One of the wheels had gone into a rut and the wagon had tilted over. The two asses that were drawing it stood perfectly quiet, pretending to be unconcerned, but I know they were rejoicing in their hearts. For donkeys, and mules, and men in China are very much like their fellows in Europe, and all three very like one another all the world over!

—o—

SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

I SIGNED the pledge when I was seven years old, and I am thankful to God every day I live that I was made to do it. It is a long time since then, but I can remember, as if it had happened yesterday, that I was a little ashamed of myself when another boy, much bigger and older than myself, made fun of me, and asked if I was one of those weak silly creatures who couldn't keep their word unless they signed their names to a paper. I think I can see the smile on his face yet. I have heard the same thing said a good many times since then, and every person who has said it has always put on the same terribly triumphant air!

But that argument doesn't frighten me now.

I confess I am a weak, silly creature; it is a long time since I found that out. And I don't envy the man who thinks himself strong.

It is a great advantage to have a thing in "black and white." Words are forgotten, but, as they say in Latin, *Litera scripta manet*, that is, writing stands. I find statesmen quarrelling every day over agreements that were simply made by word of mouth. If I sign the pledge I fix the deed more strongly in my memory, and if my memory fails my own handwriting bears me witness.

And if I am tempted, then, by God's grace, the very fact that I have solemnly pledged my word will help to strengthen me. When a horse and cart are going up a hill, and the horse is getting a rest, a very little stone behind the wheel is all that is needed. A very little thing in the same way may keep a man from backsliding. And the love of God constrains me. Has not God pledged His word to us? Has He not, in His willingness more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath; that by two immutable things (that is, His word and His oath), in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge, to lay hold upon the hope set before us? (Heb. vi. 17) If the Most High God gives His oath to poor me, and has written with His own hand on

the tables of the law the words of the covenant, "I am the Lord thy God," who shall dare to say that giving a pledge is the sign of weakness? Did not God swear to Christ even, from all eternity, as Psalm cx. tells us?

The Lord Himself hath made an oath,
And will repent Him never,
After the order of Melchisedec,
Thou art a priest for ever.

Christ surely never doubted His Father's word, and there was no fear of God's ever breaking it; but He so loved Christ, and so loved the world, that He rejoiced to bind Himself to Him and us.

And did not Christ in the same way bind Himself to God? "Then said I, Lo, I come; in the roll of the book it is written of Me: I delight to do Thy will, O My God. —Psalm xl. 7.

Is not the reason why people will not sign their names just this, that they don't wish finally to commit themselves? I never find people objecting to sign their names to anything when their minds are made up. Is a man acting in a weak and silly way when he signs a letter or a receipt for money? Do we not all glory in having an excuse for writing our names? On leaves of books, and blank walls, and trees, and seats, and roofs of houses, and sides of monuments, and tops of pyramids —everywhere you see people writing, and cutting, and carving their names. But it is a terrible degradation, it seems, to sign their names to shew their love to God!



As streams of water in the south,
Our bondage, Lord, recall ;
Who sow in tears a reaping time
Of joy enjoy they shall.

That man who bearing precious seed
In going forth doth mourn,
He doubtless, bringing back his sheaves,
Rejoicing shall return.

—*Ps. cxxvi. 4-6.*

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light : they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.—*Is. ix. 3.*

A GOOD GIRL.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise ;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemèd in her eyes.

Lowell.

Dante's ideal was, that in boyhood, one should be gentle, obedient, and modest ; in youth, temperate, resolute, and loyal ; in manhood, prudent, just, and generous ; and in old age, thankful, and in perfect peace with God.

And they say unto Him, is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not? But He, knowing their hypocrisy, said unto them, Bring Me a penny, that I may see it. And they brought it. And He saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? And they said unto Him, Cæsar's. And Jesus, answering, said unto them, Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. — Mark xii. 14-17.

THE penny pieces we now have are made of bronze, and were first coined about thirty years ago. Before that time pennies were made of copper, and were bigger and heavier. But even these copper ones had only been in use about sixty years. The 'penny' used to be made of silver, and so we have in old ballads such lines as this very often,

'I'll give thee a silver penny.'

There were no half-pennies or farthings long ago. The penny was marked with a deep cross +, and men just broke it into two or four pieces, so that a halfpenny was literally the half of a penny piece. It was about the year 1300 that silver halfpennies and farthings were first coined, and then in 1672 copper ones were made. But copper pennies were not known till 1797.

A penny, therefore, was once quite a different thing from what it is now, and was much more valuable.

We think it odd, do we not, when we read in the Gospel (Matt. xx. 2) that the labourers in the vineyard only got a penny for a whole day's

work? but the penny was a silver penny, or "denarius" as the Romans called it, and was worth more than eightpence.* Here is a picture of one, the exact size and shape.



It must have been a coin like that they handed to our Saviour. Now, try if you can read the "superscription"—On the obverse: TI CAESAR DIVI AVGVSTI FILIVS, that is, Tiberius Cæsar Divi Augusti Filius Augustus, Tiberius Cæsar Augustus, son of the deified Augustus; and on the reverse: PONTIF MAXIMVS, that is, Pontifex Maximus, High Priest.

The "deified Augustus" was the first Roman Emperor. Before his time the Roman form of government was Republican. He was the grandson of the sister of the famous Julius Cæsar.

It was during his reign that Christ was born, and it was in consequence of his decree that all the world should be taxed that Joseph and Mary went up to Bethlehem. He died in the 13th year of our Lord, and was succeeded by his step-son Tiberius. And I must tell you about him, for it is his image and superscription that are on the coin, and it was in his reign that our Lord was crucified.

* The D in L. S. D. stands for *denarii*, the plural of denarius.

For a short time after he ascended the throne it looked as if his reign were to be a happy one, but his true character gradually came out. He was ill-tempered and suspicious and cruel. He distrusted the people, and was in turn distrusted by them, so that he felt, to use his own words, "like a man holding a wolf by the ears." He went from bad to worse, and in the thirteenth year of his reign he left Rome to live a life of dreadful wickedness in the island of Capri, near Naples. He put the whole management of the Empire in the hands of favourites, and these men got up false charges against many of the noblest Roman knights and had them put to death. So shameful was the Emperor's life that a Roman historian called Tacitus tells us that new words had to be invented to describe his wickedness. He had built twelve palaces in his little island, and there he lived with no companions but the slaves who ministered to his vices and the guards who watched to see that no stranger came near the place. That was the kind of life he was leading at the very time Mark is speaking of. He was seventy-three years of age, so miserable both in body and in mind that one of his letters to the Senate or Parliament at Rome at this time begins with these words:—"What to write, or how to write, or what not to write, may the gods and goddesses send me quicker to perdition than I daily feel myself going, if I know." He died four years after this, smothered in his last illness by his favourite Macro

whom he had trusted with supreme authority for six whole years.

Is it any wonder that when these Pharisees, who now came trying to catch Christ in a fault, cried out afterwards, "We have no king but Cæsar," is it any wonder that Pilate, knowing how great a monster Tiberius was, and knowing that these Pharisees and Chief Priests knew it too, saw their malice and dishonesty, and despised them in his heart?

—o—

Kings of armies flee, they flee.—
Ps. lxxviii. 12 (Revised Version.)
The Lord God Omnipotent
reigneth.—*Rev. xix. 6.*

THERE is a stone in Kovno, a town in Western Russia on the road to Moscow, with this inscription:—"Napoleon marched through here with 700,000 men; he marched back with 70,000."

—o—

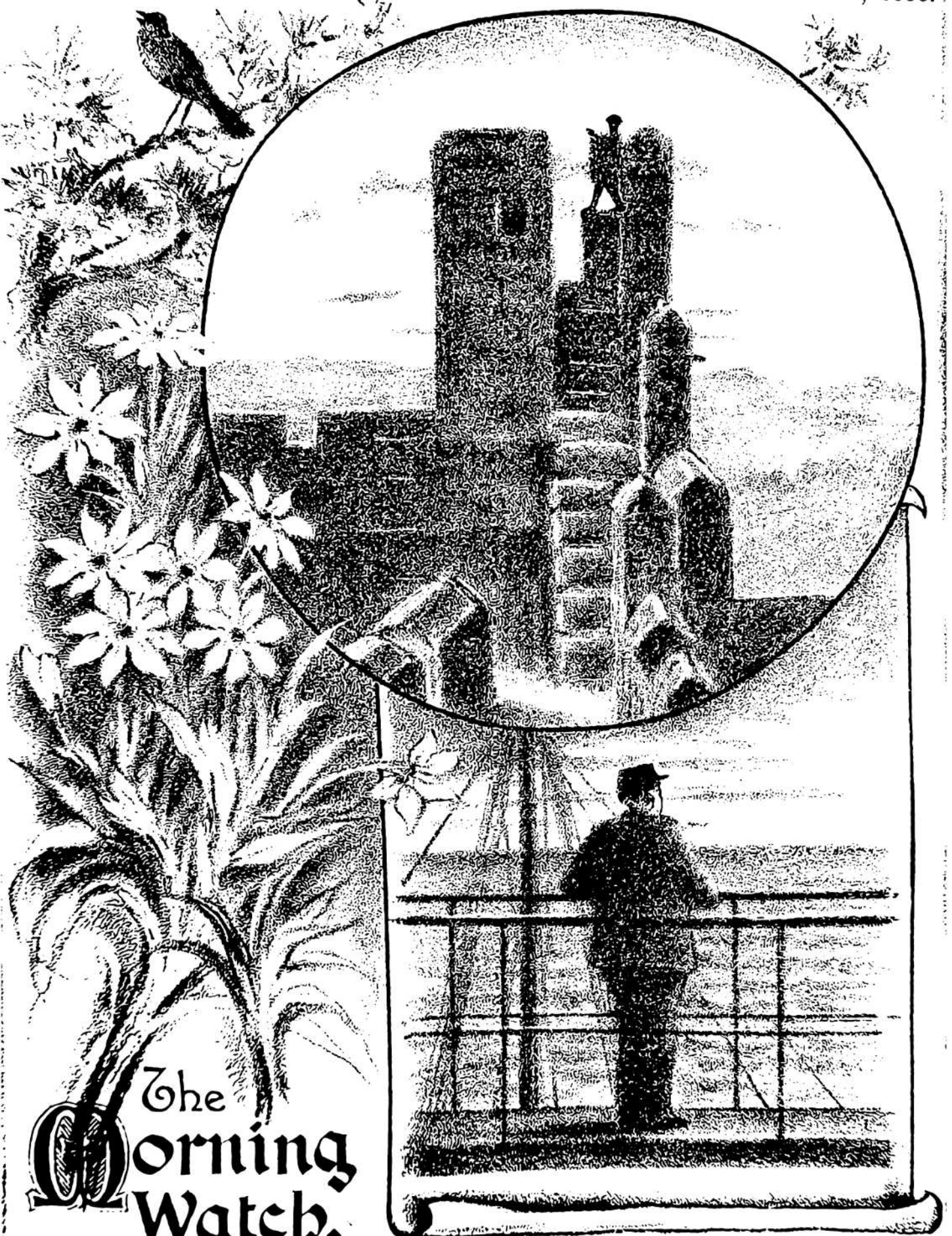
General Kleber, a brave French soldier who was killed in Egypt 90 years ago, used to say, "Any general may be defeated, and it may be is not to blame; but nothing, nothing can excuse a surprise.

"Watch ye therefore; for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock crowing, or in the morning; lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."—*Mark xiii. 35-37.*

THE MOON.		THE SUN RISES	SETS.
New Moon,	6th September.	Sabbath, 2nd September, at 5.15 ; 6.44.	
First Quarter,	12th "	" 9th " 5.26 ; 6.27.	
Full Moon,	20th "	" 16th " 5.36 ; 6.12.	
Last Quarter,	28th "	" 23rd " 5.48 ; 5.56.	
		" 30th " 5.59 ; 5.41.	

1	S	If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small.— <i>Proverbs xxiv. 10.</i>
2	S	Jesus increased in wisdom and stature,
3	M	And in favour with God and man.— <i>Luke ii. 52.</i>
4	TU	The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.— <i>Psalms cxl. 10.</i>
5	W	Wisdom is more precious than rubies.— <i>Proverbs iii. 15.</i>
6	TH	Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister.— <i>Proverbs vii. 4.</i>
7	F	Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes.— <i>Isaiah v. 21.</i>
8	S	He that is wise winneth souls.— <i>Proverbs xi. 30. (R.V.)</i>
9	S	Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.— <i>Isaiah xlii. 3.</i>
10	M	He shall not be afraid of evil tidings.— <i>Psalms cxlii. 7.</i>
11	TU	The Lord reigneth.— <i>1 Chronicles xvi. 31.</i>
12	W	Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good.— <i>1 Peter iii. 13.</i>
13	TH	He will not suffer thy foot to be moved.— <i>Psalms cxxi. 3.</i>
14	F	Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man which built his house upon a rock.— <i>Matthew vii. 24.</i>
15	S	Things present, things to come, all are yours.— <i>1 Corinthians iii. 22.</i>
16	S	We were by nature the children of wrath, even as others.
17	M	But God, who is rich in mercy,
18	TU	For His great love wherewith He loved us,
19	W	Even when we were dead in sins,
20	TH	Hath quickened us together with Christ
21	F	(By grace ye are saved) ;
22	S	And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.— <i>Ephesians ii. 3-6.</i>
23	S	The true riches.— <i>Luke xvi. 11.</i>
24	M	Uncertain riches.— <i>1 Timothy vi. 17.</i>
25	TU	Thoroughly furnished unto all good works.— <i>2 Timothy iii. 17.</i>
26	W	Empty, swept, and garnished.— <i>Matthew xii. 44.</i>
27	TH	Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.— <i>Psalms li. 7.</i>
28	F	Whited sepulchres.— <i>Matthew xxiii. 27.</i>
29	S	To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My throne.— <i>Rev. iii. 21.</i>
30	S	Beware of the scribes which love the chief seats in the synagogues.— <i>Mark xii. 39.</i>

October, 1888.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

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BIBLE QUESTIONS.

FOR JUNIORS.—1. A list of six very poor good men. 2. How many men's names occur in the book of Revelation?

FOR SENIORS.—Give illustrations from the Bible, 1. of Proverbs xvi. 18; and, 2. of Psalm xxxvii. 36-37. 3. Four texts for boys who throw stones at birds.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give good answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

Juniors.

Airdrie.—ROBERT R. STEVENSON.
 Bailiesmills.—MARY J. CAMPBELL, SAMUEL J. CAMPBELL, AGGIE M'KEE, S. D. M.
 Ballyclare.—FRED HAMILTON.
 Garvagh.—W. J. DALLAS, DAVID FORGRAVE, JAMES KENNEDY.
 Glasgow.—JANET BARCLAY, JAMES A. M'KEE, BESSIE STIRLING, JOHN STIRLING, ROBERT WILSON.
 Greenock.—THOS. W. R. DAVIDSON, FLORENCE GRIEVE, ELSIE SCOTT KIRKWOOD, MAGGIE KIRKWOOD, JESSIE HOWIE, MATTHEW H. KIRKWOOD, JAMES M'CREA.
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 Loughbrickland.—JOSEPH WHITTEN.
 Nemphlar.—WM. SHIRLAW.
 Port-Glasgow.—ALEX. ADAMS.
 Shandon.—ARCHD. B. FINLAY.
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Garvagh.—W. J. DALLAS.
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 Leeds.—JEANIE L. PATERSON, J. POMPHREY.
 Stranraer.—MAGGIE HAMILTON.
 Wishaw.—ISABELLA NAPIER, ROBERT TELFER, ROBERT ALLAN TUDHOPE.

INTERNATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Oct. 7.—The Commission of Joshua.—
 Josh. i. 1-9. Text, Eph. 6-14. Quest.
 102. Psalm xxxvi. 5-7.

JOSHUA is the Hebrew word for Jesus (Acts vii. 45.) His name was Oshea at first, but God changed it because, though men were not yet ready to be told His secret—God manifest in flesh—He Himself was longing to speak of it, and it was an unspeakable joy to Him even to get uttering “the Name that is above every name.”

They only are fit to command who have learned to obey. Joshua had learned that as Moses' minister. Most great men who have a great work at heart like to train some one to succeed them, some one who has been taught in their school. Even Moses, “the servant of the Lord,” must die, but his work goes on for it is God's. It does not stop for any man. Moses is dead; therefore, arise! It is like “the king is dead; long live the king.”

Moses had been spared to do all the work he was best fit for here as leader and legislator. Now it was the soldier that was needed, and Joshua was called. How prompt soldiers are to obey. “Theirs not to make reply, theirs not to reason why.” An *aide-de-camp* once rode up to an officer in the thick of a battle and ordered him to take a position in which the enemy was strongly entrenched. The officer said it was impossible. “Impossible!” was the reply, “why I have got the order in my pocket.” The spies reported that “We be not able to go up against the people for they be stronger than we.” But here when God said, “Have not I commanded thee?” Joshua without a word obeyed.

Oct. 14.—Crossing the Jordan.—Josh. iii.
Text, Isa. xliii. 2. Quest. 103. Psalm
xxxvi. 8, 9.

IT was April when the snows on Lebanon were melting, and Jordan was a raging river perhaps half-a-mile wide. 1. The people sanctified themselves. We must put away bad thoughts if God is to do great things for us. 2. The Ark led the way. God is our guide. The Ark was to be a good way ahead that they might see distinctly the way they were to go. We often pretend to be going God's way when we are eager to make God go our way. 3. The waters didn't go back till the priests' feet touched them. Difficulties vanish only when we come up to them. 4. The people rushed across. Their faith was weak, and they missed the *joy* of the deliverance. There was no risk of the water coming down. We should go through trouble calmly and joyfully. 5. The Ark remained till the last. Christ will not get His prayers all answered till we have all got ours. 6. The waters came back and they found a new trial in front of them, the walls of Jericho. But a new trial involves a new mercy, and, if need be, a new miracle.

Oct. 21.—The Stones of Memorial.—
Joshua iv. 10-24. Text, Joshua iv. 22.
Quest. 104. Psalm xxxvii. 1-2.

THE Jordan was at its biggest when Israel crossed. Yet the priests waited calmly in the midst of the channel with the water kept back on each side of them till Joshua addressed his men, till two memorial cairns were piled up—one in the camp and another in the river bed—till the last man crossed over. As the captain is the last man to leave the ship when there is any danger, and must see the passengers and crew safe first, so the priests shewed the people their own faith in God, Who had the waters in the hollow of His hand, by being the last to leave.

These cairns were memorials of a great work of God. Abraham's line of march was marked by memorials; wherever he went he built an altar, and you could almost find out where he had been by them. Every man should try to remember

God's mercies, to have something that will tell him every time he looks at it of what God did for him at great turns.

Another good thing about these memorials is that other people can see them. Here God sees that the children will be asking about them. Children are always asking questions. Sometimes we get tired of them. It is like God to pay attention to the children's questions, and to tell the right answer to give them. Grown men do not ask questions about the greatest things very often. Children do. They often ask about God and Christ and heaven. That is an opportunity that parents should not miss. God wants them to be able to give a right answer and to *shew* something that God has done for themselves.

Oct. 28.—The fall of Jericho—Joshua vi.
Text, Hebrews xi. 30. Quest. 105.
Psalm xxxvii. 3-5.

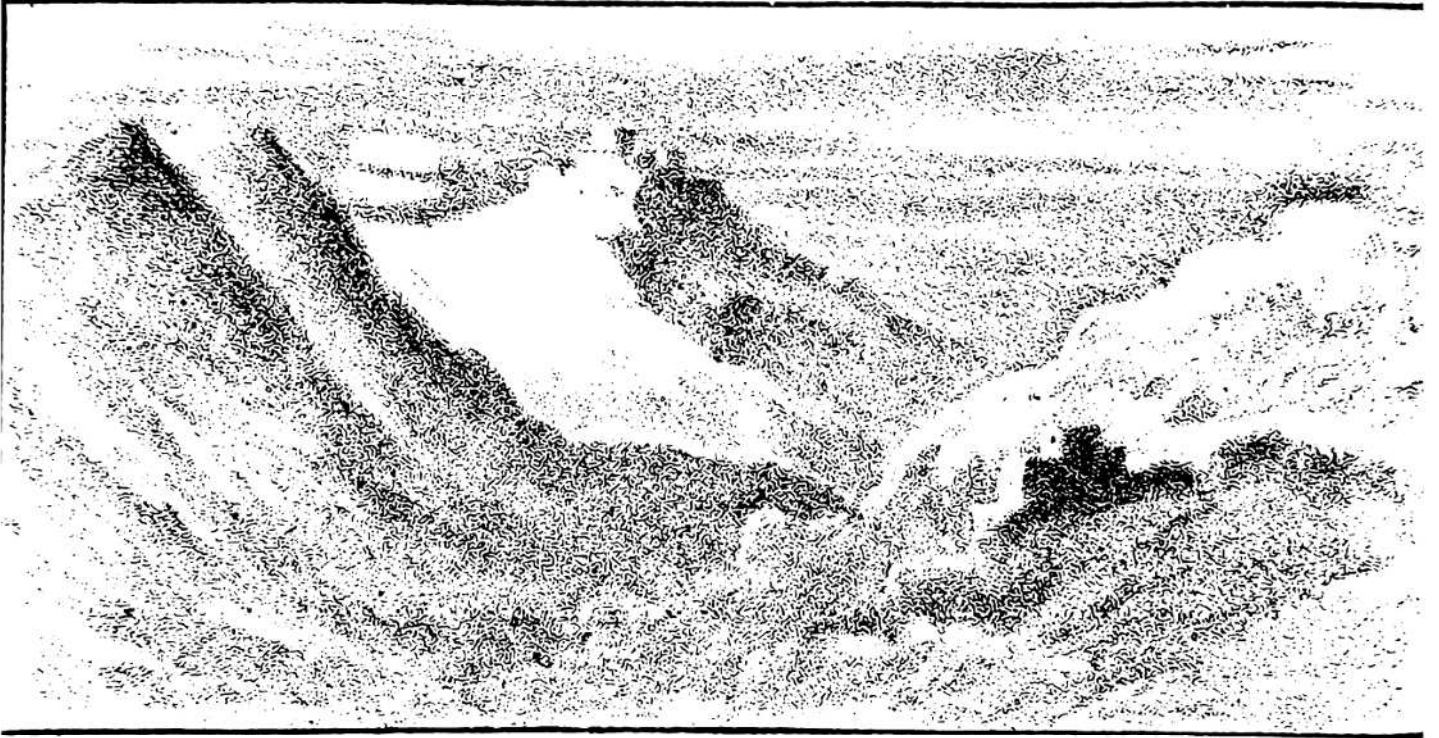
THE seven days' marching round the wall was (1) A warning to the men of Jericho. The work of judgment was to begin with them, and God, Who loves mercy and grieves at the very thought of judgment, spared them another week that they might repent. Every day they saw the Ark of the Covenant and the Mercy-seat, and all day long, above the tramp of armed men, they heard the solemn music of God's priests. (The first trumpets were made of rams' horns, and the name for them remained unchanged, like our own "horns," even when they were made of metal). (2) A trial of Israel's faith. They were in the Promised Land at last, and must spend a whole week doing nothing. And who ever heard of a city being taken that way? But for their faith, their pride as an army would have been touched to the quick.

When the city fell, the firstfruits, and only fruits, was a ransomed woman's soul. And that woman was to be an ancestress of Christ. It was for the sake of Christ and the world's salvation that God had brought His people there. Therefore He forbade the rebuilding of the city. (1) It was a frontier city, and foreigners, when they saw it in ruins, would be forced to ask and hear about the only living and true God.

It was a "sermon in stones." (2) It was the key of the Holy Land, and was to be left in His keeping. It was a sign to Israel that "their fortress was the Lord." God will be our defence when He puts it

out of our power to defend ourselves. God helps them who *can't* help themselves.

—o—
Nov. 4.—Defeat at Ai.—Joshua vii. 1-12.
 Text, Psalm cxix. 36. Quest. 106.
 Psalm xxxvii. 6-7.



The ISLE CALLED PATMOS.

(Rev. i. 9).

ISN'T the Sabbath a dreadfully wearisome day? Aren't we all very glad when we see the Minister near done? And don't we all feel happy when Monday comes, even though we have to go to school? But God loves the Sabbath-day, and He will help us to love it too if we ask Him. But if we won't do that, we can never be happy that day, no matter what we do.

The last book in the Bible shows us the kind of things we should

think about on Sabbath-day—the works of Providence and Redemption. It tells us about angels and saints in glory. It is a description of what the disciple whom Jesus loved saw on a Sabbath-day; so that the Bible begins with the six days of the week and ends with the seventh.

The first whole day that man saw was a Sabbath, and the last day whose history the Bible gives us is a Sabbath. But Adam and Eve were only one day old, while John was nearly a hundred years. They were in a pretty garden, surrounded

by peaceful rivers; John was on a bare rocky island that has only a few trees and scrubby bushes on it, and a wild sea round about it. Adam and Eve had the whole world to themselves, and were happy in each other's company; John was a lonely prisoner. But they were soon to be driven out of Paradise, and he was soon to enter in. They hid themselves when they heard God coming; but John cries, Even so, come Lord Jesus. They left the curse to us; John leaves us with a blessing—The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

Patmos is twenty-four miles from Asia Minor, and must have been often passed by Paul. It is 600 miles from Palestine. It is ten miles long, and six broad, and thirty-seven in circumference. Its highest hill reaches a height of 950 feet. It has 4,000 inhabitants (Greeks), but they are subject to the Turks. Its men are splendid sailors, and its women, who are singularly handsome, are famous knitters of cotton stockings.



“Manaen, the foster-brother of Herod the tetrarch.”—Acts xiii. 1 (*R. V.*).

THERE is a story wrapped up in these words—a story in three chapters. Shall we read it together?

The first chapter tells us how two boys grew up side by side. Herod was the name of the one—Herod Antipas; Manaen, or Menahem, was the name of the other. They were not really brothers; they were not

related at all. One day, history says, Manaen's father, who was a good man and a prophet of God, met Herod's father, when he was a boy going to school, and patted him on the back, and predicted that he would become ruler of the Jews by-and-by. And so it happened, though it seemed very unlikely at the time. The schoolboy was afterwards the great and sinful king who put the children of Bethlehem to death. When he had reached the height of his power, he sent for the prophet, an old man now and feeble, and he asked him what reward he could give him. But God's servant refused to take anything for himself, and then the king begged him to bring his son to the palace, and promised him that the boy should be trained in company with Antipas, his own child. That was how Herod and Manaen came to be such friends. Perhaps we think that it would have been better for Manaen to have stayed with his father out in the bleak desert near the Dead Sea than to have been educated at that wicked court. But we shall see how God had planned it all for His own wise ends. Meanwhile, however, I am sure that the two lads were very much like each other, proud and careless, lovers of pleasure far more than lovers of God. There is a time like that in the history of all boys and girls, when they are absorbed in their friends and their books and their games and their little earthly treasures, when they do what is right in their own eyes though it is quite wrong in God's, when “Jehovah

Tsidkenu is nothing to them." They must be wakened out of their sleep.

But the second chapter of our story tells us how Herod and Manaen came to the parting of the ways. You know what a watershed is—the summit of a mountain-range from which the rivers run in different directions. I have read about two lakes high up in the Alps, which lie so near that you could throw a stone from the one to the other. Lago Bianco the one is named, or the White Loch, because it is of a light green colour, while its neighbour is Lago Nero, or the Black Loch, because it is dark and gloomy-looking. But, though they are so close, they are on different inclines of the watershed. Lago Bianco sends its overflow down to the Adriatic, but Lago Nero is connected with the Black Sea. You look at the one and you think about Venice and sunny Italy; you look at the other and you think about Sebastopol and the wintry Crimea. Just in the same way, two men may grow up in one home while they are really on different sides of the watershed. That happened with Herod and Manaen. They had been close companions. And God pitied them both, and tried to save them both. You remember how He did that. Herod imprisoned God's messenger, John the Baptist. But the prisoner thought kindly of the cruel King, and spoke to him about his sins, and begged him to seek the Lord. And Manaen, who sat at the King's table, would hear what the preacher said so sternly and yet so tenderly. The same message of warning and

salvation was sent to these two. But the one believed and the other did not. Manaen passed from bondage to freedom; Herod loved his sins too well to part with them. So it is still. God, who loves you more tenderly than father or mother, comes with solemn rebukes and rich blessings to all of you; He seeks, O, so eagerly, to win you all. But some of you may resist Him till He goes away sorry both for your sake and for His own. And others of you will let Him break and melt and conquer you. You are standing at the parting of the ways; in which direction will you turn?

The last chapter of our story tells us how Herod and Manaen drifted far from each other. "They parted, ne'er to meet again," like Roland and Sir Leoline, who had been friends in youth. When this verse in the Acts was written Herod was an exile, banished in disgrace for his crimes to the Roman province of Gaul, hundreds of miles from Judea. But Manaen was a prophet and a teacher in the Church at Antioch, the dear friend of Paul, a Christian and a saint. Such wretchedness comes from rejecting God; such blessedness from accepting Him. About the year 1540 there were two young men in Paris who were inseparable friends—Francis, Duke of Guise, and Gaspard de Coligny; they vowed that they would be friends to the last. But God sent the Reformed faith to France—the religion of the Bible. And Duke Francis resisted it; but Coligny found in it light and peace. And by-and-by the one had become

a persecutor, whose deeds are hated still by all who love liberty and truth; while the other had grown into the brave leader of the Huguenots, the first to fall in the black St. Bartholomew, whose name shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. Refuse God, and men and women like yourselves may praise you, but your lives will neither be happy nor useful; and afterward there will be the blackness of darkness. Take Him for your Father and Guide and Master, and the world may think little of you, but your names will be written in the Lamb's Book of Life; you will be enabled to serve your

generation before you fall on sleep, and in the future

"You shall walk in soft white light with kings and priests abroad,
And you shall summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."

—o—

Oliver Cromwell never met with a reverse in battle. The secret of his triumphs is given in words which he once uttered during a conversation with his friend Hampden: "I raised such men as had the fear of God before them; as made some conscience of what they did; and from that day forward they were never beaten."



O the bramble-bush is the poor man's tree,

For it loves the king's high road,
And none dare say, It belongeth to me;
For it roams like the winds of God.

O the bramble-bush for me!

O the bramble-bush is the bairnies' tree,
For it loves to trail on the ground;
And by little or big, or whatever you be,
There are berries to be found.

O the bramble-bush for me!

And the bramble-bush is like God's own tree—

'Tis the place where dwells Good-will;

For its thorns are hands that say,
"Come, see,
Eat, every one his fill."

O the bramble-bush for me!



THE PALM-TREE.

There was a boy at our school who was a great favourite. He was the best player at "rounders" and "prisoners' base," and he always shared with us any nice thing he had. I remember one "examination-day" there was a great crowd of boys buzzing round him like bees. I was very much pleased when he cried out to me to come. He had a whole cocoa-nut, and was going to divide it all round! It was the first I ever tasted; it is more than a quarter of a century since then, and I rather think it was the best. I wonder where that boy is now.

Cocoa-nuts grow on palm-trees, generally near the sea shore. I once drove by night from Colombo to Point de Galle, in Ceylon, a distance of 70 miles; palm-trees all the way. How weird they looked, and how solemn the beating of the surf.

These nuts, you know, have strong hard shells, and when they fall into the water they float like little arks amid the buffeting of the waves, and are carried by the wind and sea hundreds and hundreds of miles to the coral islands. There they are cast ashore, and from their seed new groves of trees spring up.

But it is of the date-palm, not the cocoa-nut-palm, that I wish to speak.

You know what dates are—not the kind you get in school (they are not nice), but the kind you see in shops for eating. But you didn't know that the palm-trees mentioned so often in the Bible are the trees

on which these dates grow! The date-palm is very common in Egypt and Arabia and the North of Africa. It was common, too, in Palestine long, long ago, so common that it was the emblem of the country. Just as we have a picture of the palm on the pennies in Ceylon, so on the medals that were made to commemorate the victories of the Roman Emperors Vespasian and Titus over the Holy Land 1800 years ago, Judea is represented as a woman sitting under a palm-tree weeping, guarded by a soldier.



The word *Bethany* means "house of dates," and Jericho was the "city of palm-trees." But there are no palm-trees in Jericho now. There was a solitary one a few years ago, but it has disappeared.

It is a very pretty tree. The stem or trunk reaches a height of 60 or 70 feet, and is so straight and slender, and the 40 or 50 leaves, each 8 feet long or so, which are its only branches, spring so gracefully from its top that one has said that the trees "look like sentinels with feathery plumes nodding on their proud heads." No wonder mothers

called their daughters Tamar, that is Palm, just as we call girls Rose or Lily.

Date-trees are the wealth of the people in these countries. We say a man has so much money or so many acres; they say he has so many palms. For dates are their chief food. They carry large cakes of them on their journeys through the desert. The stones inside them are pounded and given to the camels. The fruit grows in clusters or bunches which weigh about 20 lbs., and there are four or five of these on every tree. And a tree may live a hundred years, and will bear fruit to the very last.

But like the palm-tree flourishing
Shall be the righteous one;
He shall like to the cedar grow
That is in Lebanon.

And in old age, when others fade,
They fruit still forth shall bring;

They shall be fat and full of sap,
And aye be flourishing.

In some places good Arabs, when they have eaten a date, count it their duty to plant the stone in the ground in the hope that it may grow into a tree for the shelter and comfort of the passer-by in years to come.

The best dates in the world are those that grow in Tunis, and the Arabs there have a very striking saying which I wish you to learn off by heart: "The date-palm loves to have its feet in the water and its head in the fire." Scorching heat above ground and water below ground are the two things it needs. So with every man and woman. We need fiery trials, and we need grace, if we are to bring forth much fruit for God.

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

ONCE when some Roman ladies had been talking a long time about their dresses and jewels, it was noticed all on a sudden, that the plainest and neatest and nicest dressed lady amongst them had never spoken a word. So the others said to her, "Cornelia," for that was her name, "why don't you tell us about your jewels?" Now, Cornelia was a widow, but she had been born a lady, and she was a better scholar than any other woman in Rome, and she was sweet



tempered. And they all knew that Ptolemy, the king of Egypt, had

wanted to marry her after her husband had died, and they were so anxious to see all the jewels that they knew she must have. But she just smiled and said, "I hope my children will be my jewels." And it turned out just as she wished, for her sons brought her great honour.

That man with the long long name was her father. He is best known as Scipio. He and Cæsar were the greatest generals the Romans ever had. His name is not in the Bible, but for all that he wrought a great work for God. The Romans and Carthaginians were great rivals, just like the Germans and the French. And it was well for the world that the Romans conquered, for the Carthaginians were of the same race as Jezebel. Their general was Hannibal—which means the grace of Baal—and some think he was the greatest soldier the world ever saw, greater than Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, or Moltke. But no matter, Scipio defeated him at the battle of Zama, when no less than 20,000 Carthaginians were slain. So Rome became mistress of the world.

Scipio of course became the idol of the Romans. But after a time—for nations, just like boys and girls, are often very ungrateful—they accused him of a great many things, and he was actually brought to trial. And do you know what he did? He took no notice of the things they charged him with, but just gave a simple history of his life, and what he had done, reminding them how he had fought in battle when he was a boy, and helped to save Rome

when he was twenty. But he had been in so many wars, that before he had finished his story the sun had set, and, according to the Roman law, the trial was postponed till next day. Well, when the next day came, Scipio appeared in his festal robes and stood up and said, "Romans, it was on this day I defeated Hannibal, and I am on my way to the temple to thank the gods. Come, Romans, with me!" The effect of these words was wonderful. The vast multitude arose and followed him, and left the judges sitting looking at one another.

If you and I are ever tempted to charge God foolishly, let us think of all He has done for us. He was working for us centuries before we were born; yes, He was thinking of us and loving us from all eternity.

—o—

NO sooner does a Hindu woman, be she 15 or 50, lose her husband than every body begins to persecute her. Her hair is shaved clean off. She has to put on coarse clothes and eat nasty food, and she gets all the dirty work of the house to do. People try to keep out of her way for she is looked upon as a leper. If she comes by chance into any place where her friends are having pleasure or amusement they curse her to her face. And if a Hindu starting on a journey happens to see her on the road, he bewails his bad luck, curses her to the fourth generation, and prays his 330 millions of gods to keep away the misfortunes which he feels sure will come on him!

THE MOON.			THE SUN RISES	SETS.
New Moon,	.	5th October.	Sabbath, 7th October, at	6.12; 5.25.
First Quarter,	.	12th "	" 14th "	6.24; 5.8.
Full Moon,	.	19th "	" 21st "	6.34; 4.54.
Last Quarter,	.	28th "	" 28th "	6.48; 4.39.


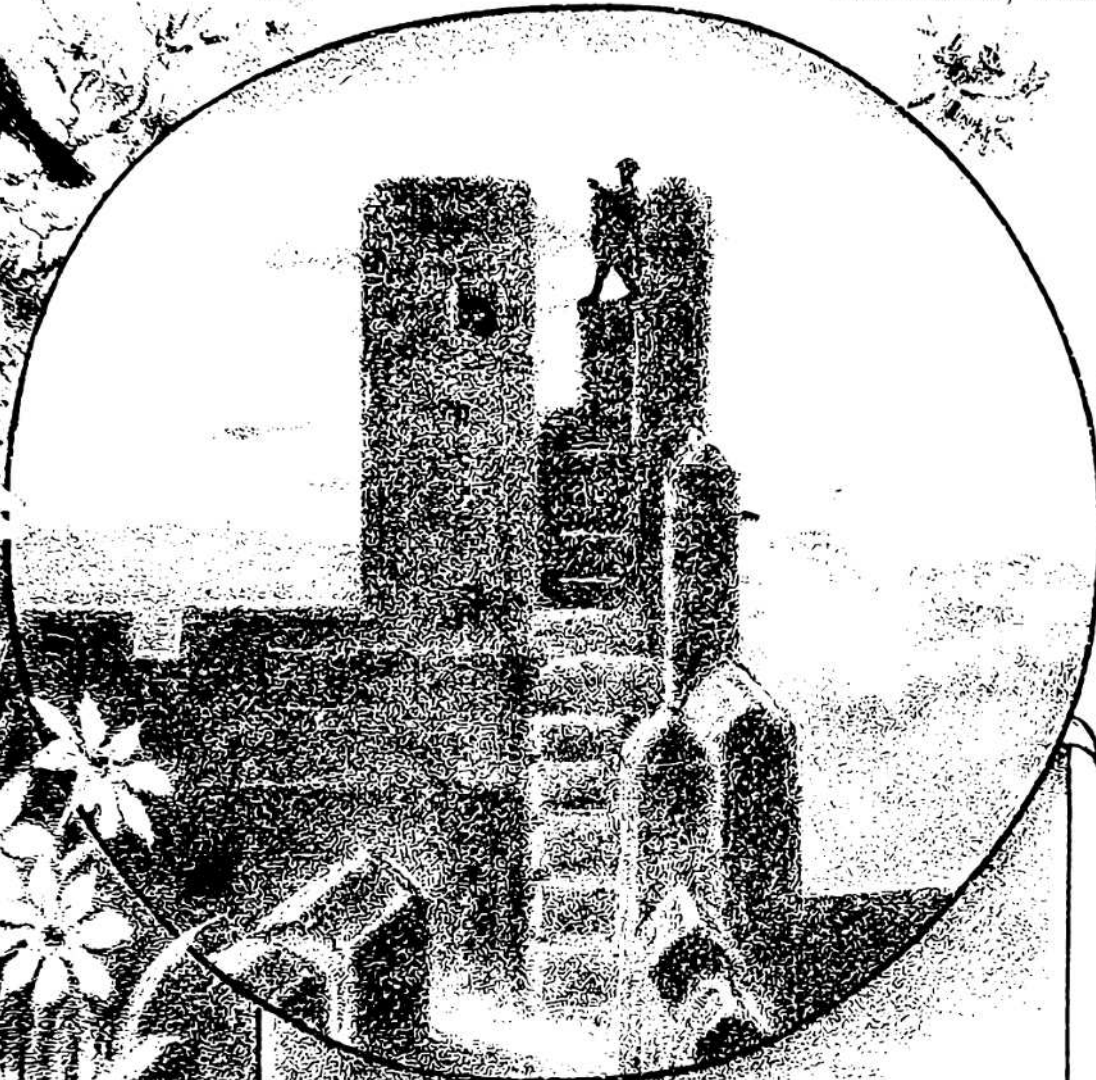
1	M	Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers,
2	TU	Take ye no rest, and give Him no rest.— <i>Isaiah lxii. 6, 7 (R.V.)</i>
3	W	As the partridge that gathereth young which she hath not brought forth, so is he that getteth riches, and not by right;
4	TH	In the midst of his days they shall leave him,
5	F	And at his end he shall be a fool.— <i>Jeremiah xvii. 11 (R.V.)</i>
6	S	Divers weights are an abomination to the Lord.— <i>Proverbs xx. 23.</i>
7	S	His name shall be called Counsellor.— <i>Psalms ix. 6.</i>
8	M	When He marked out the foundations of the earth, then I was by Him as a master workman, and I was daily His delight.— <i>Proverbs viii. 30 (R.V.)</i>
9	TU	Wonderful in counsel, excellent in working.— <i>Isaiah xxviii. 29.</i>
10	W	Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I knew that Thou hearest Me always.— <i>John xi. 42.</i>
11	TH	All things that I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you.— <i>John xv. 15.</i>
12	F	I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire.— <i>Revelation iii. 18.</i>
13	S	Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.— <i>John ii. 5.</i>
14	S	The Prince of Peace.— <i>Isaiah ix. 6.</i>
15	M	The chastisement of our peace was upon Him.— <i>Isaiah liii. 5.</i>
16	TU	The peace of God which passeth understanding.— <i>Phil. iv. 7.</i>
17	W	The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace.— <i>Galatians v. 22.</i>
18	TH	Blessed are the peacemakers.— <i>Matthew v. 9.</i>
19	F	Seek peace and pursue it.— <i>Psalms xxxiv. 14.</i>
20	S	The end of the upright man is peace.— <i>Psalms xxxvii. 37.</i>
21	S	For our light affliction,
22	M	Which is for the moment, (R.V.)
23	TU	Worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;
24	W	While we look not at the things which are seen,
25	TH	But at the things which are not seen:
26	F	For the things which are seen are temporal;
27	S	But the things which are not seen are eternal.— <i>2 Corinthians iv. 16-18.</i>
28	S	The devil was a murderer from the beginning;
29	M	There is no truth in him.— <i>John iv. 44.</i>
30	TU	Ye killed the Prince of Life.— <i>Acts iii. 15.</i>
31	W	Behold, a white horse; and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True. <i>Revelation xix. 11.</i>

November, 1888.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.



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BIBLE QUESTIONS.

FOR JUNIORS.—How often does Matthew use these phrases: 1. Kingdom of heaven; 2. Father in heaven; and 3. Heavenly Father?

FOR SENIORS.—“There is a time to keep silence.” Give instances from the Bible. 2. Seven famous trees mentioned in the Bible. 3. Names of people who had godly daughters

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give good answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—No name. BAILIESMILLS.—Mary Jane Campbell, Samuel James Campbell. GLASGOW.—Janet Barclay, James A. M'Kee, Bessie Stirling, John Stirling, Robert Wilson. GREENOCK.—Thomas W. R. Davidson, Albert Grieve, Edward Grieve, Florence Grieve, Hilda Grieve, Eliza Howie, Jeanie Kirkwood, John Kirkwood, Sarah M'Kinnon, Mary G. M'Neil. HAMILTON.—Mary H. Martin. INVERKIP.—Annie H. Lang. KELLSWATER.—James Thomson. LEEDS.—James Paterson, Jeanie Logan Paterson, J. Pomphrey. LOUGHBRICKLAND.—Sarah M'Caldin. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alexander Adams. SHANDON.—Archibald B. Finlay. STRANRAER.—Anna Bella Bradford, William Duffus, Agnes Ann Higgins, William A. Higgins, Mary A. M'Kail, Robina M'Lean, James Shankland. WHITHORN.—Alex. Culton, no name. WISHAW.—Thomas Tudhope. NO ADDRESS.—Mary Hamilton, Maggie Hamilton.

Answered Question 2.

STRANRAER.—Alice Stewart.

Seniors.

AIRDRIE.—Jeanie N. Taylor, no name. GLASGOW.—Agnes Stirling. GREENOCK.—James Kirkwood, Robert M'Neil. HAMILTON.—Maggie K. W. Martin. LEEDS.—Jeanie Logan Paterson. NEWMAINS.—Jeanie Lawson Tudhope. STRANRAER.—David M'Kail. WISHAW.—Isabella Napier, Robert Telfer, Robert A. Tudhope.

Answered Questions 1 and 2.

KELLSWATER.—James Thomson. LEEDS.—J. Pomphrey. LIMAVADY.—Mary Nevin Wilson.

INTERNATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Nov. 4.—Defeat at Ai.—Joshua vii. 1-12. Text, Psalm cxix. 36. Quest. 106. Psalm xxxvii. 6, 7.

ALL the Israelites obeyed God's command against taking spoil from Jericho, except one man. Yet we hear more about the one man who was covetous than about all who were faithful. One profane man in a regiment would not be noticed, but in the Church he would be a scandal. The whiter the robe the worse a stain looks on it, and God would not go with His people a step here till sin was purged.

We have often to wonder why people do not succeed, why their homes do not look tidy or happy. Their business seems as good as others, they have as good a chance every way. But they do not thrive: they have some secret sin, God is not going with them.

When things are going all against us we grumble about everything—grudge other people their success—think God is using us very hardly, when the fault is all our own. “Wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face? Israel hath sinned.”

Nov. 11.—Caleb's Inheritance.—Joshua xiv. 5-15. Text, Psalm xxxvii. 3. Quest. 107. Psalm xxxvii. 23, 24.

1. THE only two old men in Israel talk over old times and the way God has kept His word. 2. The forty years Caleb had to spend in the wilderness through the people's sin when he might have been in Canaan were apparently so many years taken from his life; in reality they were just so many added to it. Whatever we lose by doing our duty, be it friends or health or money or time, will be repaid by God some way even in this life. 3. Caleb gets the ground he had stood on forty-three years before. Compare Moses' two visits to Horeb, and Jacob's to Bethel. This is a common experience in life, both in temporal and spiritual things. In old age we stand on the very spot we stood on in youth, but with what different eyes we look on it! 4. Caleb was ready for action.

Aged saints must not be idle saints. 5. He is willing to put his own brave words to the proof. Most of us tell people to trust God, and then we leave them to fight the battle. Never give an advice to another you are not ready to act up to yourself. 6. Caleb had got a magnificent inheritance already in the wilderness—a godly daughter Achsah (Joshua xv. 19).

—o—

Nov. 18.—Helping one another.—Josh. xxi. 43-45, xxii. 1-9. Text, Gal. vi. 2. Quest. 1. Psalm xxxvii. 34-36.

GOD had given Israel rest. The campaign was over and all God's promises were redeemed. This is the testimony of Joshua in his old age, of what he *knew*, "all came to pass." In some respects the new life of peace was more trying than the excitement of war. Then the people were in suspense, and at times in fear. They had hard work to do, and it kept them strong. Now they might get off guard and forget God. Noah, with a great work to do, lived "while the Ark was a preparing" for 120 years as a pure preacher of righteousness, and only fell into his great sin when the strain was off and the crisis past. In the "Killing Time" in Scotland men who loved Christ thought a great deal of their Bibles, and kept very near to God. In our times of ease and peace it is easier than then to forget God.

So Joshua sent the people who were to be settled east of Jordan to their homes, with the charge to remember God there. They were leaving old companions, and there was a danger that they would leave right ways. Emigrants whom God wishes to be missionaries, sailors in the same ship with foreigners, or staying in foreign ports, young men going to strange cities from godly homes are sent away with God's blessing like these tribes, "to cleave unto Him and to serve Him with all their heart and with all their soul."

—o—

Nov. 25.—The Covenant Renewed.—Josh. xxiv. 19-28. Text, Josh. xxiv. 24. Quest. 2. Psalm xxxvii. 37, 38.

JOSHUA is a book about God's holiness and love. The Canaanites were slain simply because of their wickedness. It

would not do to put their crimes in words. God had striven with them for centuries, but now the cup of their iniquity was full. No man was killed who was willing to serve God. The very Gibeonites who came telling lies found shelter under God's wings. To the Israelites themselves Joshua speaks, not about milk and honey, but only about serving God. He is a jealous God. Jealous does not mean envious, cruel; it means, He loves us so much that He can't bear to be out of our thoughts a moment; just as two boys or girls might be so fond of one another that they would feel unhappy if a whole day passed without meeting. "Where can he be? What can he be doing?" God wants to go with us wherever we go, to play, to school, to Church, to business. "You might take Me with you," He says.

Britain once made a Covenant with God — The Solemn League and Covenant — but we have broken and disowned it. Some say there were wrong things in it. I don't think so, but if there were, there were good things in it too, and why should we not do *them*? God told Christ from all eternity that He would make all nations love Him; that is the one wish of God's heart. And when a nation says "We will serve God in everything we do," are they not just carrying out the eternal decree, and showing that God's thoughts are their thoughts, and His ways their ways?

—o—

Dec. 2.—Israel under Judges.—Judges ii. 11-23. Text, Heb. iii. 12. Quest. 3. Psalm xxxvii. 39, 40.

—o—

PUNISHING THE GODS.

A very curious thing happened in the city of Foochow, in China, four months ago. There is a temple there to whose idols people prayed when they wished to be revenged on their enemies. The idols were supposed to be able to put people to death. In the month of May the military commander in the city died

suddenly, and the idea got abroad that these idols had slain him. The Viceroy of the province, hearing this, at once gave orders that they were to be arrested and punished. The Perfect of the city was commanded to see the decree carried out. Taking the Viceroy's letter with him he went to the temple and had 15 idols arrested. They were made of wood, and were about five feet high. Before they were brought to trial the

Perfect caused their eyes to be all put out so that they should not see who was their judge, and, therefore, should not be able to trouble him either here or hereafter. After a full investigation a report was sent to the Viceroy, and he gave orders a few days after that the idols should be beheaded, their bodies cast into a pond, and their temple sealed up for ever to keep them from troubling the peace of the town any more.

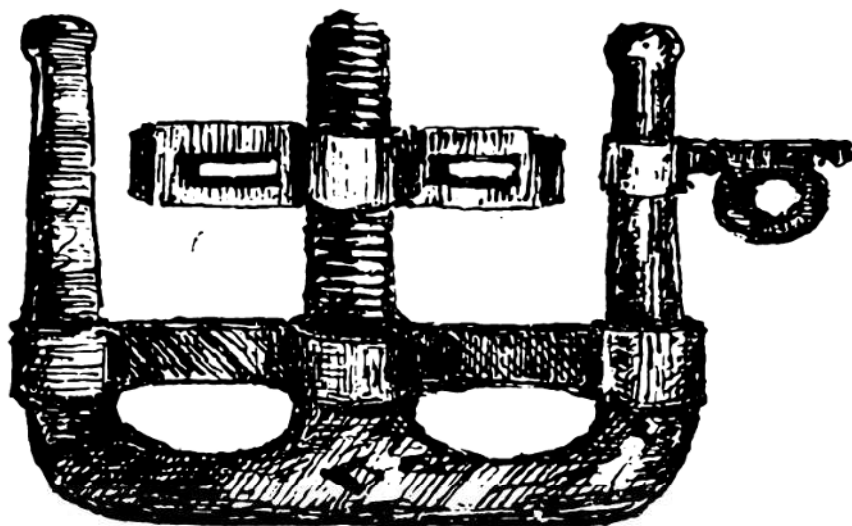
THUMBSCREWS.

Most of us, when we were little, have felt a kind of happy awe when our mothers took hold of our hands, and, pointing to our fingers one by one, said a rhyme like this:

That's the man that broke the barn;
That's the man that stole the corn;
That's the man that stood and saw;
That's the man that ran awa';
And poor pirliewinkie paid for a'.

The first four fingers got easy off, though with a terrible stain on their characters, as though the policeman had been after them, so little, and so innocent-looking, and yet so bad! But pirliewinkie, that is the little finger, was pulled and shaken and squeezed. And we were sorry for him, weren't we? for he was the smallest, and had done nothing, and yet got all the blame.

It was fine fun, wasn't it? But



there was a time in Scotland when grown-up men played at that game, and some of them saw little fun in it. For pirliewinkies or pilniewinkies or pilliwinkies—that is one of the beauties of some Scotch words, you can spell them any way you like—was the name of an instrument for torturing prisoners, and so making them tell all they knew about the hiding places of their friends. We read in Scottish history of a little girl who was tortured in this way—her little finger being squeezed and crushed—and she was only seven years old.

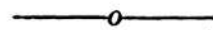
The thumbscrews or thumbikins were, of course, for crushing the thumbs. There are a few pairs of them to be seen in different museums in the country. They would not have been such curiosities if the Spanish Armada had not been destroyed, for there were great quantities of them in many of the ships, specially made for torturing the Protestants of the British Isles. There are two pairs of them in the Glasgow Exhibition, the illustration being a copy of one of them, besides a set of pirliewinkies. They were introduced into Scotland in 1684 by General Dalzell, who had seen them in Muscovy. The Privy Council were charmed with them, and passed a decree authorizing their use forthwith. The first to try them was a Mr. Carstairs, who was suspected of plotting against King James. His thumbs, which would be put in the two lowest holes—the ring at the side, I suppose, would be for fastening the thumbscrews to the wall so that the prisoner could be left alone in his agony—were crushed till he swooned, but he bravely refused to divulge the secrets he knew. There are some people who can't keep a secret; you don't need to torture them to tell anything; it would be torture to them to keep it. Never make friends with a man of that sort. He is false to God, and he will be false to you. If he tells another person's secret to you, he will tell your secret the first chance he gets. "The dog that brings in a bone will take out a bone."

Many of the Covenanters had the thumbscrews applied to them, but

the "Boots" were far worse. They were made of iron, and the poor prisoner's legs were put in, and then wedges were driven in till the very marrow was squeezed out of his bones. And yet in spite of all they kept true to God.

Things were bad enough in Scotland, but they were far worse in Spain. There the Roman Catholic Inquisition did as it liked. Men and women were stretched on the rack, and crushed, and flayed, and hacked in pieces, and burnt at the stake, and roasted over slow fires, simply because they read the Word of God. A Spanish historian gives the number of those who were burnt by the Inquisition in Spain as 31,912; and the number of those who were tortured as 291,450.

And the Roman Catholic Church has never repented of these awful crimes.



JOHN DUNCAN, WEAVER AND BOTANIST.

I WONDER if any of you has read the life of this fine old specimen of a godly Scotsman. If not, you should try and see it, and read it. Though he loved plants all his days, and was regarded as a wonder in his own district by the people who were wise enough to understand him, it was only when he was an old man, about eighty, that his wonderful life became known to the world. Then people came from a distance to see his collection of plants and himself. One day a lady from England visited

him and saw and admired a rare specimen. She expressed a wish to have one, and as John was always delighted to serve any one who "likit floo'rs" he set off next day, frail old man as he was, on a twelve miles' journey to the nearest place where it was to be got. He was very short-sighted, and had almost to feel his plants, but he groped on till it grew dark. Then the rain came down, and it turned out a wild night. He had worn the same suit in his poverty for fifty years, and to save his coat he took it off and folded it under his arm. He could not find his specimen, but he went in search of another rare plant that grew near there, feeling for it in a burn while he was drenched to the skin. Next day the plant was found, and he was ready for the return of his visitor. That rough night's work was too much for him; he never was the same again. And when we know what he did and how much it cost him, we can surely understand how he felt when the lady never came back, never asked about her plant—likely never thought about it more.

Is not that the way we all treat Christ? We ask Him to do things both for ourselves and others, and then we forget even that we prayed. We ask Him to save the world, and He sends out brave Missionaries, many of whom shorten their lives answering our prayers, working for the coming of God's kingdom, and then we take no interest in them. They come home to rest a little and be encouraged, and we won't go out to hear them speak because it is a

wet night may be, and we have a cold. We forget that God could not give us a single thing we pray for if He had not been loving us and working for us from all eternity. The very food we eat is given to us because Christ died, and that is the reason we ask a blessing and give thanks to God whenever we sit down to eat our daily bread. Christ came a long, long road, and was weary with His journey, and all for you and me.

—o—

THE POLAR BEAR.

ISN'T he a big fellow? I should say he is nine feet long, and if you were to put him in one scale, though I wouldn't like to be the man that would do it, you would need to put 15 boys and 16 girls in the other. And he does not look a bad-hearted fellow. I do believe he is playing at hide-and-seek with his little cubs and he can't catch them! For bears are very fond of their children. One traveller says he once saw a bear and its little one chased by sailors with dogs, and the mother pushed its little cub before it and helped it on. But at last they were overtaken, and the mother fought desperately, charging the sailors, till its little one was shot, and then she stood over it and licked its face and tried to coax it to rise, and never heeded the wounds she was getting herself.

Bears live in the far north amid perpetual ice and snow. The soles of their feet are covered with close-set hair. No fear of them tumbling on slides, no matter how slippery.



They have five toes and tremendous claws, only they can't put them out and in the way cats do. They have great strength. One of them has been known to pull a white whale 15 feet long out of the water on to the ice. They live on seals and walrus and seaweed and moss. There are some kinds of berries they

eat, too, and birds' eggs, but I don't think I would like to keep a bear on eggs. One would hardly dare to offer it less than three dozen for breakfast! They are fine swimmers and divers. They can swim three miles an hour, which is more than a man can do, and they have been met with forty miles from land or

the nearest piece of ice. It must be cold work. And here is one sleeping, as Captain Markham saw it on his whaling cruise; sound asleep on the cold ice, without clothes or blankets, just in its bear's skin. I hope it will not waken till we get past. Don't speak! don't even look at it!

It is pitch dark in these Arctic regions, night and day, for several months in the year. The gentlemen bears go prowling about, and very awkward it must be to come knocking up against one. I hope I shall never do that. But the lady bears and their babies just lie down and let the snow cover them, the steam



SLEEPING BEAR.

from their breath making a little hole through which the fresh air comes. But what do they live on all that time? Just before the dark days come the bears eat as much as they can and get very fat, and the fat in their bodies supports them till the winter is over and gone. This fat is what is known as bear's grease. They are like camels living on their humps in the desert when they can get no food or water. Do you know what Luther said about the robin? "It puts its head under its wing and pulls up its leg and falls asleep trusting in God." So with the bears; they lie down and sleep, and God watches them.

In the summer time, when they go prowling about, men kill them

for their skins, but sometimes also for food. Lieutenant Greely tells us that during his Arctic expedition, when some of his men had already died from want, he and the others were lying in their hut one Sabbath day very sad in heart, waiting for death. Suddenly they heard a snow-bird singing. All noise ceased as if by magic till it had stopped. The men were greatly cheered, and took it as a sign for good. Next day one of their number who was standing at the door cried out, "A bear! a bear!" Three of the men went after it as quickly as they could, but one of them fell down from weakness when he had gone about 100 yards. The other two saw to their grief that the bear was making for the

sea. One of them, in his impatience, fired at it without taking proper aim and only wounded one of its fore-paws. The other, whose name was Long, took off his gloves and his cap, and aiming steadily, though very anxiously, killed it on the spot, only twelve yards from the water. Lieut. Greely made Long a Sergeant there and then. His coolness had saved their lives. But for the 400 lbs. of meat thus got not one of them would have lived till the rescuing party came many weeks after.



CÆSAR AUGUSTUS.

WHEN Augustus was dying, A.D. 14, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, he called for a looking-glass, arranged his hair neatly, and then, turning to

those who stood round him, addressed them in the words Greek actors used when they were leaving the stage—"Have I played my part well? If so, applaud me."

He was the grand-nephew and adopted son and heir of the great Julius Cæsar. His right name was Octavius, but that was changed to Octavianus. By defeating Marc Antony, B.C. 31, he became ruler of the world and the first Roman Emperor, and then he took the name Augustus, which meant "Sacred." He wished people to believe that he was a son of one of the gods! It was during his reign that Christ, the true Son of God, was born, the son of a poor carpenter; and, strange to say, it was owing to the decree of Augustus, Luke tells us, that He was born in Bethlehem and laid in a manger.

The month of August was called after him. Before his time it was called Sextil. The Romans originally called 304 days a year. They had ten months—March, April, May, June, Quintil, Sextil, September, October, November, December. Quintil, afterwards called July in honour of Julius Cæsar, meant "Fifth Month," Sextil, "Sixth Month," September, "Seventh Month," etc. For *quinque*, *sex*, *septem*, *octo*, *novem*, *decem*, are the Latin for five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

Augustus was a cruel, selfish man. His family, chiefly through his own fault, caused him much sorrow. He was very vain of his appearance, and used to be well pleased if people, when he glanced at them, turned away their faces as though they had

been looking at the sun! He certainly played a great part, but I do not think he played it well.

—o—

COURTESY.

Be pitiful, be courteous.—1 Peter iii. 8.
There was no room for them in the inn.—
Luke ii. 7.

DID you ever hear of the ancient Spartans or Lacedaemonians, as they were also called? Their country was Laconia, in Greece, and our word *Laconic* is derived from it. Laconic is an adjective, and means brief and full of meaning. For the Spartans prided themselves on using as few words as possible when they had to speak.

Ambassadors, for example, once came to Sparta from a neighbouring people, and made a long speech asking for food because of a famine in their land. But when they were done the Spartans replied that the speech they had heard was so long that they had forgotten the beginning of it long before it had come to an end. So the Ambassadors went away, and came back and held up an empty sack, from which they shook a few grains of corn, and then they cried out "Bread." The Spartans said that was a little better, but there was no need for the word "Bread"!

They prided themselves still more on the reverence they paid to old people. A young man would always stand in presence of an old man till he was told to sit down. Plutarch tells us that a Spartan, the first time he saw an effeminate man going

past, carried in a litter or kind of couch, lying all his length, cried out, "May I never be in a position in which I cannot rise up when I see an old man passing me."

Another time, Spartan Ambassadors were at Athens at a great meeting of the citizens, and saw an old man going about looking for a seat. Some young people were amusing themselves by crying out to him, "Here! here's a seat for you!" and whenever he came to the place they sat down again and laughed at him. This was great sport for the Athenians. The Spartans looked on for a little in amazement, and then stood up, and one of them went and took the old man by the hand and brought him to where the Ambassadors sat and gave him the seat of honour, to the great confusion of the men of Athens.

I often see boys and strong men sitting at meetings whilst women and girls and old men are standing; and it is not a pretty sight.

There was no room for Mary and Joseph and Jesus in the inn. Why did not some one *make* room for them? Just because the people who had got places were selfish, or discourteous, or ill-bred, or thoughtless. If the poor carpenter and his wife wished to stay in the inn they should have come sooner! That is what they would say. Little did they think that in refusing to give up their place to Joseph and Mary they were refusing it to the King of Glory.





A Garden in November.

Flowers of the field, how meet ye seem
Man's frailty to portray,
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away.
Teach this, and oh ! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

But say, that He who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and His power ;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

— *Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE MOON.		THE SUN RISES	SETS.
New Moon,	4th November.	Sabbath, 4th Novem., at 7.	4.27.
First Quarter,	10th "	" 11th "	7.12 ; 4.17.
Full Moon,	18th "	" 18th "	7.25 ; 4.8.
Last Quarter,	26th "	" 25th "	7.36 ; 3.59.

1	TH	In the world ye shall have tribulation.— <i>John vi. 33.</i>
2	F	God, who comforteth us in all our tribulation.— <i>2 Cor. 1-4.</i>
3	S	We glory in tribulations also.— <i>Romans v. 3.</i>

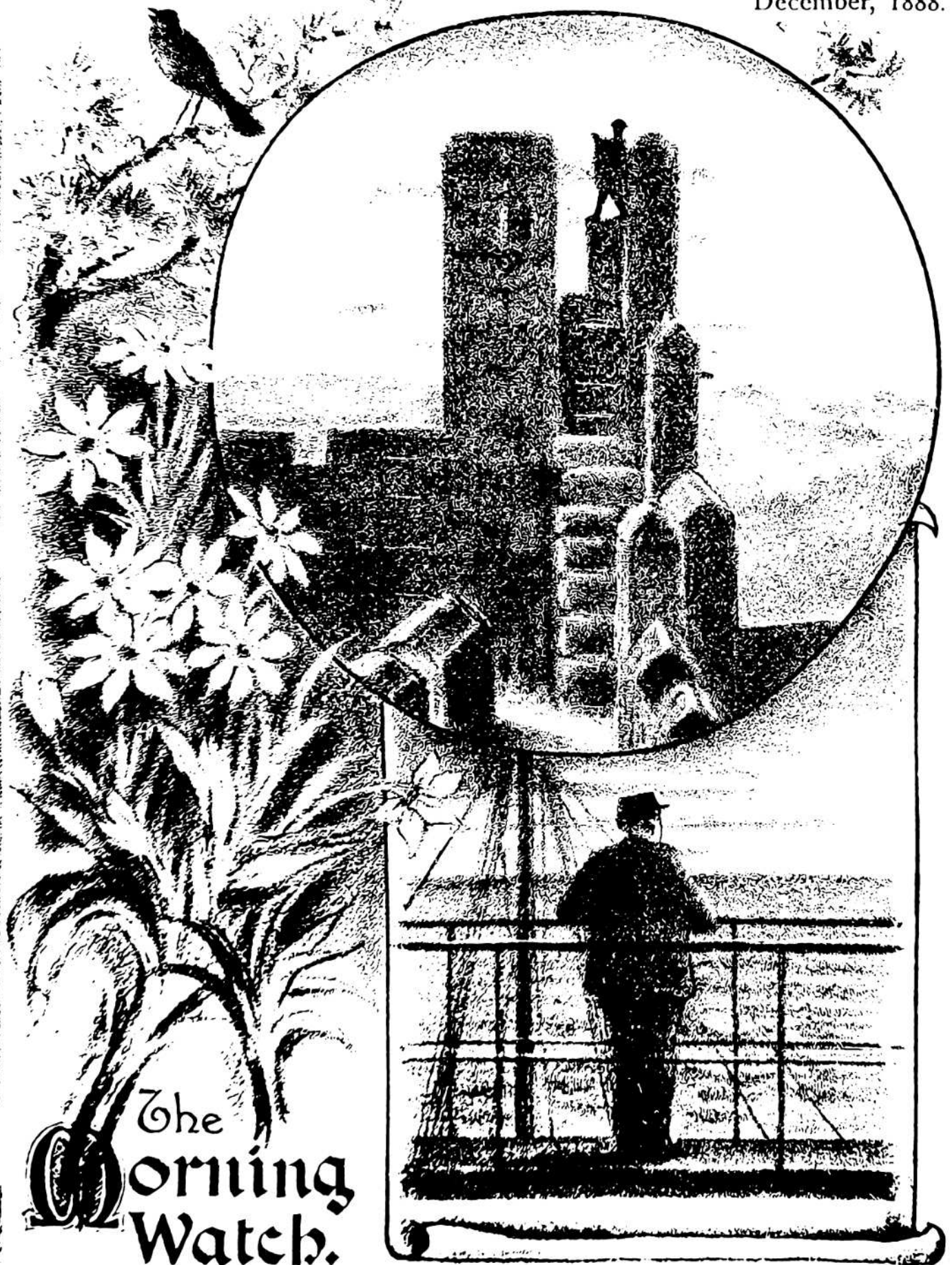
4	S	These six things doth the Lord hate ; yea, seven are an abomination unto Him : haughty eyes, (<i>R. V.</i>)
5	M	A lying tongue,
6	TU	And hands that shed innocent blood,
7	W	An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations,
8	TH	Feet that be swift in running to mischief,
9	F	A false witness that speaketh lies,
10	S	And he that soweth discord among brethren.— <i>Prov. vi. 16.</i>

11	S	Enoch walked with God.— <i>Gen. v. 22.</i>
12	M	As a prince hast thou power with God.— <i>Gen. xxxii. 28.</i>
13	TU	I desire to reason with God.— <i>Job xiii. 3.</i>
14	W	Thou hast found favour with God.— <i>Luke i. 30.</i>
15	TH	Being justified by faith, we have peace with God.— <i>Romans v. 1.</i>
16	F	Let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God.— <i>1 Cor. vii. 24.</i>
17	S	We are labourers together with God.— <i>1 Cor. iii. 9.</i>

18	S	Holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling.— <i>Heb. iii. 1.</i>
19	M	Partakers of Christ's sufferings.— <i>1 Peter iv. 13.</i>
20	TU	Partakers of His holiness.— <i>Heb. xii. 10.</i>
21	W	If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye not sons.— <i>Heb. xii. 8.</i>
22	TH	A partaker of the glory that shall be revealed.— <i>1 Peter v. 1.</i>
23	F	Be not partakers of other men's sins.— <i>1 Tim. v. 22.</i>
24	S	Partakers of the divine nature.— <i>2 Peter i. 4.</i>

25	S	Who through faith obtained promises.— <i>Heb. xi. 33.</i>
26	M	He upbraided them with their unbelief.— <i>Mark xvi. 14.</i>
27	TU	Abraham staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief.— <i>Rom.</i> <i>iv. 20.</i>
28	W	But what shall we do for the hundred talents? And the man of God answered, The Lord is able to give thee much more than this.— <i>2 Chron. xxv. 9.</i>
29	TH	For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.
30	F	For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.— <i>Heb. x. 36, 37.</i>

December, 1888.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
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BIBLE QUESTIONS.

JUNIORS.—1. Instances of early rising in the Bible. 2. Five texts from the Psalms on the shortness of time.

SENIORS.—1. Names given in the New Testament to Christ's Second Coming. 2. People praised in the New Testament for hospitality. 3. Four texts against hasty judging.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

The names of those who answered the questions for November will be given in the January number.

INTERNATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Dec. 2.—Israel under Judges.—Judges ii. 11-23. Text, Heb. iii. 12. Quest. 3. Psalm xxxvii. 39, 40.

THIS history is a disheartening one. In spite of all God said and did, His people would not serve Him. Israel's history is Britain's; a record of gracious dealing and precious promises on God's

part, and of constant rebellion on ours. In the troubles of 1888 we have not turned to the God who helped us in 1588 and 1688. We seem to learn nothing. We make friends with Romanism, we legalise the trade in drink, we break the Sabbath day, we tolerate laws in connection with land and trade that are preposterous, we give immorality free scope. Around us we see vice, poverty, misery, murder, discontent, all rampant, but we will not turn to God. Our hope is in Royal Commissions, new elections, twenty new iron-clads, 100 swift cruisers, technical education, colleges of art and music, anything good or bad for a refuge except God. And our own personal histories are just the same. God has sworn to make us happy if we love Him, and to thwart us if we fight against Him, yet are we not all seeking some forbidden pleasure and hoping to be happy without Him or in spite of Him?

Dec. 9.—Gideon's Army.—Judges vii. 1-8. Text, Zech. iv. 6. Quest. 4. Psalm xxxix. 4, 5.

WHEN George Bowen, a saintly missionary in Bombay, was asked by a newly-arrived missionary what were the prospects of mission work in India, he answered, "Ah! I look to the Book for that." He was not to be guided by his own impressions or by another man's success or failure, when God had passed His word, when the Book said, "The knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth." So God here had given His word that the Midianites should be destroyed, but the Israelites were so numerous that they might believe their own right hand had gotten them the victory. Gideon was thus ordered to relieve any who were afraid. The Bible never tells us that the people are too few for anything He wants done. The Persians and Medes and all the great Eastern powers used to try to win by the vast hordes they brought into the field, but the Romans by the *kind* of men they brought. So God's work is to be done by godly men. It is not multitudes, but character He desires. The test by which Gideon's army was reduced to 300 men shewed the men who were eager, who drank, as a dog drinks when hunting, without checking

their pace, raising the water in handfuls to their lips as they marched, and would not spend time in attending to themselves when God's work was waiting to be done.

Dec. 16.—Death of Samson.—Judges xvi. 21-31. Text, Job xxxii. 9. Quest. 5. Psalm xxxix. 6-8.

THE death of Samson is not a case of suicide; it is the death of a brave soldier in the hour of victory. He had shamefully misused the strength that God had given him. Instead of redeeming Israel he had gone about making an exhibition of himself and glorying in his shame. Carrying the gates of Gaza to the hill-top was simply a vain display and an utter waste of strength. Samson was like many a jolly, good-natured, merry, tricky fellow. There are lads to whom God gives the gift of song and humour that they may brighten and cheer men's lives and lead them to Himself, and they spend their strength in buffoonery, singing low comic songs that degrade the singer and the audience alike. So had Samson wasted his strength and thrown away his opportunities, loving pleasure more than God. But suffering had led him to repentance. God gives him one chance more of saving his country, and Samson nobly seizes it, though he knows it will be his death. He is the man who does a full day's work after the eleventh hour has struck.

Dec. 23.—Ruth's Choice.—Ruth i. 16-22. Text, Ruth i. 16. Quest. 6. Psalm xliii. 3, 4.

1. THE Book of Ruth shews us the interest that plain people and their sorrows have for God. The Bible is not above telling us about a simple and godly widow and her bereavements. 2. Christ is connected with plain people. The gleaner Ruth was one of His ancestors. He is not ashamed to call any of us brethren. 3. Naomi thought God was against her, but she had such faith all the time, and made so much of it, that Ruth said, "Thy God shall be my God." 4. She had been in a good position once. All the people knew her when she came back, and were struck by the sad change

in her appearance, but her great sorrow was that God seemed against her. God is never away from any one who misses Him. 5. The neighbours grieve for her poverty, she for her husband and her sons. She was "full," even in the famine, when she had them. Boys do not know what they are to their mothers. 6. Heathen were welcomed by God as heartily in Old as in New Testament times.

Dec. 30.—Review of the Lessons.—Text, Psalm cxix. 117. Psalm xliii. 5.

CYRUS.

FROM A BAS-RELIEF AT PASARGADAE.

POOR Cyrus! What with those ornaments on his head and those wings, he has enough to carry, and he does not carry them very well. How neat and tidy a bird looks in comparison. But then wings were not meant for men. We can't use them here, and we shall not need them hereafter. We shall be like Christ, like Moses and Elias, able to go wherever we like—anywhere, everywhere—without wings.

Cyrus had a strange life. When he was born, his grandfather, owing to a dream he had, gave him to a courtier, with orders that he should be exposed in the mountains. The courtier gave the child to a herdsman, whose wife persuaded him to spare him. When Cyrus was ten years old, his grandfather found out what had been done, and ordered the courtier's son to be put to death. The courtier, in revenge, stirred up his brother nobles to depose the king and put Cyrus in his place. So Cyrus became the head of the Medo-Persian Empire.



His greatest exploit was the capture of Babylon, of which we read in "Daniel." A river flowed through the city, and Cyrus, who was encamped with his army outside, turned the river into a new channel; and one night, when the Babylonians were feasting and drinking, the soldiers entered the city through the old bed of the river. And so fell the Empire of the Chaldeans.

Cyrus was very good to the Jews, who were then captives in Babylon. He sent them back to their own

land, and gave orders that the temple should be re-built: B.C. 536.

He is said to have perished in battle, fighting with a barbarian queen called Tomyris. His tomb is still to be seen. It once bore this inscription:—"I am Cyrus, who founded the Empire of the Persians, and ruled over Asia; grudge me not, then, this monument."

LIEUTENANT CUSHING.

LIEUTENANT CUSHING is one of the heroes of the American Civil War. He was the man who blew up the "rebel ram" Albemarle, an ironclad man-of-war, belonging to the Confederate or Southern States, that had sunk or disabled many of her opponents and defeated all the others. At the time we speak of she was lying moored to a wharf at the town of Plymouth, a few miles up the river Roanoke. Cushing proposed and carried out a very daring plan for her destruction.

He got a boat thirty feet long, with small engines—what is called a steam launch—and fitted it for discharging a torpedo. The Albemarle was well guarded. There were thousands of soldiers on both banks of the river, and in the river itself, a mile down, a guard had been placed on the upper deck of the wreck of a man-of-war that had been sunk by the Albemarle a short time before.

But, as Cushing said, impossibilities are for the timid. He was determined not to be beat. On the

27th October, 1864, he steamed up the river, fifteen men with him, passed the guard unnoticed, and at last got close to the enemy. But just as he was thinking he might capture the Albemarle and make a prize of her, the sentinels on board saw him and opened fire. There was nothing left for him to do but go straight at her, and at her accordingly he went. The light of the firing shewed him however that the Albemarle was protected by huge logs anchored some distance from her side. But as these logs, it occurred to him, were likely to be slimy with lying in the water, he resolved to back his boat a little distance and then come up at full speed and "jump" them, and so get into the water between them and the ironclad. All which was done, the back of his coat meantime and the sole of his shoe being carried off by shot! He was now but ten feet from the Albemarle's hull, bullets striking on every side of him. Cushing managed everything himself. He had two ropes in his hands for guiding his boat, one of them fastened to the wrist and the other to the ankle of the engineer. He had other lines also for lowering and guiding and then discharging the torpedo at the proper moment. And what a crash there was when that moment came! A hole was made in the Albemarle big enough to let a waggon in. The little launch itself was almost sunk by the volumes of water the torpedo had cast up.

Cushing and his men had now either to surrender or try to escape the best way they could. Most of

his men surrendered, but he himself, having thrown off his coat, shoes, sword, and revolver, plunged into the cold river and swam for his life. And a hard fight he had, made all the harder by his efforts to save one of his men from drowning. It was a weary swim; and when at last he reached the side, and his feet touched the soft mud, he had to lie for hours half in the mud and half in the water, unable even to crawl.

The sun's heat revived him, and then began a new series of hair-breadth escapes. Now he was hiding in reeds, now creeping through a swamp, now walking through thorns with bleeding feet, now crawling along a furrow and hearing soldiers wonder how the Albemarle had been sunk. But at two in the afternoon he cleverly captured a little boat and then paddled for his life. Twelve hours after he got on board a friendly ship. The crew had heard that the Albemarle had been destroyed, and that Cushing himself had perished. Their joy, when he told them his name, knew no bounds; rockets were fired, and all hands summoned to "cheer" the young hero.

But no one heard the news of his success with greater pleasure than his mother. He had gone to see her when the steam launch was building. He asked her to take a ride with him. "Well do I remember that dreary autumn day" (*Century Magazine*, July, 1888), she writes: "it was dark and cloudy and looked lonely, but where no one could hear or see us, Will said to

me, 'Mother, I have undertaken a great project, and no soul must know until it is accomplished. I *must* tell you, for I need your prayers.'

—o—

LIEUTENANT CUSHING'S MOTHER.

LIKE Lieutenant Cushing for his bravery and pluck, but I like him also for the way he trusted his mother. It is not nice to see a boy running to tell his mother every time he cuts his finger, or hurts his knee, or gets a marble stolen—no one but a baby would do that—but the boy who never tells his mother anything, or does things he dare not tell her, is either a fool or a coward, and that is worse than a baby any day.

When Cushing told his purpose to his mother, her heart beat violently, and is it any wonder? "My son," she said, "I believe you will accomplish it, but you *cannot* come out alive. Why did they call upon you to do this?" She felt, she says, they had asked too much. "Mother," said he, "it shall be done, or you will have no son Will. If I die, it will be in a good cause." From that moment she did nothing but encourage him.

Wasn't she a brave woman? And will not every true mother who loves her son be willing to part with him if parting with him means lending him to the Lord?

Follow the Christ—the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow
the King—
Else, wherefore born?

During the French war, in 1870, a lady in Paris got word, just as she was going down to dinner, that her son, an officer of Zouaves, had been killed in the attack on Malmaison. She gave a piteous cry and fell down. Her butler, who had long been in her service, rushed forward and said, "Madam, madam, if he had been a coward we could have had him here still." And these words so cheered her that she rose up, gave her arm to a guest, and ordered her table to be decked with flowers till the end of the war.

It takes a brave man to be a missionary and a brave woman to be a missionary's mother, but one glimpse of Christ's love is enough surely to make anybody brave.

—o—

FATHER, FORGIVE THEM.

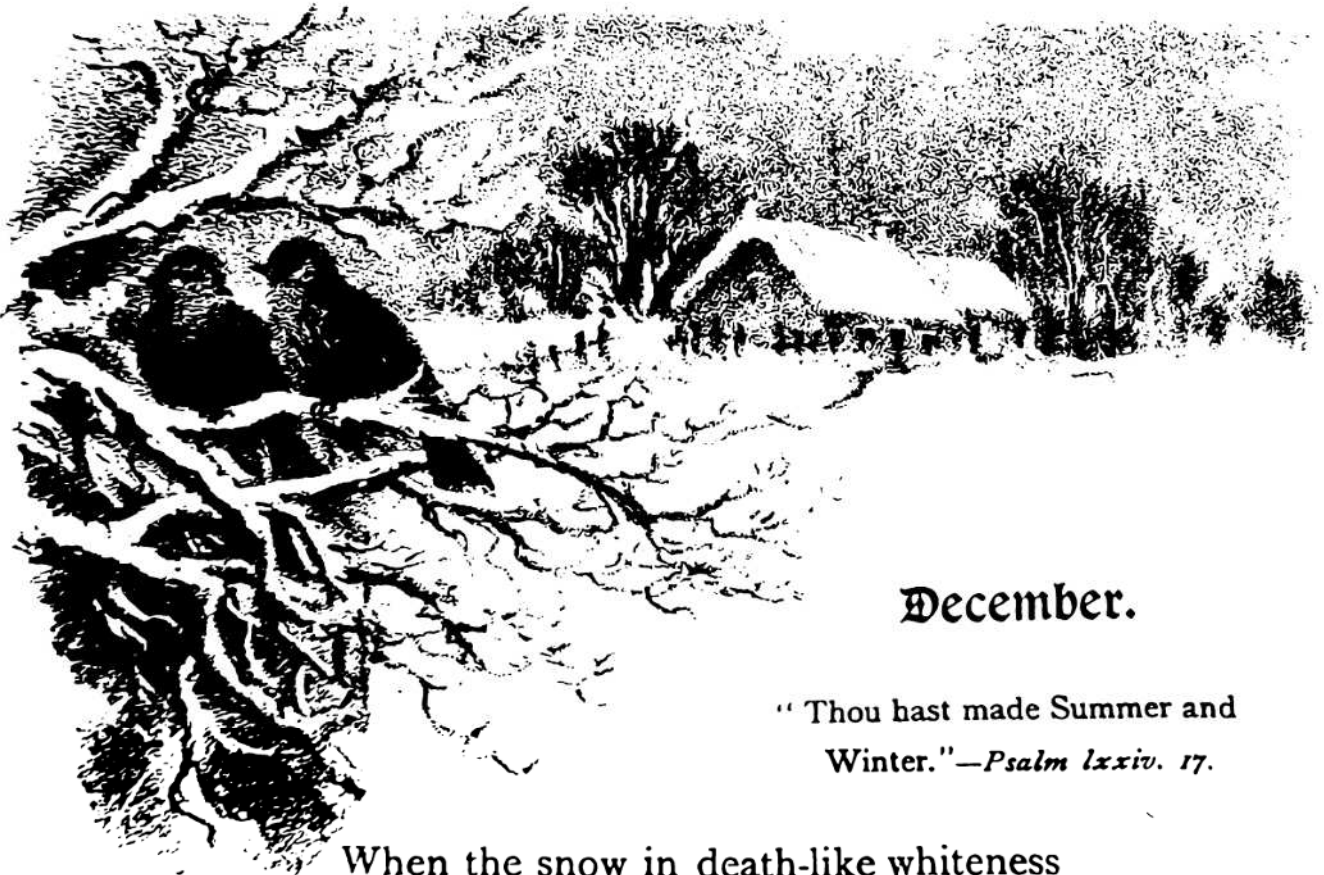
SIR THOMAS MORE was Lord Chancellor under Henry VIII. He was a very godly man, and would not lend himself to serve the king's wrong-doing. The king became furious against him, and after a mockery of a trial, More was condemned for treason. He was ordered to be hanged till half dead, then to be cut down while still alive, and to be shamefully butchered, and his head set up on London Bridge.

After receiving this sentence his judges asked if he had anything to say for himself, when he replied:—

"I have nothing to say, my Lords, but that like as the blessed Apostle Paul was present and consented to the death of Stephen, and kept their clothes who stoned him to death,

and yet be they now both twain holy saints in heaven; and shall continue friends for ever; so I verily trust, and shall therefore right heartily pray, that though your Lordships have now been judges on earth to my condemnation, we may yet here-

after all meet together in heaven to our everlasting salvation: and so I pray God preserve you all, and especially my Sovereign Lord the King, and send him faithful counsellors."



December.

"Thou hast made Summer and Winter."—*Psalm lxxiv. 17.*

When the snow in death-like whiteness
Lies upon the silent earth,
And our thoughts to winter sadness
Turn from joy of summer mirth,
Let us try to keep the sunshine
Of the summer days gone by,
In our hearts and in our dwellings,
Ev'n beneath a leaden sky.

And when God, Who makes the winter
Full of blessing to the land,
Sends us cloudy days to teach us
Lessons hard to understand,
Let us love Him still and trust Him
When in sorrow or in pain;
He will surely bring the sunshine
And the summer flow'rs again.



The White or Barn Door Owl.

THEY say there are 200 different kinds of owls. I fancy there is not a mouse that would not say there are just 200 too many. For owls love mice, but the love is all on the one side. The owl has been called a "feathered cat," and not without reason. It looks so calm and dignified and wise. In China and Japan, when a man wants to look learned he puts on spectacles of plain glass, and becomes a philosopher at once! Now the owl has a curious circle or funnel of feathers round its eyes, just like spectacles, and one feels that it is

no ordinary bird. Like the cat, it sees best at night. Woe be to it if it comes abroad by day! The light dazzles it, and every small bird pecks at it. It is as helpless as Giant Despair was when he took one of his fits in sunshiny weather. Its feathers are soft and downy, so

that it makes no noise when flying. The barn-door owl is the kind most commonly met with in this country. And one of these whitish creatures coming noiselessly within two yards of one at night, and then screeching or hooting in one's ear is the 'likeliest' thing to a ghost that one can see!

"The Rev. Alex. Stewart, of Ballachulish, writes giving a very amusing account of a pet male bird of this species, which he had brought up from the nest. From a mere puff ball of white-down he had grown into a handsome bird. In the kitchen neither cat nor dog dare venture near the hearth when 'Strix' had gravely set himself, standing on one leg, with his back to the fire, for a comfortable nap in the genial warmth. If, while in this state, he chanced to be pushed against, or disturbed in any way, he just opened the corner of one eye, blinking in the most comical manner—his way of reconnoitring—and if it turned out to be the cat or dog that had, however unwittingly, roused him from his reverie, he was at him like a flash of lightning. He soon became reconciled to the day-light, and flew in and out and about the house and garden at all hours of the day, though the beautiful, round, black, piercing eyes were never fully opened but in the twilight. 'Strix' perfectly knew not only myself, but all the members of the family, and would come to any of us, when called, with the utmost readiness and goodwill, alighting on such occasions, without the rustle of a feather or the slightest sound from his downy pinions, on the head or shoulders, and greeting us with a gentle murmur not unlike the cooing of a dove. Like many other pets this one met with a violent death. He was musing in a clump of ivy that clothes our garden wall, when a brood of downy ducklings, that had only chipped the shell the day before, passed by under

the guardianship of their proud step-mother, a turkey hen. The owl saw the ducklings, and made a dash at the nearest, but the turkey, bold in defence of her precious charge, instantly struck 'Strix' with all her might, and hitting him with her sharp beak right on the head, laid him dead at her feet."—*Birds of the West of Scotland, by R. Gray.*

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Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel unto thee, O Baruch :
 seekest thou great things for
 thyself? Seek them not. Jer.
 xlv. 5.

THE memory of Sir Henry Lawrence is still fresh in India. There is a tablet placed in the room in which he died, and they show you the very hole in the wall that was made by the shell that caused his death wound. Most people know his epitaph, written by himself—"Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." When he was only Major Lawrence, many years before, he had been engaged in the Cabul campaign, and had, borne himself well. But when the time came for the distribution of honours he was most unjustly passed over.

But one day a letter came to him addressed : Major Henry Lawrence, C.B. The C.B. greatly pleased him, and he was therefore all the more chagrined when he found out that these letters had been put after his name by mistake, and that he was still simple Major Lawrence. Now, I am sorry to say it, but it is true all the same that he got very angry and spoke very often and very bitterly against Lord Ellenborough, who was

the Governor - General. Months passed by, and still no word of any honours for him, and poor Lawrence got angrier and angrier, and at last wrote a letter on the subject. The letter had just been sent off, however, when word came to him from Mr. Thomason, Foreign Secretary to the Indian Government, that he had been appointed Resident at the Court of Nepaul. And with this good news came a kindly letter from the Governor-General himself. "Now," said Thomason to Lawrence, a few days afterwards, "if all the speeches Lord Ellenborough and you have made regarding each other during the last year had been noted down, whose would read best?" One may be sure Lawrence would have recalled that letter if he could, but I don't think it should have been written in any case. People who are always telling us to "stand up for your rights," "if you don't look after yourself nobody else will," are very poor advisers. Honours don't make a man, but seeking for them spoils a man. Major Lawrence who-tried-to-do-his-duty sounds better, does it not, than Major Lawrence, C.B., and very, very much better than Major Lawrence who-thought-he-had-as-much-right-to-be-a-C.B.-as-a-lot-of-other-people-had?

THE BEHISTUN INSCRIPTION.

BEHISTUN is a mountain in Persia, twenty-one miles east of Kirmanshah—if you know where that is! It rises straight up on one side 1,700 feet. The Inscription in the Illustration is 300

feet from the ground. The engravers must have used scaffolding. The face of the rock had been previously carefully polished, every crevice and hollow filled with lead, and when the letters had been carved, a coating of varnish was laid on to protect them from the weather. There are more than 1,000 lines in the Inscription, written in three languages, Persian, Median, Babylonian, and all in what is known as cuneiform, that is, wedge-shaped writing. Here is an example of it; the name Darius in each language.

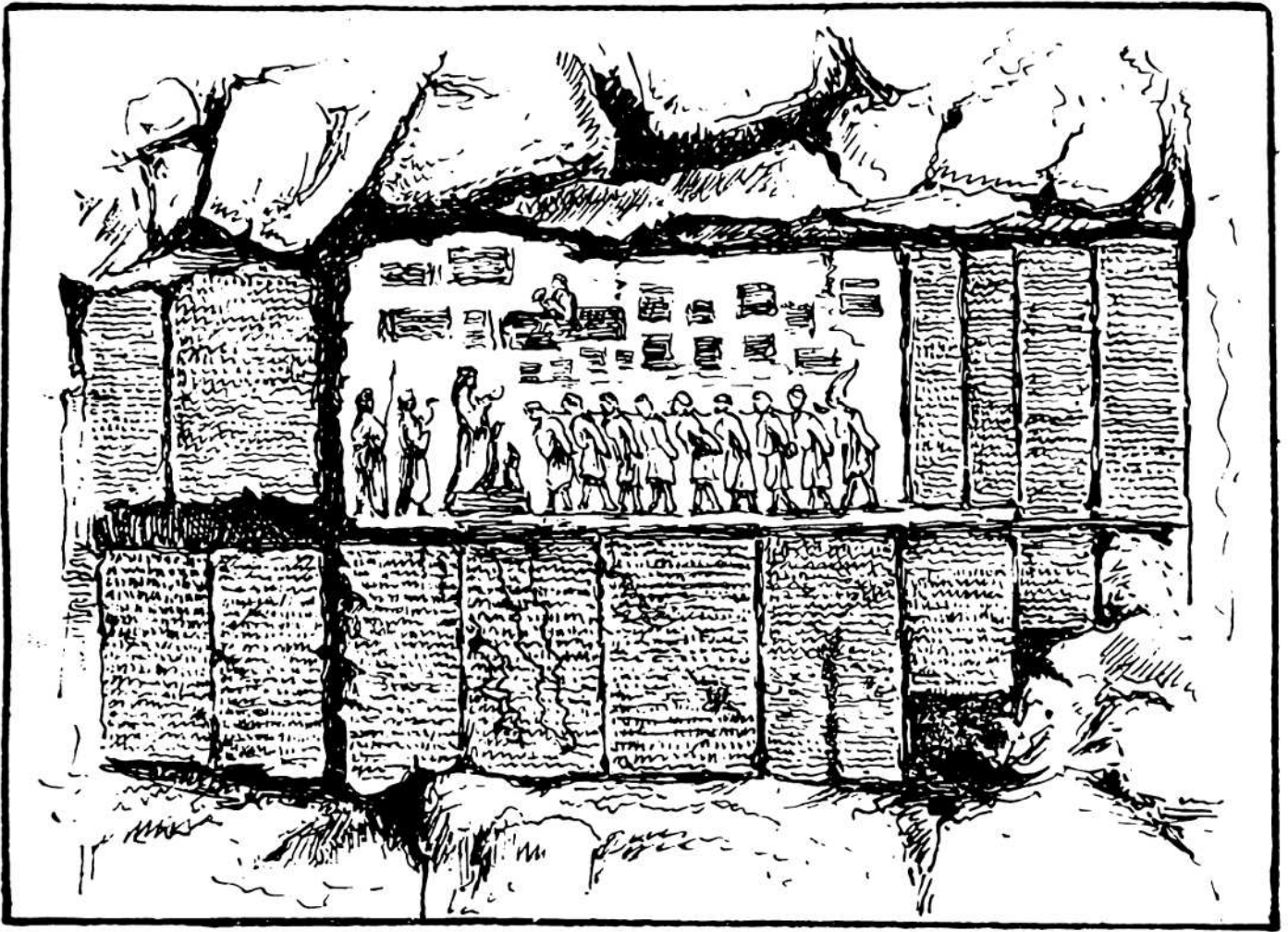
𐎧 𐎠𐎼𐎷𐎡𐎴 𐎧𐎺𐎠𐎧𐎿𐎶 𐎧𐎡𐎹𐎶 𐎧𐎠𐎧𐎿𐎶

𐎧𐎠𐎧𐎿𐎶 𐎧𐎡𐎹𐎶 𐎧𐎠𐎧𐎿𐎶 𐎧𐎡𐎹𐎶 𐎧𐎠𐎧𐎿𐎶

𐎧𐎠𐎧𐎿𐎶 𐎧𐎡𐎹𐎶 𐎧𐎠𐎧𐎿𐎶 𐎧𐎡𐎹𐎶 𐎧𐎠𐎧𐎿𐎶

I think we should be very glad we were not born Assyrians. I don't see how one could ever have got, with letters like these, into the 1st Standard even, let alone the Vth or ex-VIth!

After this Inscription was written, 2,000 years passed away before any one suspected what it was. Men stared at the letters, and thought they were just magical signs. The first to read any of them was a German called Grotefrend, and he only made out three words. That was in 1802. More recently an Englishman, Sir Henry Rawlinson, has made great discoveries, and brought great honour to our country. He has made out the greater part



of the Inscription. There are still many words to be explained ; so there is a fine chance for some of the boys and girls who read "The Morning Watch," especially the girls, for they say they are good at finding out all kinds of riddles and secrets.

The Inscription begins with these words—"I am Darius the Great King," and it is his deeds it was meant to commemorate. He is the Darius referred to in Ezra, Haggai, and Zechariah, and is generally known in history as Darius Hystaspes. He was the father of the King Ahasuerus of the Book of Esther, the famous Xerxes, whose overthrow by the Greeks at Marathon is one of the turning points of history.

The picture in the centre represents prisoners of all nations coming before Darius with ropes round their necks.

I wonder if any who read these lines remember the first article in this little Magazine last January. It also was about a King and an Inscription in three languages. But that Inscription was on a Cross, and that King was crucified, and crucified because He came to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, *to preach deliverance to the captives*, and recovering of sight to the blind, *to set at liberty them that are bruised*, and to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.



THE MOON.			THE SUN RISES	SETS.
New Moon,	.	3rd December.	Sabbath, 2nd Decem., at	7.47 ; 3.52.
First Quarter,	.	10th "	" 9th "	7.56 ; 3.50.
Full Moon,	.	18th "	" 16th "	8.3 ; 3.49.
Last Quarter,	.	26th "	" 23rd "	8.7 ; 3.51.
			" 30th "	8.9 ; 3.57.

1	S	O that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat.
2	S	Behold, I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him :
3	M	On the left hand where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him :
4	TU	He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him.
5	W	But He knoweth the way that I take ;
6	TH	When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.
7	F	My foot hath held fast to His steps ;
8	S	I have treasured up the words of His mouth more than my necessary food.— <i>Job xxiii. 2, 8-12.</i>
9	S	Hezekiah wrought that which was good, and right, and faithful before the Lord his God.— <i>2 Chron. xxxi. 20.</i>
10	M	After these things and this faithfulness, Sennacherib came into Judah.— <i>2 Chron. xxxii. 1 (R.V.)</i>
11	TU	Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, for I have been chastened every morning.— <i>Ps. lxxiii. 13.</i>
12	W	Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.— <i>John xv. 2.</i>
13	TH	As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.— <i>Rev. iii. 19.</i>
14	F	Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which he suffered.— <i>Heb. v. 8.</i>
15	S	I will not make a full end of thee, but correct thee in measure.— <i>Jer. xlvi. 28.</i>
16	S	Hold Thou me up and I shall be safe.— <i>Ps. cxix. 117.</i>
17	M	Have mercy upon me, O Lord ; for I am weak.— <i>Ps. vi. 2.</i>
18	TU	Pull me out of the net, for Thou art my strength.— <i>Ps. xxxi. 4.</i>
19	W	O Lord, hearken and do ; defer not.— <i>Dan. ix. 19.</i>
20	TH	Surely I come quickly.— <i>Rev. xxii. 20.</i>
21	F	Clouds and darkness are round about Him.— <i>Ps. xcvi. 2.</i>
22	S	Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon His God.— <i>Is. l. 10.</i>
23	S	Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.— <i>Ps. xcvi. 6.</i>
24	M	Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.— <i>Ps. xc. 17.</i>
25	TU	He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.— <i>Rev. iii. 5.</i>
26	W	They shall enter into the king's palace.— <i>Ps. xlv. 15.</i>
27	TH	So shall we ever be with the Lord.— <i>1 Thess. iv. 17.</i>
28	F	Yet a little while and the wicked shall not be.— <i>Ps. xxxvii. 10.</i>
29	S	The angel sware that there should be time no longer.— <i>Rev. x. 6.</i>
30	S	Marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well.— <i>Ps. cxxxix. 14.</i>
31	M	Enter not into judgment with Thy servant.— <i>Ps. cxliii. 2.</i>

INTERNATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Feb. 5—The Transfiguration.—Matt. xvii. 1-13. Text, Luke ix. 35. Quest. 70. Psalms xvii. 4-5.

THE Transfiguration took place at night, probably on Hermon, the northern limit of the Holy Land, whose snow-clad top is visible even from the Dead Sea. Our Saviour had been proclaimed to be the Son of God by Angels, by Saints on earth, by devils (we know Thee who thou art), and by God Himself. Moses and Elias (Saints in Heaven), the most representative men of the Old Testament, were now sent from glory. We don't know when Moses had risen from the dead; perhaps it was over his resurrection that the dispute took place between Michael and Satan, of which Jude our Lord's brother tells us. Moses had two great wishes whilst on earth—show me Thy Glory; and let me see that Good Land. Now, he sees God's glory, face to face, and in the light of it forgets all about his other wish. Christ's countenance was changed—that is, His glory was unveiled. We have no idea what Christ was like; there are no authentic portraits of Him, and, indeed, no portrait of Him could possibly be made. No painter ever did or ever will paint any thing that could represent infinite wisdom, purity, and love. The disciples knew Moses and Elijah, just because they knew their words and lives. Even here the body bears the mark of the soul and spirit; a man's walk and gestures show what he is; only our eyes are holden, we are slow and dull at seeing things. In heaven the body will be a complete revelation of what a man is, and our vision will be quick and true. And those Saints whom we never met, of whom we never heard, will all be made known to us. If we did not know people there, we should not only "be greater fools than ever we were here"; we should simply not be the same people. We shall be new creatures, but we shall not be other creatures. Elijah never died, and yet he could talk of death, and Moses could talk about Jerusalem. In heaven we shall enter into every human experience. The little child that died a day old will understand the whole of human life, for we shall

be one with Christ and His people, and love will make us able to understand all things. What a lesson to the disciples! They have been dreaming of earthly glory; and when heaven was opened, the one thing Moses and Elias and Christ talked about was the one thing the disciples would not listen to.

The vision soon ended, but Christ, the centre of it, the best part of it, remained. Whoever else, whatever else, goes away and leaves us, "Lo, I am with you always."

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Feb. 12.—Jesus and the Little Ones.—Matt. xviii. 1-14. Text, Matt. xix. 14. Quest. 71. Psalm xvii. 6-7.

AMBITION and pride were the sins about which Christ oftenest warned His disciples. Here they were thinking of their place in the Kingdom. Christ bids them take care first that they are fit to enter it at all. If a man thinks what he is and then what heaven is, what presumption it is to think of his place, of being great or greatest *there*. Honour in heaven comes, like joy in life, when one is not looking for it. They presumed they were to be in the Kingdom, and all they were in doubt about was—who should be greatest. Christ seems to say that with that spirit they could not even enter it. Men who are always discussing Election, the right form of baptism, etc., and give all the time they give to religious things to points like that, act just like the disciples. They try to find out whether there are few that be saved, but not to make sure that *they* are. Men mind their own business first in other things, but last in this.

Children are often not a good illustration of humility. They soon begin to make class distinctions. There are children they will not play with, because of their dress or the houses they live in. But they get this mostly from their elders. For the idea of childhood is simplicity and trust; it is content with present joys, and it does not keep sorrows or grudges long. It can believe any good you tell it of God or of man. In such ways Heaven lies about us in our infancy, and to encourage distrust or pride in a child is "to offend one of the little ones."

If the disciples had understood how good it was to enter into life even halt or maimed